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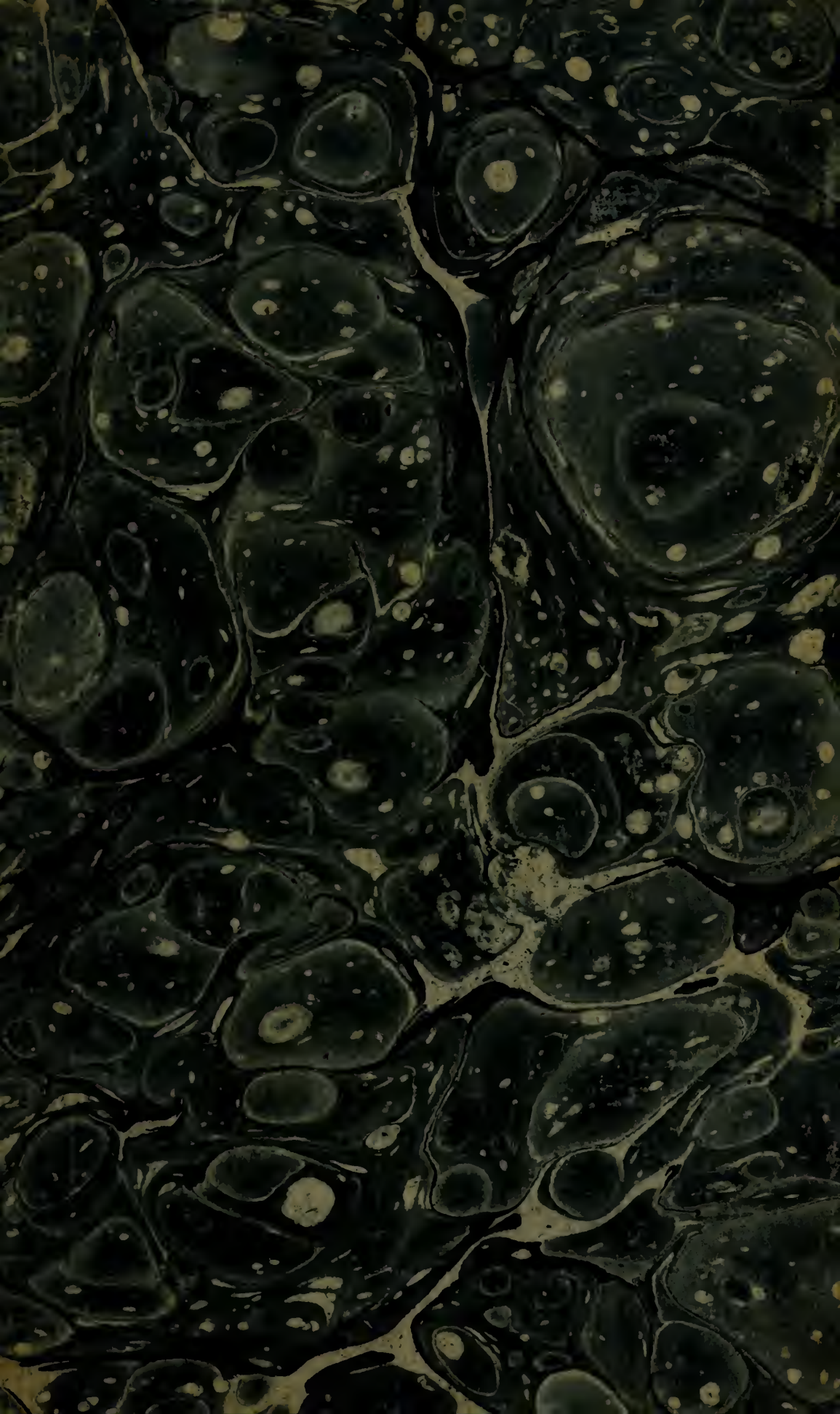
Francis Freeling.



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"Time has given this Work a value which every Lover of Old English Poetry will duly appreciate."

Gent. Mag. Vol 2. p. 317.

See Also Beloe's Anecdotes, & Warton's Hist. of English Poetry.

Roxburghe Catalogue No 3171. £21-

Longman. £20-

Saunders's Sale This produced £6-6 from the celebrated collection of Mason Pearson

11 Allot (R.) England's P arnassus, or the Choysest Flowers of our Moderne Poets, with their Poetical Comparisons, descriptions of Bew ties, Personages, &c (Roxburghe, £21, Bibl. A. Poet. £2 0) 1600

2.3.0.

*** This work contains t he earliest selections of passages from Shakespeare, some of which furnish curious variations. The leaf of ten lines, not in this and most copies, has been proved not to belong to the work. Sotheby, May 21, 1857.

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ENGLANDS

Parnassus:

OR

The choyfest Flowers of our Moderne *Poets, with their Poeticall comparisons.*

Descriptions of Bewties, Personages, Castles, Pallaces, Mountaines, Groues, Seas, Springs, Riuers, &c.

Whereunto are annexed other various discourses, both pleasaunt and profitable.

Imprinted at London for N. L. .. B. and T. H. 1600.

To the Reader.

I Hang no Iuie out to ſell my Wine,
The *Nectar* of good witts will ſell it ſelfe;
I feare not, what detraction can define,
I ſaile ſecure from *Enuies* ſtorme or ſhelfe.
I ſet my picture out to each mans vewe, (arts,
Limd with theſe colours, and ſo cunning
That like the *Phœnix* will their āge renewe,
And conquer *Enuie* by their good deſarts.
If any Cobler carpe aboue his ſhoo,
I rather pittie, then repine his action,
For ignorance ſtil maketh much adoo, (tion.
And wiſdom loues that, which offēds detrac-
Go fearles forth my booke, hate cānot harm
Apollo bred thee, & the *Muſes* arm thee. (thee,

R. A.

TO THE RIGHT WOR-
ſhipfull, Syr Thomas Mounſon, *Knight.*

ENgliſh Mæcenas, *bounties elder brother,*
The ſpreading wing, whereby my fortune flies;
Vnto thy wit, and vertues, and none other,
I conſecrate theſe ſacred Poeſies.
Which whilſt they liue, (as they muſt liue for euer)
Shall giue thy honour life, and let men know,
That thoſe to ſuccour vertue who perſeuer,
Shall conquer time, and Læthes *ouerflow.*
I pickt theſe flowers of Learning from their ſtem,
Whoſe heauenly Wits & golden Pens haue chac't:
Dull ignorance that long affronted them.
In view of whoſe great glories thou art plac't,
That whilſt their wiſdoms in theſe writings floriſh,
Thy fame may liue, whoſe wealth doth wiſedome (nou-

Your Worſhips humbly
at commaund.

R.

THE CHOYSEST FLOWERS of our Moderne Englisſh Poets.

Angels.

FAire is the heauen where happie ſoules haue place;
In full enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they do ſtill behold the glorious face
Of the diuine eternall maieſtie.
More faire is that where thoſe *Idees* on hie
Enraunged be, which *Plato* ſo admirde,
And pure intelligences from God inſpirde.
Yet fairer is that heauen, in which do raigne
The ſoueraigne powers and mightie Potentates,
Which in their hie protections do containe
All mortall Princes and imperiall ſtates.
And fairer yet, whereas the royall ſeats
And heauenly Dominations are ſet:
From whom all earthly gouernance is fet.
Yet farre more faire be thoſe bright Cherubins
Which all with golden wings are ouer dight,
And thoſe eternall burning *Seraphins*
Which from their faces dart out fiery light.
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright
Be th'Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne perſon, without reſt or end.

Ed. Spencer.

The first composing of the number nine,
Which of all numbers is the most diuine,
From orders of the Angels doth arise,
Which be contained in three *Hierarchies*,
And each of these three Hierarchies in three,
The perfect forme of true felicitie:
And of the *Hierarchies* I spake of erst,
The glorious *Epiphania* is the first,
In which the hie celestiall orders bin
Of *Thrones*, of *Cherubs*, and of *Seraphin*:
The second holds the mightie *Principates*
The *Ephionia*, the third *Hierarchie*
With *Vertues*, *Angels*, and *Archangels* bee.
And thus by threes we aptly do define,
And do compose this sacred number nine:
Yet each of these nine orders grounded be
Vpon some one particularitie.

M. Drayton.

Out of the Hierarchies of Angels sheene,
The gentle *Gabriell* God cald from the rest:
Twixt God and soules of men that righteous beene,
Embassador he is for euery blest.
The iust commands of heauens eternall king,
Twixt skies and earth he vp and downe doth bring.

Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

Our walls of flesh that close our soules, God knew how weak,
(and gaue
A further gard, euen euery man, an Angell guide to saue:
And men for vs be angels, while they work our souls to saue.

VV. VVarner.

If

-----If Angels fight
Weake men must fall, for heauen stil gards the right.

W. Shakespeare.

Ambition.

Ambition is a Vultur vile,
That feedeth on the heart of pride,
And finds no rest when all is tride.
For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th'other lists and bounds hath none.
And both subuert the mind, the state
Procure destruction, enuy, hate.

S. Daniell.

Ambition, fie vpon thy painted cheeke,
(Woe worth the beautie sleepes not with the face)
For thou art hatefull, foule, vnfaire, vnmeete:
A poyson-painted pleasure, mads men chase.
Thou reasonlesse desire that makes men seeke
To kisse the same, whilst fire doth thee imbrace.
Thou onely strong disordered, rulest passion,
Thou marst mens minds, and putst them out of fashiō.

I. Markham.

The golden chaine of *Homers* hie deuise
Ambition is, or cursed auarice:
Which all gods haling being tied to *Ioue*
Him from his setled height could neuer moue.
ntending this, that though that powerfull chaine
Of most *Herculean* vigor to constraine
Men from true vertue, or their present states,
ttempt a man, that manlesse changes hates:
nd is enobled with a deathlesse loue,

Of things eternall dignified aboue:
Nothing shall stirre him from adorning still,
This shape with vertue and his power with will.

G. Chapman.

---The greedy thirst of royall crowne
That knowes no kindred, nor regards no right,
Stird *Porrex* vp, to pluck his brother downe:
Who vnto him assembling forraine might,
Made warre on him, and fell himselfe in fight:
Whose death to auenge his mother mercilesse
Most merciles of women, *Eden* hight:
Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
And with most cruell hand him murdred pittilesse.

Ed. Spencer.

A diademe once dazeling the eie,
The day too darke, to see affinitie:
And where the arme is stretcht to reach a crowne,
Friendship is broke, the deerest things thrown downe.

M. Drayton.

---Realme-rape, spareth neither kin nor friend.

I. Higgins. Mir. of Ma.

Who fight for crownes, set life, set all to light,
Who aime so hie, wil die, or hit the white.

Doctor Lodge.

One riseth by an others fall, and some do clime so fast,
That in the clouds they do forget what climats they haue past

W. Warner.

The Eagle minded minds that nestle in the sun,
Their lofty heads haue leaden heeles, and end where they be-
(gun

Idem.

O, fatall is the ascent vnto a crowne,

Fron

From whēce men come not down, but tumble downe.

S. Daniell.

Like as the heauen two Sunnes cannot containe,
So in the earth two Kings cannot remaine
Of equall state: so doth Ambition craue,
One King will not another equall haue.

Tho. Hudson. Transl.

Whom so the mindes vnquiet state vpheaues,
Be it for loue or feare; when fancie reaues
Reason her right, by mocking of the wit,
If once the cause of this affection flit,
Reason preuailing on the vnbrideled thought,
Downe falls he, who by fancie climbd aloft.

I. H. M. of Magist.

Desire of rule within a climbing brest
To breake a vowe, may beare the buckler best.

G. Gascoigne.

In some courts shall you see Ambition
Sit peecing *Dedalus* old waxen wings:
But being clapt on and they about to flie,
Euen when their hopes are busied in the cloudes
They melt against the sunne of maiestie,
And downe they tumble to destruction.

Tho. Dekkar.

Better sit still men say then rise and fall.
High state the bed wherein misfortune lies.
Mars most vnfriendly, when most kind he seemes.
Who climeth hie on earth, he hardest lights,
And lowest falles attends the highest flights.

Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

As highest hils with tempest be most touched,

And tops of trees most subiect vnto winde,
And as great Towers with stone strongly couched,
Haue many falles when they be vnderminde,
Euen so by proofe in worldly things we finde,
That such as climbe the top of hie degree,
From feare of falling neuer can be free.

I. H. M. of Magist.

Ambition with the Eagle loues to build,
Nor on the mountaine dreads the winter blast:
But with selfe soothing doth the humour guild
With arguments, correcting what is past.
Forecasting kingdomes, dangers vnforecast:
Leauing this poore word of content to such,
Whose earthly spirits haue not fiery tuch.

M. Drayton.

----The ambitious once inur'd to raigne,
Can neuer brooke a priuate state againe.

S. Daniell.

----Warlike *Cæsar* tempted with the name
Of this sweet Iland neuer conquered,
And enuying the *Britons* blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion) hither came.

Ed. Spencer.

------Ambition
In princely pallace and in stately townes,
Doth often creep, and close within conuaies
(To leaue behind it) damage and decaies:
By it be loue and amitie destroid.
It breakes the lawes, and common concord beates.
Kingdomes and realmes it topsie turuy turnes.

G. Gascoigne.

Be not ambitiously a king, nor grudgingly decline. One

One God did roote out Cis his ſtock, and raiſe vp Ieſſes line.
VV. Warner.

The aſpirer once attain'd vnto the toppe,
Cuts off thoſe meanes by which himſelfe got vp.
S. Daniel.

Haughtie Ambition makes a breach in hills,
Runs drie by ſea amongſt the raging *ſcills.* *Th. Hud.*

Affection.

Affection is a coale that muſt be coolde,
Elſe ſuffered, it will ſet the heart on fire,
The fire hath bounds, but deepe deſire hath none.
VV. Shakeſpeare.

Affection by the countenance is deſcri'de,
The light of hidden fier it ſelfe diſcouers,
And loue that is conceal'd, betraies poore Louers.
Th. Marlowe.

------ Moſt wretched man,
That to affections doth the bridle lend,
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But ſoone through ſufferance growe to fearefull end,
Whil'ſt they are weake, betime with them contend.
For when they once to perfect ſtrength do growe,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battrie bend,
Gainſt fort of reaſon, it to ouerthrowe. *Ed. Sp.*

Affliction.

If ſo Affliction once her warre begin,
And threat the feeble ſenſe with ſword and fire,
The mind contracts her ſelfe and ſhrinketh in,
And to her ſelfe ſhe gladly doth retire.

As Spiders toucht seeke their webbes in most part,
As Bees in stormes vnto their hiues returne,
As bloud in daunger gathers to the hart,
As men seeke townes when foes the country burne.
I. Dauies.

If ought can touch vs ought, afflictions lookes
(Make vs to looke into our selues so neare)
Teach vs to know our selues beyond all bookes,
Or all the learned schooles that euer were.
Idem.

This makes our senses quicke and reason cleare,
Resolues our will and rectifies our thought:
So do the winds and thunder clense the aire,
So working seas settle and purge the wine,
So lopt and pruned trees do flourish faire.
So doth the fire the drossie gold refine. *I. Dauies.*

Audacitie.

What need we creepe the crosse to giue vnto a begging saint,
Tush, tush, a fig for booke loue, none be fortunate, that faint.
W. Warner.

Things out of hope are compast oft with ventering,
Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale fac'd coward,
But then woes best, when most his choice is froward.
W. Shakespeare.

Blushing and sighing *Theseus* neuer strouc
To wooe and winne *Antiope* his loue.
I. Weeuer.

---When all is done that do we may,
Labour we sorrowing all the night, and suing all the day,

The

The female faultie custome yeelds lesse merit, greatest pay:
And ventrous more then vertuous means doth bear the bel away.
W. Warner.

Art.

Art hath a world of secrets in her powers.
M. Drayton.

Art curbeth nature, nature guildeth Art.
I. Marston.

Things senceleſſe liue by Art, and rationall die,
By rude contempt of Art and industrie.
G. Chapman.

Art hath an enemy cald ignorance.
B. Iohnson.

Arts perish, wanting honour and applause.
D. Lodge.

--- Arts best nurse is honours chast desire,
And glory sets all studious hearts on fire.
Tho. Storer.

Art must be wonne by art and not by might.
S. I. Harr. Transl.

Valour and Art are both the sonnes of *Ioue*,
Both brethren by the father not the mother:
Both peeres without compare, both liue in loue,
But Art doth seeme to be the elder brother,
Because he first gaue life vnto the other.
Who afterward gaue life to him againe,
Thus each by other doth his life retaine.
Ch. Fitz. Ieffery.

Art is nobilities true register,
Nobilitie Arts champion still is said:
Learning is fortitudes right calender,

And

And fortitude is Learnings faint and aide,
Thus if the ballances twixt both bewaide,
Honour sheelds Learning from all iniurie,
And Learning honour from blacke infamie.

Idem.

Vaine is the Art that seeks it selfe for to deceiue.

Ed. Spencer.

Auarice.

---- Greedie Auarice by him did ride,
Vpon a Camell loaden all with gold,
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious mettall, full as they might hold:
And in his lap a heape of coyne he tolde,
For of his wicked pelfe his god he made,
And vnto hell, himselfe for money solde
Accursed vsurie was all his trade,
And right and wrong alike in equall ballance waied.

Ed. Spencer.

Forth of a Desart wood an vgly beast
There seem'd to come, whose shape was thus defined,
Eares of an Asse, a Wolfe in head and breast,
A carkasse all with pinching famine pined,
A Lyons grisly iawe, but all the rest
To fox-like shape did seeme to be enclined,
In *England*, *France*, in *Italy* and *Spaine*,
Yea all the world this monster seem'd to raine,
Where ere this cruell monster set his foote,
He kild and spoyld of euery sort and state:
No height of birth or state with him did boote
He conquered Kings and crownes all in like rate.
Yea this beasts power had tane so deep a roote, It

It entred in Christs Vicars sacred gate,
And vexed Cardinalls and Bishops chiefe,
And bred a scandall euen in our beliefe.

S. I. Harr.

Python whom *Phœbus* kil'd with thousand darts,
Was monster lesse then this by thousand parts.

Idem.

Eriphilaes Armor.

In vaine it were for to declare in Verse,
How sumptuously her armour all was wrought,
All set with stones, and set with *Indian* Gold,
Perfect for vse, and pleasant to behold.
Mounted she was, but not vpon a steede,
In stead whereof, she on a Wolfe did sit:
A Wolfe whose match *Apulia* doth not breede,
Taught to obey, although she vs'de no bit.
And all of sandy colour was her weede,
Her armes were this, for such a Champion fit,
An vgly toade was painted on her shield,
With poyson swolne, and in a sable field.

Idem.

--- *Auarice*, all arm'd in hooking tenters,
All clad in birdlime, without bridge she venters,
Through fell *Charibdis* and falle *Syrtes Neſſe*,
The more her wealth, the more her wretchednesse,
Cruell, respectlesse, friendlesse, faithlesse else,
Those foule base figures in each dunghill poole,
Like *Tantalus* staru'd in the midst of store,
Not that she hath, but what she wants she counts,
A well-wing'd Bird, that neuer loftie mounts.

I. Sylvester, Transl.

Regad

Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
And lowe abaſe the hie heroike ſpirit,
That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend.

Ed. Spencer.

We aged carke to liue, and leaue an ouerplus in ſtore,
Perhaps for ſpend-alls: ſo amidſt abundance liue we pore.

W. Warner.

Thoſe which much couet, are with gaine ſo fond,
That what they haue not that which they poſſeſſe:
They ſcatter and vnlooſe from their bond.
And ſo by hoping more, they haue but leſſe,
Or gaining more, the profit of exceſſe
Is but to ſurfet, and ſuch griefes ſuſtaine,
That they proue banckrout in this pore rich vaine.

VV. Shakeſpeare.

Thoſe that will all deuour, muſt all forgoe.

Tho. Dekkar.

Cõtent thee with vnthreatned mean, & play not Aeſops dog
The gold that gẽtle Bacchus *gaue, did greedy* Mydas *clog:*
Commit not treaſure with thy chiid to greedy minded men,
Thou leaueſt Polydor *a ſpoile to* Polymneſtor *then.*

VV. VVarner.

Beautie.

---Sacred Beautie is the fruit of ſight,
That curteſie that ſpeakes before the toong:
The feaſt of ſoules, the glory of the light,
Enuy of age, and euerlaſting yoong:
Pitties commaunder, *Cupids* richeſt throne,
Muſicke entraunced, neuer duly ſung:
The ſumme and court of all proportion.
And that I may dull ſpeeches leaſt afford,

All

All Rhethorickes Flowers, in lesse then in a word.

G. Chapman.

--- Bewtie borne of heauenly race.
Bewtie (daughter of maruaile) ô see how
Thou canst disgracing sorrowes sweetly grace,
What power thou shew'st in a distressed browe,
That mak'st affliction faire giu'st teares their grace.
What? can vntressed locks, can torne rent haire?
A weeping eye, a wailing face be faire?
I see then artlesse feature can content,
And that true Bewtie needs no ornament.

S. Daniell.

---- Bewtie is the bait which with delight
Doth man allure for to enlarge his kinde,
Bewtie the burning lampe of heauens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble minde,
Against whose power, nor God nor man can finde
Defence, reward, the daunger of the wound:
But being hurt, seeke to be medicinde,
Of her that first did stirre that mortall wound.

Ed. Spencer.

---- Bewtie is womans golden crowne,
Mans conqueresse and feminine renowne:
Not ioind with loue, who deare yet euer sold it?
For bewties cheape, except loues eye behold it.

I. Weeuer.

--- Bewtie is an adamant to all.
Bewtie, natures Iuie-bush each passenger doth call.

W. Warner.

Seldome wants guests where Bewtie bids the feast,
Mens eyes with wonders nere are satisfied,

All

At faireſt ſignes beſt welcome is ſurmiſed,
The ſhrine of loue doth ſeldome offring want,
Nor with ſuch counſell, clients neuer ſcant.

M. Drayton.

All Orators are dumbe where Bewtie pleadeth.

W. Shakeſpeare.

Bewtie it ſelfe doth of it ſelfe perſwade
The eyes of men, without an Orator:
What needeth then Apollogies be made,
To ſet forth that which is ſo ſingular?

Idem.

Nought vnder heauen ſo ſtrongly doth allure
The ſenſe of man, and all his minde poſſeſſe,
As Bewties louely bate that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigor to repreſſe,
And mightie hands forget their manlineſſe.
Driuen with the power of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in flowers of a golden treſſe.
That can with melting pleaſance mollifie,
Their hardned hearts enur'd to bloud and crueltie.

Ed. Spencer.

O how can bewtie maiſter the moſt ſtrong,
And ſimple truth ſubdue auenging wrong?

Idem.

No armour can be found that can defend,
Tranſpercing raies of chriſtall pointed eyes.

S. Daniell.

Hard is that heart which Bewtie makes not ſoft.

Ed. Fairfax. Tranſl.

---- Who ſo young that loues not?
Or who ſo olde that womens Bewtie moues not?

W. Weeuer.

A ſparke of Bewtie burns a world of men.

Idem.

O what is Bewtie if it be not ſeene?
Or what is't to be ſeene and not admir'd,
And though admir'd, vnleſſe in loue deſir'd.
Neuer were cheekes of Roſes locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to liue impriſoned in a Chamber.

S. Daniell.

Nature created Bewtie for the view,
(Like as the fire for heate, the Sun for light)
The faire do euer hold this pledge as due,
By auntient charter to liue moſt in ſight,
As ſhe that is debar'd it, hath not right:
In vaine our friends from this do vs dehort,
For Bewtie will be where is moſt reſort.

Idem Idem.

All excellence of ſhape is made for ſight,
To be a beetle elſe were no defame:
Hid Bewties loſe their ends, and wrong their right.

G. Chapman.

Heauen made bewtie like her ſelfe to viewe,
Not to be lapt vp in a ſmoakie mewe:
A roſie tainted feature is heauens golde,
Whil'ſt all men ioy to touch, all to behold.

M. Drayton.

The ripeſt corne dies if it be not reapt,
Bewtie alone is loſt too early kept.

Ch. Marlowe.

It hath bene through all ages euer seene,
That with the praise of armes and chiualrie,
The praise of Bewtie still hath ioyned beene,
And that for reasons speciall priuitie,
For either doth on other much relie,
For he me seemes most fittest is to serue,
That can her best defend from villanie,
And she most fit his seruice doth deserue,
That faireſt is, and from her faith doth neuer swarue.

Ed. Spencer.

---- Bewtie is more bright and cleare.
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And noblest she that serued is of noble Knight.

Idem.

Rich Bewtie, that each Louer labours for,
Tempting as heapes of new coynd glowing Golde,
(Rackt of some miserable treasurer,)
Drawes his desires, and them in chaines enfold,
Vrging him still to tell it and conceale it:
But Bewties treasure neuer can be tolde,
None can peculiar ioy, yet all must steale it.
O Bewtie, this same bloodie siege of thine,
Starues me that yeeld, and feeds me till I pine.

G. Chapman.

O Bewtie, still thy Empire swims in blood,
And in thy peace, warre stores himselfe with foode.

Idem.

O Bewtie *Syrene* faire enchaunting good,
Sweete silent Rhethoricke of perswading eyes:
Dumbe eloquence, whose power doth moue the blood
More then the workes, or wisedome of the wise.

Still

Still harmony whose *Diapazon* lies
Within a brow, the key which passions moue
To rauish the sence and play a world in loue.

S. Daniell.

Beautie enchasing loue, loue gaining Beautie,
To such as conflict Sympathies enfold:
To perfect riches doth a sounder dutie
Then all endeuours, for by all consent
All wealth and wisedome rests in time content.
More force and art is beautie ioynd with loue,
Then thrones with wisedom, ioyes of them composde,
Are armes more proose gainst any griefe we proue:
Then all their vertue scorning miserie,
Or iudgements graue in stoicke grauitie.

G. Chapman.

Beautie a begger, fie it is too bad
When in it selfe sufficiencie is had:
It was not made to please the wandring eie,
But an attire to adorne sweet modestie.
If modestie and women once do seuer,
Farwell our fame, farwell our name for euer.

M. Drayton.

O Beautie that betraies thy selfe to euery amorous eie,
To trap thy proud professors, what is it but wantons trie?
Where through it sildom haps the faire from mean deceits (to flie.

W. Warner.

This Beautie faire, is an inchauntment made
By natures witchcraft, tempting men to buie
With endlesse shewes, what endlesly will fade,
Yet promise chapmen all eternitie.
But like to goods ill got a fault it hath,

Brings men inricht therewith to beggery,
Vnles the enricher be as rich in faith
Enamourd, (like god selfe-loue) with her owne
Seene in an other then tis heauen alone.

G. Chapman.

----Beautie is a baine
To such as feed their fancy with fond loue,
That when sweet youth with lust is ouerthrowne,
It rues in age.

R. Greene.

Where *Venus* strikes with Beautie to the quicke,
It little vailes safe reason to apply:
Fewe are the cares for such as are loue sicke,
But loue.

Idem.

Truce, warre, and woe, do wait at Beauties gate,
Time lost, laments, reports and priuie grudge:
And last, fierce loue is but a partiall iudge,
Who yeelds for seruice shame, for friendship hate.

D. Lodge.

The bees of Hybla haue besides sweet hony smarting stings,
And beauty doth not want a bait that to repentance brings.

W. Warner.

----Faire colours soonest soyle,
Things of best price are subiect most to spoyle.

Ch. Middleton.

The fairer cheeke hath oftentimes a soule
Leprous as sin it selfe; then hell more foule.

Th. Dekkar.

All men do erre, because that men they bee,
And men with Beautie blinded, cannot see.

G. Peele.

Beautie, heauen and earth this grace doth win,
It supples rigor, and it lessons sin.

G. Chapman.

Nought is vnder heauens wide hollownes,
That moues more deare compassion of mind:
Then Beautie to vnworthy wretchednes
Through enuies snares, or fortunes freakes vnkind.

Ed. Spencer.

----Nothing ill becomes the faire,
But crueltie which yeelds vnto no praier.

S. Daniell.

Like as the Sun in a Diameter
Fires and inflames obiects remoued far,
And heateth kindly, shining laterally,
So Beautie sweetly quickens when tis nie:
But being seperated and remoued,
Burnes where it's cherisht, murders where it loued.

Ch. Marlowe.

Simples fit Beautie, fie on drugs and art.

M. Drayton.

-----Faire words and powre-attractiue bewtie,
Bring men to want on in subiectiue dutie.

I. Weeuer.

----Wayward Beauty doth not fancy moue.
A frowne forbids, a smile ingendreth loue.

Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

----What els is forme, but fading aire?
Yea oft, because assaulted of, it hurteth to be faire.

VV. VVarner.

Full soone the faireſt face would ceaſe from being ſuch,
If not preſerued curiouſly from tenuring more then much

That wondrous patterne where soeuer it bee
Whether in earth laid vp in secret store,
Or els in heauen that no man may it see
With sinfull eies, for feare it to deflore:
Is perfect Beautie which all men adore.
Whose face and feature doth so far excell
All mortall sence, that none the same may tell.

Ed. Spencer.

O Beautie, how attractiue is thy power?
For as the liues heat clings about the hart,
So all mens hungry eyes do haunt thy bower:
Raigning in *Greece*, *Troy* swumme to thee in art.
Remoued to *Troy*, *Greece* followed thee in feares,
Thou dreweſt ech syrelelle sword, ech childlesse dart,
And puldst the Towers of *Troy* about thine eares.

G. Chapman.

Varietie of Beauties.

The harbingers of luſt his amorous eyes did walke, (gold:
More clogd with chãge of Beauties thẽ K. Midas once with
Now this, now that, and one by one he did them all behold.
This ſeemed faire, & that as faire, and letting either paſſe,
A third he thought a proper girle, a fourth, a pleaſant laſſe.
Louely the fift, liuely the ſixt, the ſeuenth a louely wench,
The eight of ſweet complexion, to the ninth he altereth thẽce
That mildly ſeem'd maieſticall, tenth modeſt lookes & toong.
The eleuenth could ſweetly entertain, the twelft was freſh &
The next a gay brownetta, next admir'd & yoong. (yoong.
And euery feature ſo intic't his intricate affection,
As liking, all alike, he lou'd confounded in election.

W. Warner.

No

Baniſhment.

No Baniſhment can be to him aſsignde,
Who doth retaine a true reſolued minde.

M. Drayton.

In exile, euery man or bond or free
Of noble race, or meaner parentage:
Is not in this vnlike vnto the ſlaue
That muſt of force obey to each mans will,
And praiſe the peeuiſhneſſe of each mans pride.

G. Gaſcoigne. Tranſl.

Baſhfulneſſe.

-----So reſpected
Was Baſhfulneſſe in *Athens*: it erected
To chaſt *Agneia*, which is ſhamefaſtneſſe
A ſacred temple, holding her a goddeſſe.

G. Chapman.

Preferment ſildome graceth Baſhfulneſſe.

Idem.

Let ſoberneſſe be ſtill thy wiſedomes end,
Admitting what thou canſt not comprehend.

I. Sylueſter. Tranſl.

Bliſſe.

Theſe dayes example hath deep written here
Deep written in my heart with yron pen,
That Bliſſe may not abide in ſtate of mortall men.

Ed. Spencer.

Doth ſorrow fret thy ſoule? ô direfull ſpirit,
Doth pleaſure feed thy heart? ô bleſſed man.
Haſt thou bene happie once? ô heauy plight.

Are

Are thy mishaps forepast? ô happie than:
Or hast thou blisse in eld? ô blisse too late:
But hast thou blisse in youth? ô sweet estate.

E. of O.

----Hard it is
To immitate a false and forged blisse,
Ill may a sad mind forge a mery face,
Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.

G. Chapman.

---Blisse not in height doth dwell.

Idem.

-----Quiet Blisse in no state lasteth long.
Assailed still by mischiefe many waies,
Whose spoyling battery glowing hote and strong,
No flowing wealth, no force nor wisdome staies.
Her smoakelesse powder, beaten souldiers slaies.
By open force, foule mischiefe oft preuailes:
By secret sleight, she sild her purpose failes.

I. H. of Magist.

Blessed the man that well can vse his blisse.

Ed. Spencer.

We think no greater blisse, then such to be, as be we would,
When blessed none, but such as be, the same, as be they should.

VV. VVarner.

Our blisse consists not in possessions,
But in commaunding our affections.
In vertues choyce, and vices needfull chace,
Far from our harts for staining of our face.

The. Kid.

Bountie.

Bountie.

O ſacred Bountie, mother of content,
Proppe of renowne, nouriſher of Arts:
The crowne of hope, the roote of good euent,
The trumpe of fame, the ioy of noble hearts,
Grace of the heauens, diuinitie in nature,
Whoſe excellence doth ſo adorne the creature,

M. Drayton.

---- On the other part was to be viewde
His vertues, each one by it ſelfe diſtinct,
Prudence and temperance,, and Fortitude,
And Iuſtice, and a fift vnto theſe linckt
So nie, that who with it is not indued?
The reſt may ſeeme blotted, or quite extinct,
Bountie, employed in giuing and in ſpending,
A ſpeciall grace to all the other lending.

S. I. Harr. Tranſl.

Auguſtus Cæſar was not ſuch a Saint,
As *Virgill* maketh him by his deſcription,
His loue of learning ſcuſeth that complaint,
That men might iuſtly make of his proſcriptions
Neither the ſhame that *Neroes* name doth taint,
Confirm'd now by a thouſand yeares preſcription,
Be e'ne as it is, if he had had the wit,
To haue bene franke to ſuch as Poems writ,

Idem.

---- This reaſon is the chiefe,
That wits decay becauſe they want their hire,
For where no ſuccour is, nor no reliefe,
The very beaſts will from ſuch place retire, *Idem.*

----He is mad and worſe,
That plaies the nigard with a Princes purſe.
M. Drayton.

Care.

----Another ſhape appeares
Of greedy Care ſtill bruſhing vp the knees,
His knuckles knobd, his fleſh deep dented in:
With tawed hands, and hardy tanned skin,
The morrow gray no ſooner hath begun
To ſpred his light, euen peeping in our eies,
When he is vp and to his worke yrunne,
But let the nights black miſtie mantels riſe,
And with foule darke neuer ſo much diſguiſe
The faire bright day, yet ceaſeth he no where,
But hath his candles to prolong his toyle.
M. Sackuill.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
No better had he, ne for better carde:
With bliſtered hands among the cynders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nayles vnpared,
Right for to rend the food on which he fared.
His name was Care; a black Smyth by his trade:
That neither day nor night from working ſpared.
But to ſmall purpoſe yron wedges made,
Thoſe be vnquiet thoughts, that woful minds inuade.
Ed. Spencer.

Care keepes his watch in euery olde mans eye,
And where Care lodges, ſleepe will neuer lie:

But

But where vnbruiz'd youth with vnstuft braine
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleepe doth raine.

W. Shakespeare.

Care and suspition are faire Bewties dower.

M. Drayton.

Care the consuming canker of the minde,
The discord that disorders sweet-hearts tune,
Th'abortiue bastard of a coward minde,
The lightfoote lackie that runnes posle by death,
Bearing the leters which containe our end:
The busie aduocate that sells his breath,
Denouncing worst to him is most his frend,

H. Constable.

Charitie.

She was a woman in the freshest age,
Of wondrous bewtie, and of bowntie rare,
With goodly grace, and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare,
Full of great loue; But *Cupids* wanton snare
As hel she hated, chaste in worke and will,
Her necke and brest were euer open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might sucke their fill,
The rest was all in yealow robes araied still.
A multitude of babes about her hung,
Playing their sportes that ioyed her to behold,
Whom still she fed, while they were weake and yoong,
But thrust them forth still as they waxed old,
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold:

Adorn'd with Gems and Owches wondrous faire,
Whose passing price vnneath was to be told,
And by her side there sate a gentle paire
Of Turtle-doues, she sitting in an Iuorie chaire,
Ed. Spencer.

Due Charitie in louing doth preferre,
Her neighbours good, fore her vtilitie.
I. Sylvister. Transl.

Who may but will not helpe, doth hurt we know, and curious (they,
That dribling alms by art, disband mel mẽt frõ wel done pay,
And he that questions distresse and doth not help endeuour,
Thẽ he that sees & nothing saies, or cares is lesse deceauour.
W. Warner.

It is a worke of Charitie God kuowes,
The reconcilement of two mortall foes.
Ch. Middleton.

---- Charitie brings forth but barren seeds,
And hatred still is sowne in so great store,
That when the fruites of both came to be reaped,
The tone is scarce, the tother ouerheaped.
S. I. Harr.

Chastitie.

O Chastitie the chiefe of heauenly lights,
Which mak'st vs most immortall shape to weare,
S. Ph. Sidney.

------ Chastities attire,
The vnstained vaile which innocents adorne,
Th'vngather'd rose defended with the thorne.
S. Daniel.

O Chastitie,

O Charitie, the gift of blessed soules,
Comfort in death, a crowne vnto the life:
Which all the passions of the minde controlles,
Adornes the maide, and bewtifies the wife,
That grace, the which nor death, nor time attaints,
Of earthly creatures making heauenly Saints.

M. Drayton.

---A Woman cannot take vpon her,
With bewtie, riches, nor with hie nobilitie,
To claime the true deserued praise of honour,
If Chastitie do faile by her fragilitie,
This is the vertue that defends her honour.

S, *I. Harrington,*

Who doth desire that chaste his wife should bee,
First be he true, for truth doth truth deserue,
Then he be such as he his words may see,
And alwaies one credit, which her preserue
Not toying kind, nor causlesly vnkinde,
Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right,
Not spying faults, nor in plaine errors blinde,
Neuer hard hand, nor euer raines to light,
As farre from want, as farre from vaine expence:
Th'one doth enforce, th'other doth entice,
All owe good company, but driue from thence
All filthy mouthes that glory in their vice.
This done, thou hast no more, but leaue the rest
To nature, fortune, time, and womans brest.

S. Ph. Sydney.

Penelope in spending chaste her daies,
As worthy as *Vlisses* was of praise.

S. I. Harrington.

of

Of Christ.

The brooſer of the ſerpents head, the womans promiz'd ſeed
The ſecond in the Trinitie, the foode our ſoules to feed.
The vine the light, the doore the way, the ſhepheard of vs al,
Whoſe manhood ioynd to deitie, did raunſome vs from thrall
That was and is, and euermore will be the ſame to his, (blis,
That ſleeps to none, that wakes to him, that turns our curſe to
Whō yet vnſeen the Patriarks ſaw, the Prophets had foretold
The Apoſtles preacht, the Saints adord, & Martyrs do be-
*The ſame (*Auguſtus *Emperor) in* Paleſtine *was born (hold*
Amōgſt his own, & yet his own did curſe their blis in ſcorn.

W. Warner.

Auguſtus *quailing* Anthonie, *was Emperour alone,*
In whoſe vnfoed monarchy our common health was knowne
The bruizer of the ſerpents head, the womans promiſd ſeed
The ſecond in the Trinitie, the foode our ſoules to feede.
The vine the light, the doore the way, the ſhepheārd of vs all,
*The ſame (*Auguſtus *Emperor) in* Paleſtine *was borne,*
Amōgſt his own, & yet his own did curſe their blis in ſcorn.

Idem.

Children.

Riches of children paſſe a princes throne,
Which touch the fathers heart with ſecret ioy.
When without ſhame he ſaith, theſe be mine owne.

S. Ph. Sidney.

This patterne good or ill our children get,
For what they ſee, their parents loue or hate,
Their firſt caught ſence prefers to teachers blowes,
The cockerings cockerd, we bewaile too late,

When

When that we see our offspring gayly bent,
Women man-wood, and men effeminate. *Idem.*
---- What children apprehend,
The same they like, they followe and amend.
D. Lodge.

There is no loue may be compa'rd to that,
The tender mother beares vnto the childe,
For euen so much the roote it doth encrease,
As their griefe growes, our contentation cease. *G. Gas.*

Chaunge.

All is but fained, and which oaker died,
That euery showre will wash and wipe away,
All things do Chaunge that vnder heauen abide,
And after death, all friendship doth decay,
Therefore what euer man bear'st worldly sway
Liuing, on God and on thy selfe relie,
For when thou diest, all shall with thee die.
Ed. Spencer.

All suffer Chaunge, our selues new borne euen then begin (to die.
W. Warner.

---- The euer Chaunging course of things,
Runne a perpetuall circle, euer turning. *S. Dan.*
Change liues not long, time fainteth, and time mourns,
Solace and sorrow haue their certaine turnes.
M. Drayton.

All Chaunge is perillous, and all chaunce vnsound.
Ed. Spencer.

--- Seldome Chaunge the better brought,
Content who liues with tried state,
Need feare no Chaunge of frowning Fate:

But

But will seeke for vnknowne gaine,
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with paine. *Idem.*

What doth remaine to man that can continue long?
What sun cã shine so cleare, but clouds may rise amõg?
G. Gascoigne.

No flower is so fresh, but frost can it deface,
No man so sure in any seate, but he may loose his place.
Idem.

Most true it is, as we doo daily proue.
No good nor ill, can stand still at one stay.
S. I. Harrington.

The man that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde himselfe most fickle and vnsure.
Ed. Spencer.

Men change the ayre, but seldome change their care.
M. Drayton.

Chaunce.

What should we thinke of signes? they are but haps,
How may they then be signes of after-claps?
Doth euery Chaunce foreshew, or cause some other?
Or ending of it selfe, extend no further?
As th'ouerflowing flood some mount doth choake,
But to his guide, some other flood it yoake,
So if that signes thy sinnes once ioyne, beware
Else-where to Chaunces tend do neuer care.
M. of M.

True it is if fortune light by Chaunce,
There fortune healpes the boldest to aduaunce.
G. Gascoigne.

Counsaile.

Counsaile.

Sacred Counsaile, true heart suppling balme,
Soule-curing plaister, true preseruing blis,
Water of life in euery sudden qualme,
The heauens rich store-house, where all treasure is,
True guide, by whom foule errors due we mis,
Night burning-beacon watch, against mishaps,
Foresight, auoyding many after claps,

M. Drayton.

--- Euery strawe proues fewell to the fire,
When Counsell doth concurre with our desire. *Idem.*
What eld hath tried and seeene good counsell is.

D. Lodge.

---- Counsell still is one.
When fathers, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

Idem.

Counsell that comes when ill hath done his worst,
Blesseth our ill, but makes our good accurst.

M. Drayton.

Vaine sounds of pleasure we delight to heare,
But Counsell iarres as discord in our eare.

Idem.

A King that aimes his neighbours crowne to win,
Before the fruite of open warres begin,
Corrupts his Counsell, with rich recompences,
For in good Counsell stands the strength of Princes.

I. Syl. Transl.

A Kingdomes greatnesse hardly can he sway,
That wholsome Counsell did not first obey.

M. Dr.

Euen

Euen as by culling fruitefull Vines encreaſe,
So faithfull counſailes worke a Princes peace.

D. Lodge.

Concord.

--- Concord,
Mother of bleſſed peace and friendſhip true,
They both her twins, both borne of heauenly ſeed,
The which her words diuine right well do ſhewe,
For ſtrength and wealth, and happineſſe ſhe lendes,
And ſtrife, and warre and anger does ſubdue,
Of little, much, of foes ſhe maketh frendes,
And to afflicted mindes, ſweet reſt and quiet ſends.

Ed. Spencer.

The richeſt Iewell of all heauenly treaſure,
That euer yet vnto the earth was ſhowne,
Is perfect Concord, th'onely perfect pleaſure,
That wretched earth-borne men haue euer knowne.
For many hearts it doth compound in one,
That what ſo one doth, will, or ſpeake, or doo,
With one conſent, they all agree theretoo.

I. Dauies.

By her the heauen is in his courſe containd,
And all the world in ſtate vnmoued ſtands:
As their almightie maker firſt ordaind,
And bound them with inuiolable bands,
Elſe would the waters ouerflowe the lands,
And fire deuoure the water, and hell them quite,
But ſhe them holds with her all-bleſſed hands,
She is the nurſe of pleaſure and delight
And vnto Princes grace the gates doth open right.

Ed. Spencer.

O blisfull

O bleſſed concord bred in ſecret breſt
Of him that guides the reſtleſſe rolling skie:
That to the earth for mans aſſured reſt,
From height of heauens vouchſafeſt once to flie:
In thee alone the mightie power doth lie,
With ſweet accord to keep the frowne ſtarres,
And euery Planet els from hurtfull warres.

G. Gaſcoigne, Tranſl.

When tract of time returnes the luſtie Ver,
By thee alone the buds and bloſſomes ſpring:
The fields with flowers be garniſht eu'ry where,
The blooming trees aboundant leaues do bring,
The cheerfull birds melodiouſly do ſing.
Thou doeſt appoint the crop of ſommers ſeed
For mans reliefe, to ſerue his winter need.

Idem.

Conſcience.

----Within the ports and iawes of hell,
Sate deep remorſe of Conſcience, all beſprent
With teares: and to her ſelfe oft would ſhe tell
Her wretchednes, and curſing neuer ſtent
To ſob and ſigh, but euer thus lament
With thoughtfull care, as ſhe that all in vaine
VVould were and waſt continually in paine:
Her eyes vnſtedfaſt rolling in her head:
Whurld on ech place, as place that vengeance broght,
So was her mind continually in feare,
Toſſed and tormented with tedious thought
Of thoſe deteſted crimes which ſhe had wrought.
With dreadfull lookes and cheare throwne to the skie,

Wishing for death, and yet she could not die,

M. Sackuill.

So gnawes the griefe of Conscience euermore,
And in the heart it is so deeply graue
That they may neither sleepe nor rest therefore:
Ne thinke one thought, but on the dread they haue,
Sill to the death sore tossed with the waue
Of restlesse woe, in terror and dispaire
They lead a life continually in feare.

Idem.

The feare of Conscience entreth yron walles.

M. Drayton.

No armour proofe against the Conscience terror.

Idem.

A guiltie conscience neuer is secure,

Idem.

No meanes at all to hide
Man from himself can find
No way to start aside,
Out from the hell of mind,
But in himself confinde,
He still sees sin before,

And winged footed paine
That swiftly comes behind
The which is euermore
The sure and certain gaine
Impietie doth get,
And wanton boast respect,
That doth himselfe forget.

S. Daniell.

Like

Like to the Deare that ſtriken with the dart
Withdrawes himſelfe into ſome ſecret place,
And feeling griefe the wound about his hart,
Startles with pangs till he fall on the graſſe,
And in great feare lies gaſping there a ſpace,
Forth braying ſighes, as though each pang had brought
The preſent death which he doth dread ſo oft.
So we deep wounded with the bloudy thought
And gnawing worme that greeu'd our conſcience ſo,
Neuer tooke eaſe but as our heart out brought:
The ſtrained ſighes in witneſſe of our wo.
Such reſtleſſe cares our fault do well be know,
Wherewith with our deſerued fall, the feares,
In euery place rang death within our eares.

M. Sackuill.

-----Looſe Conſcience is free
From all Conſcience what els hath libertie:
As 't pleaſd the *Thracian Boreas* to blow,
So turnes our weary Conſcience too and fro.

I. Marſton.

Kings but the Conſcience all things can defend.

M. Drayton.

Whē as thou feel'ſt thy cōſcience toucht with greefe,
Thy ſelfe purſues thy ſelfe, both robd, and theefe.

Idem.

----Many with the Conſcience of the crime
In colder blood will curſe what they deſignde:
And bad ſucceſſe vpbraiding their ill fact,
Drawes them, that others draw from ſuch an act.

S. Daniell.

Craft. Deceit. Fraud.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to descry the craftie cunning traine
By which Deceit doth maske in vizard faire:
And cast her colours died deep in graine,
To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltlesse mind with guile to entertaine.
Ed. Spencer.

Fraud showd in comely cloathes a louely looke,
An humble cast of eye, a sober pace:
And so sweet speech, a man might her haue tooke
For him that said *haile Mary full of grace:*
But all the rest deformedly did looke,
As full of filthinesse and foule disgrace:
Hid vnder long large garments that she ware,
Vnder the which, a poysoned knife she bare.
S. I. H.

Oft Craft can cause the man to make a seeming show
Of hart, with dolor all distaind, where grief doth neuer
S. T. B. grow.

---. Craft wrapt still in many comberments,
With all her cunning thriues not though it speed.
S. *Daniell.*

Craft findes a key to open euery doore. *M. Dr.*

Conquest.

Who hopes a conquest, leaues no conquest sought.
M. Drayton.

Tis much to conquer, but to keep possession
Is full as much, and if it be not more. *I. Sylvester. tran.*

To win the field against our armed foes,
Is counted honourable any waies,
Whether it be with pollicie or blowes:
Yet bloodie conquest staines the Captaines praise.
But chiefest honour doth belong to those
Whom fortune to such height of hap doth raise,
To haue their foes suppresst and ouerthrowne,
With little losse and daring of their owne.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

Whereas proud conquest keepeth all in awe,
Kings oft are forst in seruile yoakes to drawe.

M. Drayton.

Country, common-weale.

We must affect our Country as our parents,
And if at any time we alienate
Our loue or industry from doing it honor,
It must respect effects and touch the soule,
Matter of conscience and religion,
And not desire of rule or benefit.

G. Peele.

Necessitie enforceth euery wight,
To loue his natiue seat with all his might.
A happie quarrell is it and a good,
For countries cause to spend our deerest blood.

G. Gascoigne.

That publike weale must needs to ruine go,
Where priuate profit is preferred so.

G. Geffrayes.

Home though it homely be, yet is sweet,
And natiue soyle is best.

S. I. Harr.

If so the temperature of Common-weale
Be guided by the course of heauenly powers,
Such as in deep affaires will iustly deale,
Must haue an eye to those eternall bowres,
And by their view direct this state of ours.
Then how can he a perfect states man proue,
That knowes not how celestiall bodies moue?

Th. Stouer.

------The loue
That men their country and their birth-right beare,
Exceeds all loue, and dearer is by farre:
Our countries loue, thē friends or children are. *T. Kyd.*

Content.

All wealth and wisedome rests in true Content.
Contentment is our heauen, and all our deeds
Bound in that circle, seld or neuer closde.

G. Chapman.

Who seekes to haue the thing we call enough,
Acquaint himselfe with Contentation:
For plenteousnesse is but a naked name:
And what sufficeth vse of mortall men,
Shall best apay the meane and modest harts.

G. Gascoigne.

The noblest mind the best contentment hath.

Ed. Spencer.

High climing wits, do catch a sudden fall,
With none of these Content doth dwell withall.

D. Lodge.

Content feeds not on glory nor on pelfe,
Cōtent can be contented with her selfe.

Th. Bastard.

Content

Cõtent is worth a monarchy, and mischief hits the hie.

W. Warner.

Who so contented liues, is happie wise.

D. Lodge.

Inconstant change such tickle turnes hath lent,
As who so feares to fall, must seeke Content.
Depriue the world of perfect discontent,
All glories end, true honour strait is stain'd:
And life it selfe in errors course is spent.
All toyle doth sort but to a sory end,
For through mislikes each learnes for to amend.

D. Lodge.

He only liues most happily
That's free and farre from maiestie:
Can liue content, although vnknowne:
He fearing none, none fearing him:
Medling with nothing but his owne,
While gazing eyes at crownes grow dim.

Th. Kyd.

Courage.

----To Courage great
It is no lesse beseeming well to beare,
The storme of fortunes frowne, or heauens threat,
Then in the sun-shine of her countenance cleare,
Timely to ioy and carry comely cheare.

Ed. Spencer.

High Courage with true wisedome euer backt,
Winnes perfect fame.

Th. Lodge.

Nere was there euer noble courage seene,
That in aduantage would his puissance boast,
Honor is least where ods appeareth most.
Ed. Spencer.

Where is no courage, there is no ruth nor mone.
Idem.

Good hart in ill, doth th'euil much amend.
Idem.

Courage imboldneth wit, wit courage armes.
M. Drayton.

They make their fortune who are stout and wise,
Wit rules the heauens, discretion guides the skies.
Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

Action is fiery valours souerainge good.
G. Chapman.

No foote to foe Repining courage yeelds.
Ed. Spencer.

Then are the valiant who more vaine, then cowardes who more wise,
Not men that trauell Pegasus, but fortunes fooles do rise?
W. Warner.

Be valiant, not too ventrous, but fight to fight againe,
Euen Hercules *did hold it ods, for one to striue with twaine.*
Idem.

Might wanting measure, moueth surquedrie.
Ed. Spencer.

---More is he that ventureth for more,
Then who fights but for what he had before.
S. Daniell.

---Valour mixt with feare, boldeneth dread,
May march more circumspect with better heed.
Idem.

Valour

Valour in greateſt daungers ſhewes moſt bright,
As full-fac't *Phœbe* in the darkeſt night.
Ch. Fitz Geffrey.

The Spartanes once exilde *Archilochus*,
The Author of *Lycambes* Tragedie,
Becauſe he ſaid it was commodious,
Rather to caſt away his ſhield and flie,
Then boldly to reſiſt, and brauely die. *Idem.*

Court.

The Princes Court is manſion of the wiſe.
Figure of heauen, faire fountaine of delights,
Theater of honours, earthly paradice,
Sudden aduancer, Spheare of pureſt light,
The liuely *Vatican* of bewties bright.
Thither let *Phœbus* progenie reſort,
Where ſhines their father, but in *Ioues* great Court?
Th. Storer.

---- This is euer proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done but fame reports.
S. Daniell.

To cenſure is the ſubiect of the Court,
From thence fame carries, thither fame doth bring,
There too each word, a thouſand ecchoes ring,
A Lotterie, where moſt looſe, but fewe do winne.
M. Drayton.

Nothing in Court is done without a fee,
The Courtier needs muſt recompenced bee. *E. Sp.*
Moſt miſerable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court to ſue for, had I wiſt,
That fewe hath found, but many one hath miſt.
Idem.

The

---- The Court is counted *Venus* net,
Where gifts and vows, foreſtalls are often ſet:
None be ſo chaſte as *Veſta*, but ſhall meete,
A curteous tongue, to charme her eares with ſweete.

R. Greene.

---- *The Court hath much of vanitie and painfull eaſe.*

W. Warner.

---- *The Court is now become a skittiſh colte,*
Of wiſe men hardlier man aged then of the glorious dolt,

Idem.

Theſe all deformities in forme in ſome one man we ſee,
More garded then regarded, franke not to continue free,
Whē as the merchāts booke, the map of all his wealth ſhalbe.

Idem.

Sometimes the courts of kings were vertuous ſchooles,
Now finde we nought in Court, but curious fooles.
O you whoſe noble hearts cannot accord,
To be the the ſlaues to an infamous Lord,
And knowes not how to mixe with perillous art,
The deadly poyſon with the amorous dart,
Whoſe natures being found, wills no conſtraint,
Nor will your face with flattering penſill paint,
For weele nor woe, for pitie nor for hire,
Of good my Lords their fauours to require,
Goe not to Court, if ye will me beleeue,
For in that place where ye thinke to releeue:
The honour due for vertue yee ſhall finde,
Nought but contempt which leaues good men behind.

Th. Hudſon. Tranſl.

The wanton luxurie of Court,
Doth forme the people of like ſort.

S. Daniell.

Ye

Ye worthy dames that in your breasts do beare,
Of your all-seeing god, nó seruile feare:
Ye that of honour haue a greater care,
Then sights of Courts, I pray you come not there,
Let them that in their purse haue not a mite,
Cloathe them like Kings, and play the Hypocrite,
And with a lying tale and fained cheare,
Court-coozen them whom they would see on beare,
Let there the Pandar sell his wife for gaine,
With seruice vile, his nobleſſe to attaine:
Let him that serues the time, chaunge his intent,
With faith vnconstant saile at euery vent.

Th. Hudsrn. Transl.

The Court was neuer barren yet of those
Which could with subtill traine, and hard aduise,
Worke on the Princes weakenes and dispose,
Of feeble frailtie easiest to entice.

S. Daniell.

Golden cuppes do harbor poyson,
And the greatest pompe dissembling,
Court of seasoned words hath soyson
Treason haunts in most dissembling.

D. Lodge.

Ye fearefull wits, ye impes of *Achelous*,
Which wracks the wisest youth with charming voice,
Ye *Circes*, who by your enchauntment strange,
In stones and swine, your Louers true doo change:
Ye *Stymphalids*, who with your youth vptakes,
Ye Rauens that from vs our riches takes.
Ye who with riches, art, and painted face,
For *Priams* wife puts *Castor's* sister in place.

Ye

Ye *Myrrhaes, Canaces*, and *Semyrames*,
And if there were yet moe defamed dames,
Come all to Court, and there ye shall receiue
A thousand gaines, vnmeete for you to haue,
There shall you see the gifts of great prouinces,
There shall you see the grace of graceleſſe Princes.

Th. Hudſon. Tranſl.

Courtiers as the tide do riſe and fall.

Ed. Spencer.

--- It doth not fit
With Courtiers maieſtie to be reputed
Too learn'd, too graue, too fine, or too conceited.

Thomas Stouer.

Who full of wealth and honours blandiſhment,
Among great Lords his yoonger yeares hath ſpent,
And quaffing deeply of the Court delights,
Vſde nought but tilts, armours, and maskes, and ſights,
If in his age his Princes angry doome,
With deepe diſgrace, daine him to liue at home
In homely cottage, where continually
The bitter ſmoake exhales aboundantly,
From his before vnſorrowe-drained braine,
The brackiſh vapours of a ſiluer raine,
Where vſher leſſe both day and night the North,
South East, and Weſt windes enter and go forth.
Where round about the lower roofte-broke walles,
In ſtead of Arras, hang with Spider calles:
Where all at once he reacheth as he ſtands,
With brows the roofe, both walls with both his hands.
He weepes and ſighes, and ſhunning comforts aye,
Wiſheth pale death a thouſand times a day,

And

And yet at length falling to worke, is glad
To bite a browne cruſt that the mouſe hath had,
And in a diſh, in ſtead of Plate or glaſſe,
Sups oaten drinke, in ſtead of Hypocraſſe.

I. Syluiſter.

Courteſie.

Of Court it ſeemes, men Courteſie do call,
For that it there moſt vſeth to abound,
And well beſeemeth that in Princes hall,
That vertue ſhould be plentifully found.
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of ciuill conuerſation.

Ed. Spencer.

Mongſt vertues all growes not a fairer flower,
Then is the bloome of comely Courteſie,
Which though it on a lowely ſtalke do bower,
Yet brauncheth forth in braue nobilitie,
And ſpreads it ſelfe through all ciuilitie:
Of which though preſent age doo plentious ſeeme,
Yet being matcht with plaine antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fained ſhewes eſteeme,
Which carry colours faire, which feeble eies miſdeem.

Idem.

--- In the triall of true Courteſie,
Its now ſo farre from that which once it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Faſhion'd to pleaſe the eyes of them that paſſe,
Which ſee not perfect things but in a glaſſe,
Yet is that glaſſe ſo gay, it cannot blinde
The wiſeſt ſight, to thinke that gold is braſſe.

But

But vertues ſeate is deepe within the minde,
And not in outward ſhew, but inward thoughts defind.

Idem.

---- This noble vertue and diuine,
Doth chiefly make a man ſo rare and odde,
As in that one, they moſt reſemble God.

S. I. Harr. Tranſl.

---- Courteous ſpeech vſage milde and kinde,
Wipes malice out of euery noble minde.

S. I. Harrington.

--- Courteſie oft times in ſimple bowers,
Is found as great, as in the ſtately towers.

Idem.

Tis meete a gentle heart ſhould euer ſhowe
By Courteſie, the fruites of true gentilitie,
Which will by practice, to an habit growe,
And make men do the ſame with great facilitie.
Likewiſe, the dunghill-blood a man ſhall know
By churliſh parts, and acts of inciuilitie,
Whoſe nature apt to take each lewde infection,
Cuſtome confirmes, and makes ill in perfection.

Idem.

Crueltie.

All lay on hands to puniſh Crueltie.

M. Drayton.

--- Cruell deeds can neuer ſcape the ſcourge
Of open ſhame, or elſe ſome bloody death,
Repentance ſelfe, that other ſinnes may purge,
Doth flie from this, ſo ſore the ſoule it ſleieth,
Diſpaire diſſolues the cruell caitiffes breath,

For

For vengeance due doth ſuddenly alight
On cruell deeds, the miſchiefe to requite.

I. H. Mir. of M.

Cuſtome.

Round headed Cuſtome th'apoplexie is,
Of bedrid nature, and liues led amis,
And takes away all feeling of offence.

G. Chapman.

Cuſtome abuſd brings vertue in diſdaine,
Nature with Cuſtome ioyned, neuer failes
But by her ſelfe, and in her ſelfe preuailes.

D. Lodge.

Whereas to nature, forward to retaine,
Lewde obiects are annext, and Cuſtomes vaine,
The wounds grow deſperate, and death doth end,
Before good counſell can the fault amend.

Idem.

Cuſtome the worlds iudgement doth blind ſo farre,
That vertue is oft arraign'd at vices barre.

I. Syl. Tranſl.

Danger.

--- Danger cloath'd in ragged weede,
Made of beares skinne, that him more dreadfull made,
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did neede
Strange horror to deforme his griſly ſhade,
A net in th'one hand, and a ruſtie blade
In th'other was, this miſchiefe, that miſhap
With th'one, his foes he threatned to inuade,
For whom he could not kill, he practis'd to intrap.

Ed. Spencer.

Danger

Danger hath honour, great deſignes their fame.
S. Dan.

The greateſt daungers promiſe greateſt bliſſe.
M. Drayton.

Danger deuiſeth ſhifts, wit waits on feare.
W. Shakeſpeare.

Daunger's the chiefeſt ioy to happineſſe,
And reſolution honours faireſt ayme,
Ch. Marlowe.

The path is ſmooth that leadeth vnto Daunger.
VV. Sh.

When as we thinke we moſt in ſafetie ſtand,
The greateſt daunger then, is neare at hand.
M. Drayton.

The Daunger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,
Breeds dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without ſmoake,
And perill without ſhewe.
Ed. Spencer.

Ay-me, how many perills do enfolde
The righteous man, to make him daily fall:
Were not that heauēly grace did him behold,
And ſteadfaſt truth acquite him out of all.
Idem.

A thouſand perills lie in cloſe awaite,
About vs daily to worke our decay,
That none except a god, or god his guide,
May them auoyd, or remedie prouide.
Idem.

In perill, we do thinke our ſelues moſt ſure,
And oft in death ſome men are moſt ſecure.
No Danger but in hie eſtate, none enuies mean degree.
VV. Warner.

---Daungerous things dissembled sildome are,
Which many eyes attend with busie care.

M. Drayton.

The absent danger greater still appeares,
Lesse feares he, who is neare the thing he feares.

S. Daniell.

Most strong is he when daungers are at hand,
That liues prepard' their furies to withstand.
Of common sence he is depriued cleane,
That falles with closed eyes on daunger seene:
And he that may both paine and hurt eschue,
Is vaine, if he his proper death pursue.

Dread.

Next sawe we Dread, all trembling how he shooke,
With foote vncertaine profered here and there:
Benumbd of speech, and with a gastly looke,
Searcht euery place, all pale and dead for feare:
His cap borne vp with staring of his haire.
Stoynd and amaz'd at his owne shade for dread,
And feeling greater daungers then was need.

M. Sackuill.

----Coward Dread lackes order, feare wants arr,
Deafe to attend, commaunded, or desirde.

Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

Death.

----A dumbe dead course we sawe,
Heauy and cold the shape of death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his lawe:
Against whose force in vaine it is to fight,

Ne Peeres, ne Princes, nor no mortall wight,
No Townes, ne Realmes, Cities, ne ſtrongeſt Tower,
But all perforce muſt yeeld vnto his power.
His dart anon out of his coupes he tooke,
And in his hand (a needfull ſight to ſee)
With great tryumph eftſoones the ſame he ſhooke:
That moſt of all my feares affraied me,
His body dight with nought but bones perdie.
The naked ſhape of man there ſawe I plaine,
All ſaue the fleſh, the ſinew, and the vaine.

M. Sackuill.

Death is a port, whereby we paſſe to ioy,
Life is a lake, that drowneth all in paine:
Death is ſo neare it ceaſeth all annoy.
Life is ſo leaud, that all it yeelds is vaine.
And as by life to bondage man was brought,
Euen ſo likewiſe by death was freedome wrought.

E. of Surrey.

Nought is immortall vnderneath the Sun,
All things are ſubiect to deaths tyrannie:
Both clownes & kings, one ſelfeſame courſe muſt run,
And whatſoeuer liues is ſure to die.

Th. Kyd.

Death's alwaies readie, and our time is knowne
To be at heauens diſpoſe, and not our owne.

Idem.

The braueſt are as bloſſomes, and the longeſt liuer dies:
And dead, the louelieſt creature as the lothſoms carion lies.

W. Warner.

Our frailties done are written in the flowers,
Which flouriſh now, and fade away ere many howres.

S. Daniell.

All

---All earthly things be borne
To die the death, for nought long time may last:
The sunne his beautie yeelds to winters blast.
I. H. M. of Magist.

Is't not gods deed what euer thing is done,
In heauen and earth? Did not he all create
To die againe? all ends that was begunne:
Their times, in his eternall bookes of fate,
Are written sure, and haue their certaine date.
Who then can striue with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state?
Or shun the death ordaind by destenie,
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence or (why.
Ed. Spencer.

---Death amongst all deales equally,
For hee's impartiall, and with one selfe hand
Cuts off both good and bad, none can withstand.
Ch. Middleton.

Death certaine is to all the prouerbe saith:
Vncertaine is to all the houre of death.
S. I. Harr. Transl.

Pale fearefull death with bloudy dart doth strike,
The wretched caitiffe and the king alike.
Vntimely neuer comes the lifes last meere,
A cradle death may rightly claime his debt,
Straight after birth, is due the fatall beere:
Y deaths permission th'aged linger heere,
uen in the swath-bands our commission goeth,
o loose thy breath, that yet but yoongly bloweth.
I. H. Mir. of M.

All musicke sleepes where death doth lead the daunce.

Ed. Spencer.

Let nature for perfection mould a paragon each way,
Yet death at last on finest lumps of liuing flesh wil pray:
For nature neuer framed it, that neuer shall decay.

VV. VVarner.

----Fatall death the emperor of graues.

I. Markham.

Death is the key which vnlockes miserie,
And lets them out to blessed libertie.

M. Drayton.

All is but lost that liuing we bestowed,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man haue mind of that last bitter rage,
For as the tree doth fall, so lies it euer lowe:

Ed. Spencer.

No feare of death should force vs to do ill.

Th. Kyd.

----When for feare of an ensuing ill
We seeke to shorten our appointed race,
Then tis for feare that we our selues do kill:
So fond we are to feare the worlds disgrace.

Idem.

Happie, thrice happie, who so lost his breath,
That life he gaineth, by his godly death.
Vnwise and wretched men to weet whats good or ill
We deeme of death as doome of ill desert:
But know we fooles what it vs brings vntill:
Die would we daily once it too expert.
No danger there the shepheard can a start,
Faire fields and pleasant fields there beene,

The fields aye fresh, the grasse aye greene.

Ed. Spencer.

----This same
Which we call death, the soules release from woe,
The worke which bring our blisse to happie frame:
Sildome arrests the bodie, but we finde
Some notice of it written in our minde.

I. Markham.

The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
And then due praise, or due reproach them yeeld.

S. Spencer.

----Death is an euill doome.
To good and bad, the common Inne of rest,
But after death the triall is to come
When best shall be to them that liued best,
But both alike when death hath both suppresst.
Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,
Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest.
For all so great shame after death I weene,
As selfe to dien bad, vnburied, bad to beene.

Ed. Spencer.

----Beasts with careless steppes to *lethe* go,
Where men whose thoughts and honours clime on hie,
Liuing with fame, must learne with fame to die.

D. Lodge.

Death but an acted passion doth appeare,
Where truth giues courage and the conscience cleare.

M. Drayton.

Who dies, the vtmost dolour must abide:
But who that liues, is left to waile his losse,
So life is losse, and death felicitie.

Sad life worse then glad death, and greater crosse
To see friends graue, then dead, the graue selfe to en-
Ed. Spencer. (grosse.

---In wretches sudden death at once
There long-some ill is buried with their bones.
Th. Hudson. Transl.

Death is to him that wretched life doth lead
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie
That liues a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.
Ed. Spencer.

Death is most louely sweet and amiable:
But captiu'd life for foulenesse admirable.
I. Marston.

-----The toongs of dying men
Inforce attention like deep harmony,
Where words are scarce, they are sildom spent in vaine:
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more must say, is listened more,
Then they whom youth & ease haue taught to glose:
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before.
The setting sunne and musick at the close,
As the last tast of sweet is sweetest tast,
Writ in remembrance more, then things long past.
W. Shakespeare.

Delaie.

On the one side doubt, on the other sate Delaie,
Behind the gate, that none her might espie:
Whose manner was, all passengers to staie,
And entertaine with her occasions slie.
Through which, some lost great hope vnheedilie,
Which neuer they recouer might againe: And

And others quite excluded forth did lie.
Long languishing there, in vnpittied paine,
And seeking often entrance afterward in vaine.

Ed. Spencer.

---Daunger growes by lingring till the last,
And phisicke hath no helpe when life is past.

Th. Watson.

----Oft things done, perhaps, do lesse annoy
Then may the doing, handeled with delay.

S. Daniell.

Delaie in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Fayning stil, many a fond excuse, to prate:
And time, to steale the treasure of mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.

Ed. Spencer.

----Times delay new hope of helpe still breeds.

Idem.

-----Fearfull tormenting
Is leaden seruitor, to dull delay.

W. Shakespeare.

He that will stop the brooke must then begin
When sommers heat hath dried vp the spring:
And when his pittering streames are low and thin,
For let the winter aid vnto them bring,
He growes to be of watry flouds the king:
And though you damme him vp with loftie rankes,
Yet will he quickly ouerflow his bankes.

R. Greene.

Ill newes deferring, is a plague as great as an ill newes.

Ab. Fraunce.

Delay in loue breeds doubts, but ſharpe deniall death.
W. Shakeſpeare.

--- Intermiſſion ſuffers men diſpute,
What dangers are, and caſt with further care,
Colde doubt cauells with honour, ſcorneth fame,
And in the end feare waighes downe faith with ſhame.
S. *Daniel.*

Where hearts be knit, what helpes if not in ioy?
Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be ioy. *M. D.*

Delight.

In things without vs, no Delight is ſure.
G. Chapman.

A ſweete in ſhape is but a bad Delight.
D. Lodge.

Proſperitie a flatterer is found,
Delight is feareleſſe till it feele the wound.
M. D. Vid. Pleaſure.

Deſire.

--- Deſire, whom not the firmament,
Nor aire, nor earth, nor Ocean can content,
Whoſe lookes are hookes, whoſe bellies bottomleſſe,
Whoſe hands are gripes to ſcrape with greedines,
Vnder whoſe command,
She brings to field a rough vnruly band,
Firſt, ſecret burning, mightie ſwoln ambition,
Whom Epicurus many worlds ſuffice not,
Whoſe furious thirſt of proud aſpiring dies not,
Whoſe hands tranſported with phantaſticke paſſion,
Beare painted ſteeples in imaginaton.
I. Sylueſter, Tranſl.

Amongſt

Amongst the most, the worst, we best can chuse,
Tis easie to desire, but hard to vse.

M. Drayton.

Desire hath philters, which desire procure.

Idem.

If blinde desire thy heart hath once embraced,
Inthrall'd it is, and honour so defaced.

∴

Desire with small encouraging growes bolde.

M. Drayton.

What can be said that Louers cannot say?
Desire can make a Doctor in a day.

Idem.

Things much retain'd, do make vs much desire them,
And bewties seldome seene, makes vs admire them.

Idem.

Destinie.

Sad *Clotho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By grisly *Lachesis*, was spunne with paine,
That cruell *Atropos* eft-soones vndid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine,
Most wretched mē, whose daies depēdon thrids so vain.

E. of S.

The holy Prophet brought *Astolpho*, where
A Pallace (seldome seene by mortall men)
Was plac't, by which, a thicke darke riuer ran,
Each roome therein was full of diuers fleeces:
Of Wolle, of Lint of Woll, or else of Cotten,
An aged woman spunne the diuers peeces.
Whose looke and hue did shew her old and rotten,
Nor much vnlike vnto that labour this is.

By

By which in ſommer a new made ſilke is gotten,
Where from the ſilke-wormes his fine garment taking,
They reaue him of the cloathes of his owne making.
For firſt in one large roome a woman ſpan,
Infinite thrids of diuers ſtuffe and hew,
An other doth with all the ſpeed ſhe can,
With other ſtuffe the diſtaffe ſtill renew:
The thrid in feature like, and pale and wan,
Seuers the faire from foule, the olde from new.
Who be theſe here, the Duke demaunds his guide?
Theſe be the fatall ſiſters he replide:
The Parcaes that the thrid of life do ſpin
To mortall men, hence death and nature, knowe
When life muſt end, and when it muſt begin.
Now ſhe that doth deuide them, and beſtow
The courſe from finer, and the thick from thin
Workes to that kinde, that thoſe which fineſt grow,
For ornaments in Paradice muſt dwell.
The courſe are curſt, to be conſum'd in hell.
Further, the Duke did in the place behold,
That when the thrids were ſpent that had bene ſpunne
Their names in braſſe, in ſiluer, and in gold
Were wrote, and ſo into great heapes were donne.
From which, a man that ſeemed wondrous old
With whole loades of thoſe names away did runne,
And turn'd againe as faſt, the way he went,
Nor neuer weary was, nor neuer ſpent.
This aged man did hold his pace ſo ſwift,
As though to runne, he had bene onely borne,
And in the lappet of his cloake were borne
The names, &c. *This was time.*

An heape of names within his cloake he bore,
And in the riuer did them all vnlade:
Or to say truth, away he cast them all,
Into this streame, which *Lethe* we do call.

S. I. Harr. Transl. Vide. Fame.

--- You sad daughters of the quiet night,
Which in your priuate resolution wright,
What hath, or shall vpon our fortunes light,
Whose stories none may see, much lesse recite;
You rulers of the Gods.

I. Markham.

Downe in the bottome of the deepe Abisse,
Where *Demogorgon* in dull darknesse pent,
Far from the view of Gods, or heauens blisse,
The hidious Chaos, there dreadfull dwelling is.

Ed. Spencer.

What man can turne the streame of Destenie?
Or breake the chaine of strong necessitie?
Which fast is tide to *Ioues* eternall seate?

Idem.

--- What shalbe shall. There is no choice,
Things needs must driue as Destenie decreeth:
For which we ought in all our haps reioyce,
Because the eye eternall, things foreseeth:
Which to no ill at any time agreeth,
For ills, too ill to vs, be good to it,
So farre his skill exceeds, our reache of wit.

I. H. Mir. of M.

Woe worth the wight that striues with Gods foresight
They are not wise, but wickedly do erre,
Which thinke ill deeds due destenies may barre.

Idem.

No hūble ſpeech nor mone, may moue the fixed ſtint,
Of Deſtinie or death: ſuch is the will that paints
The earth with colours freſh, ỹ darkiſh skies with ſtore
Of ſtarry light.

Ed. Spencer.

Walls may a while keepe out an enemie,
But neuer caſtle kept out deſtinie.

M. Drayton.

---Who can deceiue his deſtinie?
Or weene by warning to auoyd his fate?
That when he ſleepes in moſt ſecuritie,
And ſafeſt ſeemes, him ſooneſt doth amate,
And findeth due effect, or ſoone, or late,
So feeble is the power of fleſhly arme.

Ed. Spencer.

--- That which Ioue and Deſtinie haue done,
Men may lament, but neuer diſanull.

Ch. Fitz. vide fate.

Diſpaire.

Ere long they came where that ſame wicked wight
His dwelling has, lowe in a hollowe Caue,
Farre vnderneathe a craggy clift vpright,
Darke, dolefull, drery, like a drery graue,
That ſtill for carion carkaſſes doth craue.
On top whereof, aye dwells the ghaſtly Owle,
Shriking his balefull note, which euer draue
Farre from that haunt, all other chearefull fowle.
And all about it wandring ghoſtes do waile and houle,
And all about olde ſtockes and ſtubs of trees,
Whereas, nor fruite, nor leafe was euer ſeene,
Did hang vpon the ragged rocky trees, On

On which had many witches hanged beene,
Whose carkasses were scattered on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffes.

Ed. Spencer.

That darkesome caue they enter, where they finde
That cursed man, lowe sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen minde:
His grisly locks, long growne and vnbound,
Disordered hung about his shoulders round
And hid his face; through which his hollowe eies
Lookt deadly, dull, and stared as astound.
His rawebone cheekes through penurie and pine,
Were shrunke into his iawes, as he did neuer dine,
His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wraps abouts.
And him beside, there lay vpon the grasse,
A drery coarse, whose life away did passe,
All wallowed in his owne, yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh alasse.
In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Idem.

Me thought by night, a grisly ghost in darke I sawe,
Eke euer still to me with stealing steps she drew,
She was of colour pale, and deadly hew,
Her clothes resembled thousand kinds of thrall,
And pictures plaine of hastned deaths withall.

I. H. Mir. of M.

--- Diſpaire
The factor for improuident reſtraint.
I. Markeham.

--- Diſpaire, that deepe diſdained elfe,
Delightleſſe liues, ſtill ſtabbing of her ſelfe.
D. Lodge.

--- As it is not lawfull for a man
At ſuch a Kings departure or deceaſe,
To leaue the place, and falſifie his faith,
So in this place we ought not to ſurrender
That deerer part, till heauen it ſelfe commaund it.
For as they lent vs life to do vs pleaſure,
So looke they for returne of ſuch a treaſure.
Th. Kyd.

Farre greater folly is it for to kill
Themſelues diſpairing, then is any ill.
I. H. M. of M.

Be reſolute, not deſperate, the Gods that made thee poore,
Can if they will (do wait their will) thy former ſtate reſtore.
W. Warner.

--- When laſt need to deſperation driueth
Who dareth the moſt, wiſeſt counſell giueth.
S. I. Harrington.

We may in warre ſometime take truce with foes,
But in Diſpaire, we cannot with our woes.
M. Drayton.

Diſpaire hath euer daunger all contemned. *Idem.*

Diuell.

Hells prince, ſly parent of reuolts, and lies.
I. Syluiſter.

O ruth-

O ruthleſſe murderer of immortall ſoules,
Alaſſe, to pull vs from the happie poales,
And plunge vs headlong in the yawning hell,
Thy ceaſeleſſe fraudes and fetches who can tell?
Thou play'ſt the Lyon when thou dooſt ingage,
Blood-thirſtie *Neroes* barbarous heart with rage,
While fleſht in murders, butcherlike he paints
The Saint-poore world, with the dear blood of Saints:
Thou plaieſt the dog, when by the mouth prophane,
Of ſome falſe Prophets thou doeſt belch thy bane.
Where from the Pulpet barkingly he rings,
Bold blaſphemies againſt the King of Kings.
Thou plai'ſt the ſwine when plung'd in pleaſures vile,
Some Epicure doth ſober mindes defile,
Tranſforming lewdly by his looſe impietie,
Sweete Lacedemon to a ſoft ſocietie.
Thou plaieſt the Nightingale, or elſe the ſwan,
When any famous *Rhetorician*
With captious wit, and curious language drawes,
Seduced hearers, and ſubuerts the lawes.
Thou play'ſt the foxe when thou doeſt faine aright,
The face and phraſe of ſome deepe Hypocrite.
True painted tombe, dead ſeeming cole, but quicke,
A ſcorpion fell, whoſe hidden taile doth pricke:
Yet this were little, if thy ſpight audacious,
Spar'd (at the leaſt) the face of angels gracious,
And if thou didſt not apely immitate
Th'almighties workes, the warieſt wits to mate.

I. Syl. Tranſl.

The ghoſtly enemie doth not ſtay,
Till tempted perſons do obay.

Yeeld to him, he a Lyon is,
Gaine ſtood a flie, his pray doth mis.

Ignoto.

A ſubtill Pandar with more inticing rights,
Then ſea hath fiſh, or heauen hath twinckling lights.

I. Syl.

As a falſe Louer that thicke ſnares hath laide,
To entrap th'honour of a faire yoong maide,
When ſhe (though liſtening) litle eare affords,
To his ſweete courting deepe affected words,
Feares ſome aſſwaging of his freezing flame,
And ſoothes himſelfe with hope to gaine his game,
And wrapt with ioy vpon this point perſiſts,
That parlying cittie neuer long reſiſts.
Euen ſo the ſerpent that doth counterfet
A guilefull call to allure vs to his net:
Perceiuing *Eue* his flattering gloze diſgeſt,
He proſecutes, and iocund doth not reſt,
Till he haue tried foote, hand, head and all,
Vpon the breach of this new battered wall.

I. Syl. Tranſl.

Diſcord.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
There where as all the plagues and harmes abound,
Which puniſh wicked men that walke amis.
It is a darkeſome delue, far vnder ground,
And thornes which barren brookes inuirond round:
That none the ſame may eaſily out win,
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to iſſue forth when one is in,

For

For Discord harder is to end then to begin.

Ed. Spencer.

Ate, mother of debate
And all dissention which doth daily grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state
And many a priuate oft it doth orerunne.

Idem.

----He knew her weed of sundry hew,
Patched with infinit vnequall lists,
Her skin in sundry naked places view,
At diuers rents and cuts he may that lists:
Her haire was gray, and red, and black and blew,
And hard and soft, in laces some she twists:
Some hangeth downe, vpright some standeth staring,
As if each haire with other had bene squaring.
Her lap was full of writs and of citations,
Of processes, of actions, and arrests,
Of bills, of answeres, and of replications,
Greeuing the simple sort with great vexations.
She had resorting to her as her guests
Attending on her circuits and her iournies,
Suters and Clarkes, Lawiers, and Atturnies.

S. *I. Harr. Transl.*

Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrariwise intended:
And loathly mouth'd, vnmeet a mouth to bee.
That nought but gall and venome comprehended,
And wicked words that God and man offended.
Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,
And both the parts did speak, and both contended:
And as her tongue so was her heart descided.

That neuer thought on them, but doubly ſtill was gu(de

Ed. Spencer.

All like as drops ingender mightie flouds,
And little ſeeds ſprout forth great leaues and buds:
Euen ſo ſmall ſtrifes if they be ſuffered runne,
Breed wrath and warre, and death ere they be donne.

M. of Magiſt.

Concord in kingdomes is great aſſurance,
And royall fame lies do neuer fall:
But where diſcord doth lead the doubtfull dance,
With buſie brawles, and termes of variance,
Where malice minſtrell is, the pipe ill report,
The mask miſchiefe, and ſo doth end the ſport.

Idem.

Fire-brand of hell firſt tinde in *Phlegeton*,
By thouſand furies, and from thence outthrowne
Into this world, to worke confuſion,
And ſet it all on fire by force vnknowne,
Is wicked diſcord; whoſe ſmall ſparkes once blowne,
None but a God or godlike man can ſlake:
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when ſtrife was growne
Amongſt thoſe famous Imps of *Greece*, did take
His ſiluer harp in hand, & ſhortly friends them make.

Ed. Spencer.

O cruell diſcord, food of deadly hate,
O mortall corſiue to a common-weale:
Death-lingring conſumption to a ſtate,
A poyſoned ſore that neuer ſalue could heale,
O foule contagion, deadly killing feuer,
Infecting oft, but to be cured neuer.

M. Drayton.

A ſtate diuided, cannot firmly ſtand: Two

Two Kings within one realm could neuer rest. *T. Kyd.*

Diſsimulation.

-----Fierce lightening from her eies
Did ſet on fier faire *Heroes* ſacrifice:
Which was her torne robe and inforced haire,
And the bright flame became a maid moſt faire
For her aſpect; her treſſes were of wire,
Knit like a net; where harts all ſet on fire,
Struggled in pants and could not get releaſt:
Her armes were all with golden pincers dreſt,
And twentie faſhioned knots, pullies and brakes,
And all her body girdled with printed ſnakes.
Her downe parts in a ſcorpion taile combinde,
Freckled with twenty colours piedwings ſhinde
Out of her ſhoulders; cloth did neuer die,
Nor ſweeter colours euer viewed eie.
In ſcorching Turkey, Cares, Tartarie:
Then ſhinde about this ſpirit notorious,
Nor was *Arachnes* web ſo glorious.
Of lightning and of ſhreds ſhe was begot,
More hold in baſe diſſemblers is there not.
Her name was *Eronuſis.*

G. Chapman.

The colours of diſſemblance and deceit,
Were died deep in graine, to ſeeme like truth.

Ed. Spencer.

Better a wretch then a diſſembler.

E. Gilpin.

----Commonly in diſsimulations
Th'exceſſe of glauering doth guile detect,
Reaſon refuſeth falſhood to direct.

The will therefore for feare of being spied,
Exceedeth meane, because it wanteth guide.

M. of M.

----Commonly all that counterfeit
In any thing, exceed the naturall meane,
And that for feare of failing in their feat.

Idem.

The louely lookes, the sighes that storme so sore,
The due of deep dissembling doubleneſſe:
These may attempt, but are of power no more,
Where beautie leanes to wit and soothfastneſſe.

D. Lodge.

----Who hath to doo
With deep dissemblers, must dissemble too.

Ch. Middleton.

Vid. Hypocriſie.

End.

----The End doth alwaies proue the fact,
By End we iudge the meaning of the act.

S. I. H. Transl.

Begin where lightneſſe wil, in shame it ends.

G. Chapman.

Earth.

Thus whileſt he laid his head vpon her lap,
She in a fiery mantle doth him wrap:
And carries him vp from his lumpiſh mould,
Into the skies whereas he might behold
Th'earth in perfect roundneſſe of a ball,
Exceeding globes most artificiall:
Which in a fixed point nature disposed,

An

And with the ſundry elements incloſed.
Which as the Center, permanent doth ſtay,
When as the skies in their diurnall ſway:
Strongly maintaine the euerturning courſe,
Forced alone by their firſt mouers ſource.
Where he beholds the aiery regions,
Whereas the clouds and ſtrange impreſsions
Maintaind by coldneſſe often do appeare:
And by the higheſt region of the aire
Vnto the cleareſt element of fire,
Which to her ſiluer footſtoole doth appeere.

M. Drayton.

The Moone is darkned to all creatures eies,
Whileſt in the ſhadow of the earth ſhe lies:
For that the earth of nature cold and drie,
A very Chaos of obſcuritie:
Whoſe globe exceeds her compaſſe by degrees,
Fixed vpon her ſuperficies.
When in his ſhadow ſhe doth hap to fall,
Doth cauſe her darknes to be generall.

Idem.

----Earth
Beares all her ſonnes and daughters in one wombe,
She *Europes, Amériques, Affriques, Aſians* toombe.

Idem.

----Earth cannot comprehend
The ſecret depths of iudgements all diuine,
Where is no ground beginning, midſt nor fine.

I. Syluester. Tranſl.

O truſtleſſe ſtate of earthly things, and ſlipper hope
Of mortall men, that ſwinke and worke for nought:

And ſhooting wide, doth miſſe the marked ſcope.
Now haue I turnd (a leſſon dearly bought)
That nis on earth aſſurance to be ſought.

Ed. Spencer.

A narrow roome our glory vaine vnties,
A little circle doth our pride containe:
Earth like an Ile amid the water lies,
Which ſea ſometime is cald, ſometime the maine.
Yet nought therein reſounds a name ſo great,
It's but a lake, a pond, a mariſh ſtreet.

Ed. Fairfax. Tranſl.

Our mother earth nere glories in her frute,
Till by the ſunne clad in her tinſell ſute:
Nor doth ſhe euer ſtare him in the face,
Till in her glorious armes ſhe him imbrace.
Which proues ſhe hath a ſoule, ſence, and delight,
Of generation, feeling, appetite.

M. Drayton.

To know our ſelues to come of humane birth,
Theſe ſad afflictions croſſe vs here on earth.
A taske impoſde by heauens eternall lawe,
To keepe our rude rebellions well in awe.

M. Drayton.

Next vnto him, malicious Enuie rode,
Vpon a rauenous Wolfe, and ſtill did chawe
Betweene his cankred teeth a venomous tode,
That all the poyſon ranne about his iawe.
But inwardly he chawed his owne mawe

A

At neighbours wealth, that made him euer ſad,
For death it was when any good he ſawe,
And wept, that cauſe of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme, he waxed wondrous glad.

Ed. Spencer.

The other held a ſnake with venome fraught,
On which ſhe fed and gnawed hungerly:
As if that long ſhe had not eaten ought,
That round about the iawes we might diſcry
The bloody gore, and poyſon dropping loathſomly.
Her name was *Enuie*, knowne well thereby,
Whoſe nature is to greeue and grudge at all
That ſhe ſees done praiſe worthily:
Whoſe ſight to her is greateſt croſſe may fall,
And vexeth ſo, that makes her eate her gall:
For when ſhe wanteth other thing to eate,
She feedes on her owne maw vnnaturall.
And of her owne foule entrailes make her meate,
Meate fit for ſuch a monſters monſtrous diet.

Idem.

I chaunced on a monſter of a man,
With health heart ſicke, ſterued with ſtore of foode,
With riches poore, with beautie pale and wan,
Wretched with happineſſe, euil with good.
One eye did enuie at the th'other eie:
Becauſe the other enuide more then hee,
His hands did fight for the firſt iniurie,
So Enuie enuide, enuide to be.
And as he went, his tender foote was ſore,
And enuide at the foote that went before.

Th. Baſtard.

This monſter honors hurt, is like the curre
That barkes at ſtrangers comming at the durre.
But ſparing alwaies thoſe are to her knowne,
To them moſt gentle, to the others throwne.
This monſter als is like a rauing cloude,
Which threatens alwaies kindly *Vulcan* loude
To ſmore and drowne him with her powring raine,
Yet force of fire repels his force againe.

K. of S.

Oft malice makes the mind to ſhed the boyled brine,
And enuies humor oft vnlades, by conduits of the eine.

T. W.

Enuy liues with vs whilſt our ſelues ſuruiue,
But when we die, it is no more aliue.

Ch. Fitz Ieffry.

The knottie Oake and wainſcot old,
Within doth eate the ſilly worme,
Euen ſo a mind in enuy cold,
Alwaies within it ſelfe doth burne.

Idem.

Each ſence may common ſubiects comprehend,
Things excellent the ſenſitiue confound:
The eye with light and colours may contend:
The eare endure the note of common ſound
Both faile, when glorious beames and ſtrokes abound:
So Enuy that at meaneſt things beares ſpight,
Stands mute at view of vnexſpected height.

Th. Storer.

---Enuy harboureth moſt in feebleſt breſt.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Fell

Fell enuies cloud, ſtill dimmeth vertues ray.

Ed. Spencer.

Foule enuie, thou the partiall iudge of right,
Sonne of deceit, borne of that harlot hate:
Nurſed in hell, a vile and vgly ſprite,
Feeding on ſlaunder, cheriſht with debate,
Neuer contented with thine owne eſtate:
Deeming alike, the wicked and the good,
Whoſe words be gall, whoſe actions end in blood.

M. Drayton.

Enuie doth ceaſe, wanting to feede vpon.

Idem.

Like as the poyze that would the palme repreſſe
Doth cauſe the bowes ſpread larger round about:
So ſpite and enuie cauſeth glory ſprout,
And aye the more the top is ouertroad,
The deeper doth the ſame roote ſpread abroad.

M. of M.

Sicilian Tyrants yet did neuer finde
Then Enuie, greater torment of the minde.

Idem.

Our dayes are ſtampt in Enuies mint,
And this our age caſt in the Iron mold,
Our hearts are hew'd out of *Cancaſean* flint,
And two leau'd plates of braſſe our breſt enfold,
Hate waxeth yoong, the world thus waxing old,
And beſt we like them, that do vs loue the leaſt,
And leaſt we loue them, whom we ſhould like beſt.

Ch. Fitz Geffrey.

Error.

---- His gliſtering armour made By

A little glooming light, much like a ſhade:
By which ſhe ſaw the vgly monſter plaine,
Halfe like a ſerpent, horribly diſplaied,
But th'other halfe did womans ſhape retaine,
Moſt loathſome, filthy, foule, and full of vile diſdaine.
And as ſhe lay vpon the dyrtie ground,
Her huge long taile, her den all ouerſpred,
Yet was in knots, and many bouts vpwound:
Pointed with mortall ſting: of her there bred
A thouſand yoong ones, which ſhe daily fed,
Sucking vpon her poyſoned dugges, each one
Of ſundrie ſhapes, yet all ill fauoured.
Soone as the vncouth light vpon them ſhone,
Into her mouth they crept, and ſuddenly were gone.

Ed. Spencer.

To erre is proper vnto men, and but brutiſh to perſiſt.

W. Warner.

---- Errors are no errors, but by fate,
For oft the euent makes foule faults fortunate.

S. Daniell.

---- Errors left vnpuniſht, are profeſt,
And being not defended, are oppreſt.

Ch. Middleton.

To heare good counſell, error neuer loues.

D. Lodge.

---- Errors are hardly moued,
That loue doth breed in an vnaduiſed breſt.

S. I. H. Tranſl.

A ſtony coldneſſe hath benumbde the ſence,
And liuely ſpirits of each liuing wight,
And dim'd with darkneſſe their intelligence,
Darkenes more then Cymerians day by night, And

And monsters Error flying in the aire,
Hath mar'd the face of all that seemeth faire.

Ed. Spencer.

Faith.

------ *Fidelia*

Like sunny beames threw forth her christall face,
That could haue mazde the rar'st beholders sight,
And roūd about her head did shine like heauens light
She was araied all in Lilly white,
And in her right hand bare a Cup of Gold,
With wine and water filld vp to the height.
In which a serpent did himselfe infold,
That horror made to all that did behold,
But she nowhit did change her constant minde.
And in her other hand, she full did hold,
A booke that was both signd and seald with bloud.

Ed. Spencer.

Faith sits triumphant on a coach of gold,
Of Tuballs worke, where costly *Saphires* shine,
Rich Diamonds, and many Rubies fine,
And if ought else, the worke more costly hold,
This glorious chariots rowling wheeles are like
The holy wheeles the great *Ezechiel* sawe,
For owne selfe spirit, selfe winde and will doth drawe,
Their restlesse courses equall both alike,
The bird that led the Romaine standerds out
The bird that fixed can oppose his eies,
Against the greatest light in all the skies,
High through the ayre drawes this rich Coach about.
Faith flaunts it not in siluer nor in gold.
Nor precious scarlet of the Tyrian die:

Nor

Nor paints her face to hide deformitie,
But as she is, she doth her selfe vnfolde,
Her body that all bodies doth disgrace,
Like *Iunoes* bird is full of watching eies,
Whose holy glaunces pierce the loftie skies,
Pierce the hie heauens, and see God face to face.
She hath great store of flowing tongues to praise
The Lord of hoastes: she hath most mightie wings,
(Passing the swiftnes of all mortall things)
That in a moment vp to heauen her raise,
Her glorious head is compast with a crowne
Nor made of Oliue, pine, or Lawrell bowe,
Nor Parsly wreath which Græcians did allowe.
Th'olympian gaimes for signalls of renowne,
But of fresh Roses pluckt from honours tree,
That neuer shrinke for winters chilling frost,
Nor wither not when *Titan* hotely tostes,
But by the Lord for euer watered bee.

I. Syl. Transl.

Faith friendly porter of heauens Christall hold,
Conduct vs straight before the throne of gold:
Of Gods great grace, there prostrate on her knee,
Doth praier speake in name of all the three.

I. S. Transl.

What was the world before the world? or God ere he was
Why this he did, or doth not that, this bidde or forbod: (God!
I dare not thinke, or arrogate such misteries diuine,
Faith with her wits significant suffice these wits of mine:
To loue God and our neighbours as our selfe is all in fine.

W. Warner.

Drawe

Drawe thy forces all vnto thy hart,
The ſtrongeſt fortreſſe of this earthly part:
And on theſe three, let thy aſſurance lie,
On faith, hope, and humilitie.

M. Drayton.

Faith is thy Fort, thy ſhield, thy ſtronger aide,
Neuer controll'd, nere yeelded, ne diſmaide:
Which doth dilate, vnfold, foretell, expreſſeth,
Which giues rewards, inueſteth and poſſeſſeth.

Idem.

Faith hath not onely power on things terrene
Both hie, and lowe, but oftentimes doth force
Gods iuſtice too, and ſometimes ſeemes perforce,
Gods purpoſes to change and alter cleane.

I. Syl.

--- The hardeſt things faith makes moſt poſſible.

Idem.

--- Euen the faithfull flocks are like the ground,
That for good fruite, with weedes will ſtill abound:
If that the ſhare and coulter idle lie,
That riues the ſhare, and rootes the brambles bie.

Th. Hudſon. Tranſl.

Adde faith vnto your force, and be not faint.

Ed. Spencer.

Onely faith doth iuſtifie ſay we, of Gods free grace,
By Chriſt, nor faith is idle, but doth charitie embrace.

W. Warner.

Fame.

A monſter ſwifter none is vnder ſunne.
Encreaſing as in waters we diſcrie.

The

The circles ſmall of nothing that begin,
Which at the length, vnto ſuch breadth do come,
That of a drop which from the skies do fall,
The circles ſpread, and hide the waters all.
So Fame in flight encreaſing more and more,
For at the firſt, ſhe is not ſcarcely knowne,
But by and by ſhe flits from ſhore to ſhore,
To clouds from th'earth, her ſtature ſtraight is growne
There whatſoeuer by her trumpe is blowne,
The ſound that both by ſea and land out-flies,
Rebounds againe, and verberates the skies:
They ſay, the earth that firſt the Giants bred,
For anger that the Gods did them diſpatch,
Brought forth this ſiſter of thoſe monſters dead,
Full light of foote, ſwift wings, the winds to catch,
Such monſter erſt did nature neuer hatch.
As many plumes ſhe hath as top to toe,
So many eyes them vnderneath or moe:
And tongues do ſpeake: ſo many eares do harke,
By night tweene heauen ſhe flies and earthly ſhade,
And ſhreaking takes no quiet ſleepe by darke,
On houſes roofes, or towers as keeper made,
She ſits by day, and cities threates to inuade,
And as ſhe tells what things ſhe ſees by view,
She rather ſhewes that's fained falſe, then true,

I. H. Mir. of M.

Fame in a ſtoale of purple ſet with eies,
And eares, and tongues, caried a golden booke,
Vpon the couer, this I ſawe engrau'd.

Pauci quos æquus amauit
Iupiter, *aut ardens euerit ad æthera virtus*
Dijs geniti. *G. Peele.* Fame

Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Aboue the reach of ruinous decay,
And with braue plumes doth beate the ayrie skie,
Admir'd of base borne men, from far away.
Ed. Spencer.

The Brazen Trompe of Iron winged fame,
That mingleth truth with forged lies.
E. Fairfax. Transl.

Then came they to the foule and loathsome lake,
Darke, deepe, and mirie, of a dreadfull hue,
Where was the aged man that neuer stinted
To carrie bundles of the names imprinted.
This was the man, whom (as I told before)
Nature and custome so swift of foote had made,
He neuer rested, but ran euermore.
And with his comming he did vse this trade:
A heape of names within his cloake he bare,
And in the Riuer did them all vnlade:
Or to (say truth) away he cast them all,
Into this streame which *Lethe* we do call.
This prodigall old wrerch no sooner came
Vnto this curfed riuers barren banke,
But desperately without all feare of blame,
Or caring to deserue reward or thanke,
He hurl'd therein full many a precious name,
Where millions soone into the bottome sanke:
Hardly in euery thousand one was found,
That was not in the gulfe quite lost and dround:
Yet all about great store of birds there flew,
As vultures, carren crowes, and chattering pies,
And many moe of sundrie kinds and hew,

Making

Making leaude harmonie with their loude cries,
Theſe when the careleſſe wretch the treaſure threw
Into the ſtreame, did all they could deuiſe,
What with their talients ſome, and ſome with beake.
To ſaue theſe names, but find themſelues too weake.
For euer as they thought themſelues to raiſe,
To beare away thoſe names of good renowne,
The waight of them, ſo heauie downeward waies,
They in the ſtreame were driuen to caſt them downe.
Onely two ſwans ſuſtain'd ſo great a paize
In ſpight of him that ſought them all to drowne,
Theſe two did ſtill take vp whoſe names they liſt,
And bare them ſafe away, and neuer miſt.
Sometime all vnder the foule lake they diued,
And tooke vp ſome that were with water couered:
And thoſe that ſeem'd condemned, they repriued.
And often as about the banke they houered,
They caught them, ere they to the ſtreame arriued,
Then went they with the names they had recouered,
Vp to a hill that ſtood the water nie,
On which a ſtately Church was built on hie.
This place is ſacred to immortall fame,
And euermore a Nimph ſtands at the gate,
And tooke the names wherewith the two ſwans came,
Whether they early come, or whether late.
Then all about the Church ſhe hang'd the ſame,
Before that ſacred Image in ſuch rate,
As they might then well be aſſur'd for euer,
Spight of that wretch, in ſafetie to perſeuer.

S. I. Harr. Tranſl.

Fame

Fame on his right hand in a roabe of gold,
Whose stately traine, Time as her page did beare:
On which for rich imbroydery was enrold,
The deeds of all the Worthies euer were:
So strongly wrought as wrong could not impaire,
Whose large memorialls she did still reherse,
In Poets man-immortallizing verse.
Two tablets on her goodly brest she bore,
The one of Christall, the other Ebonie,
Engrau'd with names of all that liu'd before
That; the faire booke of heauenly memorie:
Th'other, the base scrowle of Infamie.
One stuft with Poets, Saints, and Conquerors,
Th'other, with Atheists, Tyrants, Vsurers,
And in her word appeared as a wonder,
Her daring force, and neuer failing might:
Which softly spake farre off, as't were a thunder,
And round about the world would take their flight,
And bring the most obscured things to light.
That still the farther off, the greater still,
Did euer sound our good, or make our ill.

M. Drayton.

Her dwelling is betwixt the earth and skies,
Her Turret vnto heauen her top vpreares:
The windowes made of *Lynceus* piercing eies,
And all the walles be made of daintiest eares,
Where euery thing that's done in earth appeares.
No word is whispered in this vaultie round,
But in her pallace straitwaies it doth sound:
The rafters, trumpets which do rend the aire,

Sounding aloud each name that thither comes.
The chinkes like tongues of all things talking heere,
And all things past, in memorie do beare.
The doores vnlocke with euery word man saith,
And opens wide with euery little breath.
It's hung about with armes and conquering spoiles,
The pillers which support the roofe of this,
Are trophies grauen with Herculean toiles.
The roofe of garlands, crownes, and ensignes is:
In midst of which a Christall Pyramis,
All ouer caru'd with men of most renowne,
Whose base is her faire chaire, the spire her crowne.

Idem.

-----Fame
Refuge of hope, the harbinger of truth,
Hand-mayd of heauen, vertues skilfull guide,
The life of life, the ages springing youth:
Tryumph of ioy, eternities faire bride,
The virgins glory, and the martyrs pride.
The courages immortall raising fire,
The very height to which great thoughts aspire:
The staire by which men to the starres do clime:
The minds first mouer greatnes to expresse,
Faiths armour, and the vanquisher of time.
A pleasant sweet against deaths bitternesse,
The hie reward which doth all labours blesse:
The studie which doth heauenly things impart,
The ioy amidst the tedious waies of art.
Learnings greene lawrell, Iustice glorious throne,
The Muses chariot, memories true food:
The Poets life, the gods companion,
The fire-reuiuing Phœnix sun-nurst brood.

he ſpirits eternall image, honours good.
he *Balſamum* which cures the ſouldiers ſcarres,
he world, diſcouering ſeamens happy ſtarres.

Idem.

loftie ſubiect of it ſelfe doth bring,
raue words and waighty, of it ſelfe diuine:
nd makes the authors holy honour ſhine.
ye would after aſhes liue, beware:
o do like *Eroſtrate*, who burnt the faire
heſian Temple, or to win a name
o make of braſſe a cruell calfe vntame. *K. of S.*

----Incorporeall Fame
hoſe waight conſiſts in nothing but her name,
ſwifter then the wind, whoſe tardy plumes
re reeking water, and dull earthly fumes.

Ch. Marlowe.

me (whereof the world ſeemes to make ſuch choyce)
but an Eccho and an idle voyce.

S. Daniell.

nto this *Hydra* are we ſubiect ſtill,
ho dares to ſpeake, not caring good or ill.
tter it is without renowne to be,
nen be renownd for vile iniquitie.

K. of K.

---Fame the queene of immortalitie.

Ch. Fitz Ieffrey.

ath hath no dart to ſlay deſerued Fame.

Ch. Fitz.

is iealous monſter hath a thouſand eies,
r aiery body hath a thouſand wings:
w on the earth, now vp to heauen ſhe flies.

And here and there with euery wind she flings:
Nothing so secret but to her appeareth,
And apt to credit euery thing she heareth.
Foule babling, tell tale, secrets soone bewraier,
The aire bred Eccho, the speaker of lies:
Shrill-sounding trompet, truths vnkind betraier,
False-larum-bell, awaking dead mens eies,
Fond pratling parrat telling all thou heareſt,
Oft furtheſt off, when as thou shouldſt be neareſt.

M. Drayton.

The path is set with danger, leads to fame,
When *Minos* did the Grecians flight denie,
He made him wings and mounted through the skie.

Idem.

Still fame wil grow if once abroad it flie,
Whether it be a troth, or be a lie.

Idem.

Fame doth explore what lies moſt secret hidden,
Entring the closet of the pallace dweller,
A broad reuealing what is forbidden,
Of truth and falshood both an equall teller,
Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her:
The sword of iuſtice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stoppe her mouth from vttering secret things.

S. Daniell.

Celeſtiall goddeſſe euer-liuing fame,
Minernaes daughter by faire *Maias* sonne,
Of all th'inhabitants of heauens faire frame:
Moſt highly honored since the world begunne,
And shall be till the fatall glaſſe be runne.
Soules sweet deceit, the healths reſtoratiue:

Hearts cordiall, the minds preseruatiue.
Goddesse of thoughts, muse animating appetite,
Aulter of honour, simple of renowne,
Shrine of deuotion, yeelding art her merite:
Lifes richest treasure, vertues gorgious gowne,
Heauens best abilliment, *Ariadnes* crowne.
The *Cynosura* of the purest thought,
Faire *Helice*, by whom the heart is taught.

Ch. Fitz Ieffrey.

Famine.

A grisly shape of Famine might we see,
With greedy lookes and gaping mouth that cride
And would torment as she should there haue dide:
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone:
And that alas was gnawne on euery where,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refraine
From teares to see how she her armes could teare,
And with her teeth gnash on her bones in vaine,
When all for nought she faine would so sustaine
Her staruen corps, that rather seem'd a shade,
Then any substance of a creature made.
Great was her force, whom stone walles could not stay.
Her tearing nayles snatching at all she sawe:
With gaping iawes, that by no meanes ymay
Be satisfied from hunger of her mawe,
But eates her selfe, as she that hath no lawe:
Gnawing alas her carkas all in vaine,
While you may count each sinew, bone and vaine:
On her, while we thus firmly fixt our eie,

That bled for ruth of such a drery sight,
Lo suddenly she shrikte in so huge wise,
As made hell gates to shiuer with the might:
Where with a dart we sawe how it did light
Right on his brest, and therewithall pale death
Enthrilling it, to reaue her of her breath.

M. Sackuile.

Meane cates are welcome still to hungry guests.

B. Iob.

Fancie.

Fancie we feele includes all passions might.

S. Phil. Sydney.

Fancie by kind, with reason striueth still.

Th. Watson.

----Vid. loue

Fate.

What God hath said, that cannot but ensue,
Though all the world would haue it ouerthrowne:
When men suppose by fetches of their owne
To flie their Fate, they further on the same,
Like blasts of winde, which oft reuiue the flame.

M. of M.

The heauens do rule in their continuall course,
That yeelds to Fate, that doth not yeeld to force.

M. Drayton.

Chaunce is vncertaine, fortune double faced.

Ed. Fairfax. Transl.

----*Demogorgon* ruler of the Fates.

R. Greene.

----The Fates can make Day

Waie for themſelues, their purpoſe to pertake.

Ed. Spencer.

----What the Fates do once decree,
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor *Ioue* himſelf can free.

Idem.

-----The lawes of Fate
Being grau'n in ſteele, muſt ſtand inuiolate.

Th. Dekkar.

Who can eſcape what his owne Fate hath wrought,
The work of heauens wil, ſurpaſſe all humane thought.

Ed. Spencer.

----Who can deceiue his deſtenie?
Or weene by warning to auoid his Fate?
That when he ſleepes in more ſecuritie
And ſafeſt ſeemes, him ſooneſt doth amate,
And findeth due effect, or ſoone or late
So feeble is the power of fleſhly arme. *Idem.*

-----Indeed the Fates are firme,
And may not ſhrinke though all the word do ſhake:
Yet ought mens good endeuours them confirme,
And guide the heauenly cauſes to their cõſtant terme.

Idem.

Each man they ſay his Fate hath in his hands,
And what he makes or marres to leeſe or ſaue,
Of good or euil, is euen ſelfe do, ſelfe haue.

I. H. M. of M.

The Fates farre off, foreſeene come gently neare.

M. Drayton.

Our Fate is not preuented though fore-knowne,
For that muſt hap decreed by heauenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault ſtill ours.

S. Daniell.

Fate

------Fate
Keeps in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come to know them, tis forbidden.
Idem.

All men are men in ignorance of Fate,
To alter chance, exceedeth humane state.
I. Markham.

The heauens do rule in their continuall course,
That yeelds to Fate, that doth not yeeld to force.
M. Drayton.

Feare.

------Feare all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But fear'd each shadow mouing too and fro,
And his owne armes whom glistering he did spie,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did flie
As ashes pale of hew, and winghie heeld,
And euermore on danger fixt his eie,
Gainst whom he alwaies bent a brazen sheeld,
Which his right hand vnarmed faithfully did weeld.
Ed. Spencer.

Who so for fickle feare from vertue shrinkes,
Shall in his life imbrace no worthy thing,
No mortall man the cup of suretie drinkes.
S. Phil. Sid.

Feare is more paine then is the paine it feares,
Disarming humane minds of natiue might:
Where each conceit an vgly figure beares,
Which were not euil, well viewd in reasons light.
Idem.

The

The gift being great, the feare doth ſtill exceed,
And extreame feare can neither fight nor flie,
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

W. Shakeſpeare.

The feare of ill, exceeds the ill we feare.

Ed. Fairfax. Tranſl.

Feare lendeth wings to aged folke to flie,
And made them mount to places that were hie.
Feare made the wofull child to waile and weepe,
For want of ſpeed, on foote and hands to creepe.

Th. Hudſon. Tranſl.

Feare in a fearefull heart, frets more then plagues that he (feareth.

A. Fraunce.

Feare that is wiſer then the truth doth ill.

S. D.

Feare caſts too deepe, and neuer is too wiſe.

Idem.

In vaine with terror is he fortified,
That is not guarded with firme loue beſide.

Idem.

A fearefull thing to tumble from a throne.

M. Drayton.

Where crowned might, & croſſed right ſo near togither dwel
Behoues that forreſt flying feare whereof the Foxe doth tel,
Our factious Lancaſter *&* Yorke, *therof could witnes wel.*

VV. Warner.

Thunder affrights the Infants in the ſchooles,
And threatnings are the conquerors of fooles.

I. Markham.

Whom feare conſtraines to praiſe their Princes deeds,

That

That feare eternall, hatred in them feeds.

R. Greene.

Feare misinterprets things, each angury
The worser way he fondly doth imply.
Weaknes is false, and faith in cowards rare,
Feare findes out shifts, rimitidie is subtill.

S. Daniell.

Tis incident to those whom many feare,
Many to them more greeuous hate to beare.

M. Drayton.

---He whom all men feare,
Feareth all men euery where:
(Hate inforcing them thereto)
Maketh many vndertake
Many things they would not do. *Th. Kyd.*
The only good that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like againe.

Ed. Spencer.

A man to feare a womans moodie eire,
Makes reason lie a slaue to seruile feare.

S. Ph. Sydney.

Nothing seene fearefull, we the most should feare,
Great amistes rise before the greatest raine:
The water deep'st, where we least murmure heare,
In fairest Cups men temper deadliest baine.
The nearer night, the ayre more cleare and still,
The nearer to one deaths, least fearing ill.

M. Drayton.

--- Bloodlesse, trustlesse, witlesse feare,
That like an Aspen tree, trembles each where,
She leads blacke terror, and blacke clowniſh shame,

And

And drowſie ſloth that counterfeiteth lame,
With ſnailelike motion meaſuring the ground.
Foule ſluggiſh drone, barren (but ſinne to breed)
Diſeaſed begger, ſteru'd with wilfull need,

I. S. Tranſl.

The feare of euill doth affright vs more,
Then th'euill it ſelfe, though it ſeeme nere ſo ſore.

Fortitude.

Rich buskind *Seneca*, that did declaime
And firſt in *Rome* our tragicke pompe compile,
Saith Fortitude is that, which in extreame,
And certaine hazard all baſe feare exile.
It guides ſaith he, the noble minde from farre,
Through froſt and fire, to conquer honours warre.

I. Markham.

Honey tong'd *Tully* Marmaid of our eares,
Affirmes, no force can force true Fortitude:
It with out bodies no communion beares.
The ſoule and ſpirit, ſoly it doth include.
It is that part of honeſtie, which reares
The heart to heauen, and euer doth obtrude,
Faint feare and doubt, ſtill taking his delight
In perills, which exceed all perils might.
Patience, perſeuerance, greatnes, and ſtrong truſt,
Theſe Pages are to Fortitude their King:
Patience that ſuffers, and eſteemeth iuſt,

What

What euer we for vertue fortunes brine.
Perſeuerance holds conſtant what we muſt,
Greatnes that effects the guilded thing,
And armed truſt which neuer can diſpaire,
And hopes good happe how euer fatall deare.

Idem.

The man that hath of Fortitude and might,
And thereto hath a Kingdome voyd withall,
Except he alſo guide himſelfe aright,
His power and ſtrength preuaileth but a ſmall.
He cannot ſcape at length, an hapleſſe fall.

I. H, M. of M.

The Romaine *Sergius* hauing loſt his hand,
Slew with one hand foure in a ſingle fight,
A thing all reaſon euer did withſtand,
But that bright Fortitude ſpreads forth her light.
Pompey by ſhore held from th'Italian Land,
And all his ſaylors quaking in his ſight,
Firſt hoyſed ſailes, and cried amidſt the ſtrife,
Ther's need I goe, no need to ſaue my life.

I. Markeham.

Force without wiſedome, is of little worth.

G. Gaſcoigne.

Greater force there needs to maintain wrōg thē right.

Ed. Spencer.

Agis that guilt the Lacedemon ſtreete,
Entending one day battaile with his foes,
By counſell was repeld as thing vnmeete,
The enemie being ten to one in ſhoes,
But he replied, tis needfull that his feete
With many heads, ſhould lead to many blowes.

And

And one being good, an armie is for ten:
Foes to Religion, and knowne naughtie men,
To him that told *Dineceus* how his foes
Couered the sunne with darts and armed speares.
He made replie, thy newes is ioy in woes,
Wee'le in the shadow fight, and conquer foes.

I. Markham.

--- As to loue, the life for vertues flame,
Is the iust act of a true noble will:
So to contemne it, and her hopes exclude
Is baseneſſe, raſhneſſe, and no Fortitude.

Idem.

Raſh *Iſadas* the Lacedemon Lord,
That naked fought againſt the Theban power,
Although they chain'd his valour by a cord,
Yet was he finde for raſhnes in that hower.
And thoſe which moſt his careleſſe praiſe afford,
Did moſt condemne what folly did deuoure:
For in attempting, proweſſe is not ment,
But wiſely doing what we do attempt.

Idem.

Felicitie.

O had Felicitie feeling of woe?
Or could on meane but moderately feede?
Or would looke downe the way that he muſt goe?
Or could abſtaine from what diſeaſes breede?
To ſtop the wound before to death it bleede?
Warre ſhould not fill Kings pallaces with mone,
Nor perill come, when tis leaſt thought vpon.

M. Drayton.

Folly,

Folly. Fooles.

Folly in youth is ſinne, in age is madnes.
S. Daniel.

A greater ſigne of Folly is not ſhowne,
Then truſting others force, diſtruſt our owne:
S. I. Harr. Tranſl.

---- Wicked men repine their ſinnes to heare,
And Folly flings, if counſell touch him neare.
D. Lodge.

Faire fooles delight to be accounted wiſe.
Ch. Marlowe.

Fooles will find fault without the cauſe diſcerning,
And argue moſt of that they haue no learning.
S. I. Harr. Tranſl.

------ There is a method, time, and place,
Which fooles obſeruing do cõmence, ere wiſe mẽ haue (their grace.
W. Warner.

Tis better be a foole then be a foxe,
For Folly is rewarded and reſpected,
Where ſubtiltie is hated and reiected.
D. Lodge.

---- The fooliſh commmons vſe
Obey them moſt, who doth them moſt abuſe.
S. I. Harrington. P.

A witleſſe foole may euery man him geſſe,
That leaues the more, and takes him to the leſſe.
G. Gaſcoigne.

Flatterer.

---- Foule leaſings and vile flatterie,
Two filthy blots in noble genterie. *Ed. Sp.* When

When as we finely ſoothe our owne deſires,
Our beſt conceits do proue the greateſt liers.

M. Drayton.

Nere was pretence ſo foule, but ſome would flatter it,
Nor any thing ſo peſtilent, as miſapplied wit.

W. Warner.

To be officious, getteth friends, plaine dealing hated is
Yet better plainly to reproue, then fainedly to kis:
We cannot alſo loue our friends, & Flatter their amis.

Idem. Idem

Flattery can neuer want rewards.

D. Lodge.

He twice offends, who ſinne in flattery beares,
Yet euery houre he dies, who euer feares.

D. Lodge.

The Lords & Ladies ouerrent, and cunningly the fine,
The Paraſite doth ouerreach, and bears away the gain.

W. Warner.

Yee ſonnes of craft bearing as many faces,
As *Proteus*, takes among the marine places,
And force your natures all the beſt you can,
To counterfeit the grace of ſome great man
Chamelion like, who takes him in each hew,
Of blacke or white, or yellow, greene, or blew,
That comes him next, ſo you that finde the faſhion
To hurt the poore, with many a great taxation,
You that do preaſe to haue the princes eare,
To make your names in prouinces appeare,
Ye ſubtill Thurins ſell your fumiſh winde
To wicked wights, whoſe ſences ye do blinde.

Th. Hudſon. Tranſl.

Time

Time fawning ſpaniels, Mermaids on the earth,
Trencher fed flies,
Baſe Paraſites, theſe elbowe-rubbing mates,
A plague to all laſciuious wanton ſtates:
O filthy monkies, vile and beaſtly kind,
Foule prating Parrats, birds of Harpy brood,
A coraſiue to euery noble minde.
Vipers that ſucke your mothers deareſt blood:
Miſhapen monſter, worſt of any creature,
A foe to all, an enemie to nature.

M. Drayton.

Fortune.

Fortune as blinde as he whom ſhe doth lead,
Her feature chaung'd each minute of the houre,
Her riggiſh feete fantaſtickly would tread:
Now would ſhe ſmile, and ſuddenly would lowre,
And with one breath, her words are ſweete and ſowre.
Vpon her foes ſhe amorouſly doth glaunce,
And on her followers coyly looke aſkaunce,
About her necke (it ſeem'd as for a chaine)
Some Princes crownes and broken ſcepters hung.
Vpon her arme a lazie youth did leane,
Which ſcornfully vnto the ground ſhe flung,
And with a wanton grace paſſing alone,
Great bags of gold from out her boſome drew,
And to baſe Peſants and fond Idiots threw.
A duskie vale which hid her ſightleſſe-eies
Like cloudes, which couer our vncertaine liues,
Painted about with bloodie Tragedies,
Fooles wearing crowns and wiſe men clog'd in giues.

Now

Now how she giues againe, how she depriues:
In this blacke map this she her might discouers,
In Camps and Courts, on souldiers, and on louers.

M. Drayton.

A hap, a chaunce, a casuall euent,
The vulgars Idoll, and a childish terror:
A what man will, a silly accident
The maske of blindnesse, and disguise of error;
Natures vile nickname, follies foolish mirror:
A terme, a by-word, by tradition learn'd,
A hearsay, nothing not to be discernd,
A wanton feare, a silly Infants dreame,
A vaine illusion, a meere fantasie:
A seeming shade, a lunaticke mans dreame.
A fond *Aenigma*, a flat heresie.
Imaginations doting emperie.
A folly in it selfe, it one selfe loathing,
A thing that would be, and yet can be nothing.
Disease of time, ambitions concubine:
A minde intrancing snare, a slippery yce,
The bait of death, destructions heady wine.
Vaine-glories patron, the fooles paradice.
Fond hope wherewith confusion doth intice.
A vile seducing fiend, which haunts men still,
To loose them in the errors of their will.

Idem.

O fortune the great Amorite of kings,
Opinions breath, thou Epicurian aire:
Inuention of mans soule, falsest of things,
A step beyond our iudgement, and a staire
Higher then men can reach with reasons wings.

Thou blindfold Archeresse, thou that wilt not heare:
Thou foe to persons, manners, times and all,
That raisest worthlesse, while the worthiest fall.

I. Markham.

Ah fortune, nurse of fooles, poyson of hope,
Fuell of vaine desires, deserts destruction.
Supposed soueraigne, through our vaine construction.
Princes of Paganisme, roote of impietie,
Diuell on earth, masked in pietie.
Scorne of the learned, follies elder scholler,
Bastard of time, begot by vaine opinion:
Against thy power, a peeuish proud resister.
Mother of lies, and witnesse of illusion:
Lampe of vain-glory, double faced shroe,
Who smiles at first, successfull, ends in woe.

D. Lodge.

Who wins her grace, must with atchiuements wo her,
As she is blind, so neuer had she eares,
Nor must with puling eloquence go to her:
She vnderstands not sighes, she heares not praiers.
Flattered she flies; controld she euer feares.
And though a while she nicely do forsake it,
She is a woman, and at length will take it.
Nor euer let him dreame once of a crowne,
For one bad cast that will giue vp his game,
And though by ill hap he be ouerthrowne,
Yet let him manage her till she be tame.

M. Drayton.

Fortune the folly is, and plague of those
Which to the world their wretched will dispose.

M. of M.

All

All flesh is fraile and full of fickleneſſe,
Subiect to fortunes charme, ſtill changing new,
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

Ed. Spencer.

Fortune the foe to famous chieuiſance,
Seldome or neuer yeelds to vertue aide:
But in her way throwes miſchiefe and miſchance,
Whereby her courſe is ſtopt, and paſſage laide.

Idem.

Mocke Gods they are, and many Gods induce,
Who fortune faine to father there abuſe.

M. of M.

——In vaine do men
The heauens of there fortunes fault accuſe,
Sith they know beſt what is the beſt for them,
Or they to each ſuch fortune do diffuſe,
As they do know each can moſt aptly vſe:
Or not that which men couet moſt is beſt,
Nor that thing worſt which men do moſt refuſe,
But fitteſt is, that all contented reſt
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his breſt.

Ed. Spencer.

So fortune is ſo bad, our ſelues ne frame
There is no chance at all hath vs preſeru'd.
There is no fate whom we haue need to blame:
There is no deſteny but is deſeru'd:
So lucke that leaues vs ſafe, or vnpreſeru'd.
Let vs not then complaine of fortunes skill,
For all our good deſcends from Gods good will,
And of our lewdneſſe, ſpringeth all our ill.

M. of M.

-----They that do dwell on fortunes call,
No sooner rise, but ready are to fall.

D. Lodge.

Looke how much higher fortune doth erect
The climing wight on her vnstable wheele:
So much the nigher may a man exspect
To see his head where late he sawe his heele.
Policrates hath prou'd it in effect,
And *Dyonisius* that too true did feele
Who long were luld on hie in fortunes lap:
And fell downe suddenly to great mishap.
On th'other side, the more man is oppressed
And vtterly ouerthrowne by fortunes lowre,
The sooner comes his state to be redressed,
When wheele shall turn and bring the happie howre.
Some from the Blocke haue growne to be so blessed.
Whole realmes haue bene subuerted to their powre.
As *Marius* and *Ventidius* sample is,
In former age, and *Lewes* of *France* in this.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

-----As the boystrous winde
Doth stoke the tops of highest reared towers,
So doth the force of froward fortune strike
The wight that highest sits in haughtie state.

G. Gascoigne.

-----So wills the wanton queene of chance,
That each man trace this Labyrinth of life:
With slippery steps now wronged by fortune strange,
Now drawne by counsell from the maze of strife.

D. Lodge.

We

We all are proud when fortune fauours vs,
As if inconstant chaunce were alwaies one:
Or standing now, she would continue thus,
O fooles looke backe, and see the rolling stone
Whereon she blindly lighting sets her foote,
And slightly sowes, that sildome taketh roote.

Th. Kyd.

Fortune the first and last that gouernes states.

I. Markham.

The blind-fold mistresse of vncertaine chaunge.

D. Lodge.

The wayward lady of this wicked world.

Idem.

Blind fortune faileth mighty ones, & meaner doth aduance.

W. Warner.

Blind fortune findeth none so fit to flout
As Suresby sotts, which cast no kind of doubt.

M. of M.

----Fortune cannot raise
Any one aloft without some others wracke,
Flouds drowne no fields vnlesse they finde a bracke.

Idem.

Where power dwelles and riches rest,
False fortune is a comely guest.

E. of S.

Think fortune newly hatcht is fledge, & waggeth wing to flie
All suffer chãge, our selues new born, euen then begin to die.

VV. VVarner.

The man that fortune at commaund will keepe,
He must be sure he neuer let her sleepe.

M. Drayton.

There neuer yet was Emperour or King,
Could boast that he had fortune in a string.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

-----All things to fortune are subiected,
Chiefly in warres, that are by chaunce directed.

Idem.

Whereſoeuer fortune her bountie will beſtow,
There heauen and earth muſt pay what ſhe doth owe.

M. of M.

The man whoſe thoughts to fortunes height aſpires,
Were better die then liue in lowe deſires.

Th. Acheliy.

Admit thou hadſt Pactolian waues to land thee gold at will,
Know Cræſus did to Cyrus kneele, and thou maiſt ſpeed as ill.

W. Warner.

Attempt not things beyond thy reach, ioyne fortune to thy (will,
Leaſt Phebus chaire do els ſurcharge raſh Phaethon his skill

Idem.

If fortune help whō thou woldſt hurt, fret not at it the more,
When Aiax ſtorm'd, then from him the prize Vliſſes bore.

Idem.

Good fortune drawes from heauen her deſcent,
Making hie *Ioue* the roote of her large tree:
She ſhowes from him how many Godheads went,
Archangels, Angels, heauens poſteritie,
From thence ſhe ſhowes the glorious thrid ſhe lent,
To Monarkes, Emperours and Kings in fee.
Annexing as collateralls to her loue,
Honour, vertue, valour and endleſſe time.
Natheleſſe ill fortune will be elder borne
She ſaith ſhe ſprings from *Saturne*, *Ioues* wronged ſyre,

And

And heauen and earth, and hell, her coate haue borne
Fresh bleeding hearts within a field of fyre:
All that the world admires she makes her scorne,
Who fartheſt seemes, is to ill fortune neere,
And that moſt proofe may her great praiſe commend,
All that good chaunce begins, ill chaunce doth end.

I. Markham.

Ill fortune is attended by reproach,
Good fortune fame and vertue ſtellifies.

Idem.

-----What man can ſhun the happe,
That hidden lies, vnwares him to ſurpriſe:
Misfortune waits aduantage to entrappe
The man moſt wary, in her whelming lappe.

Ed. Spencer.

The fortune that misfortune doth affoord,
Is for to liue and die vnfortunate.

Th. Achelly.

Misfortune followeth him that tempteth fortune.

Ch. Fitz Ieffrey.

Friendſhip. Friends.

The naturall affection ſoone doth ceaſe,
And quenched is with *Cupids* greater flame:
But faithfull friendſhip doth them both ſuppreſſe:
And them with maiſtring diſcipline doth tame
Through thoughts aſpiring, to eternall fame.

Ed. Spencer.

In friendſhip, ſoueraigne 'tis as *Muthridate*,
Thy friend to loue, as one whom thou maiſt hate.

M. of M.

Ne certes can that friendſhip long endure,
How euer gay and goodly be the ſtyle,
That doth ill cauſe or euill end endure,
For vertue is the band which bindeth hearts moſt ſure.

Ed. Spencer.

--- Enmitie that of no ill proceeds,
But of occaſion, with the occaſion ends,
And friendſhip which a faint affection breeds,
Without regard of good, lies like ill grounded ſeed.

Ed. Spencer.

With vertue chuſe thy friend, with vertue him retaine,
Let vertue be the ground, ſo ſhall it not be vaine.

S. Th. VViat.

Try frends by touch, a feeble frẽd may proue thy ſtrõgeſt foe:
Great Pompeys *head to* Cæſars *hand, it was betraied ſo.*

VV. VVarner.

In perfect friendſhip no ſuſpect, for two in one are all,
Communitie, or doubling ioy, or making griefe more ſmall.

Idem.

The trueſt friendſhip in miſerie is tride,
For then will none but faithfull friends abide.

G. Turberuile.

Right true it is, and ſaid full yore agoe,
Take heed of him that by the backe thee claweth,
For none is worſe, then is the friendly foe,
Though thee ſeeme good, all things ẏ thee delighteth:
Yet know it well, that in thy boſome creepeth,
For many a man ſuch fiers oft times hee kindleth,
That with the blaze his beard himſelfe he ſingeth.

E. of Surrey.

None

None can deeme right who faithfull friends do reſt,
While they beare ſway and rule in hie degree:
For then both faſt and fained friends are preſt,
Whoſe faiths ſeeme both of one effect to bee.
But then reuolts the firſt and fained gueſt,
When wealth vnwindes and fortune ſeemes to flie,
But he that loues indeed, remaineth faſt,
And loues and ſeiues when life and all is paſt.

S. I. Harr. Tranſl.

Oft times we ſee in houſe of meane eſtate,
In fortunes bad, and chances ouerthwart:
That men do ſooner laie away debate,
And ioyne in ſound accord with hand and hart,
Then Princes courts, where riches genders hate:
And vile ſuſpect that louing minds doth part,
Where charitie is cleane conſumde and vaniſhed,
And friendſhip firme, is quite caſt out and baniſhed.

Idem.

Who ſo wants friends to backe what he begins,
In lands farre off, gets not, although he wins.

S. Daniell.

If fortune friendly fawne, and lend thee wealthy ſtore,
Thy frends conioined ioy, doth make thy ioy the more
If frowardly ſhe frowne, and driueth to diſtreſſe:
His aide releeues thy ruth, and makes thy ſolace leſſe.

S. Th. Wiat.

They are not alwaies ſureſt friends on whō we moſt do (ſpend.

W. VVarner.

True friends haue feeling of each others wo,
And when ones hart is ſad, all theirs is ſo.

Ch. Middleton.

A golden

A golden treasure is the tried friend,
But who may gold from counterfeits defend?
Trust not to soone, nor yet to soone mistrust,
With th'one thy selfe, with th'other thy friend thou
Who twines betwixt, & stears the golde̅ mean, (hurdst,
Nor rashly loueth, nor mistrusts in vaine.

Mir. of M.

---Friends are geason now a daies,
And growe to fume before they taste the fier:
A quersitie bereauing mans auailes,
They flie like feathers dallying in the winde.
They rise like bubbles in a stormy raine,
Swelling in words, and flying faith and deeds.

D. Lodge.

Faint friends when they fall out, most cruel foemen be.

Ed. Spencer.

Better a new friend, then an old foe is said.

Idem.

Frugalitie.

He that will thriue, must thinke no courses vile.

B. Iohnson.

No hurt but good (who meanes to multiplie)
Bought wit is deare, and drest with sower sauce,
Repentance comes too late, and then say I,
Who spares the first, and keepes the last vnspent,
Shall find that sparing yeelds a goodly rent.

G. Gascoigne.

Let first thine owne hand hold fast all that comes,
But let the other learne his letting flie:

Idem.

Furie.

Furie.

--- Furie furiously mans life assailes
With thousand cannons, sooner felt then seene,
Where weakest, strongest, fraught with deadly teene,
Blind, crooked, blisterd, melancholy, sad,
Many-nam'd poyson, minister of death,
Which from vs creepes, but to vs gallopeth.
Foule, trouble rest, phantasticke, greedy-gut,
Bloud-sweating, hearts-theefe, wretched, filthy-slut
The childe of surfait and aires-temper vicious,
Perillous knowne, but vnknowne most pernicious.

I. Sylvister.

--- Furie cruell cursed wight,
That vnto Knighthood workes much shame and woe,
And that same hag, his aged mother hight,
Occasion, the roote of all wrath and dispight.
With her, who so will raging Furie tame,
Must first begin, and welther amenage,
First her restraine from her reproachfull blame
And euill meanes, with which she doth enrage
Her frantick sonne, and kindles his courage,
Then when she is withdrawne, or strong withstood,
Is eath his Idle Furie to asswage,
And calme this tempest of his passion wood,
The bankes are ouerflowne, when so sped is the flood.

Ed. Spencer.

Furie was red with rage, his eyes did glowe,
While flakes of fier from forth his mouth did flowe
His hands and armes y bath'd in bloud of those
Whom fortune, sinne, or fate made countries foes.

T. Lodge. This

--- This fell fury, for forerunner ſends
Manie and phrenzie, to ſubborne her frends,
Whereof the one drying, th'other ouerwarming.
The ſeeble brain (the edge of iudgement harming)
Within the ſoule phantaſtickly they faine,
A confus'd hoaſt of ſtrange *Chimeraes* vaine.

I. Syluiſter.

Gifts.

Tis wiſedome to giue much, a Gift preuailes,
When deepe perſwading Oratorie failes.

Ch. Marlowe.

A giuing hand though foule, ſhall haue faire praiſe.

S. Daniell.

----- The greateſt Gifts whereof we boaſt,
Are thoſe which do attempt and tire vs moſt.

T. Lodge.

--- Onely wiſedome graue, and iudgements cleere,
Gifts giu'n from heauen, that are not common heere.

S. I. H. Tranſl.

Goods Gifts are often giuen to men paſt good.

G. Chapman.

Good Gifts abus'd, to mans confuſion turne.

Th. Dekkar.

Teſtators and Executors ſo giue and ſo receaue,
As doubtful whethers ioy or griefe, is more to take or leaue
For as do hogs their troghs to houñds, ſo theſe giue & get place
Death not the Diér giues bequeſts, and therfore but graue (grace.

W. Warner.

To loiter well deſerued Gifts, is not to giue but ſell,
When to requite ingratitude, were to do euill well.

Idem.

Gentleneſſe.

Gentleneſſe.

The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne,
For a man by nothing is ſo well bewraide,
As by his maners, in which plaine is ſhowne,
Of what degree, and what race he is growne.

Ed. Spencer.

Sweete gentleneſſe is Bewties waiting maide.

Th. VVatſon.

------ In gentle thoughts,
Relenting thoughts, remorſe, and pittie reſts.

Ch. Marlowe.

All like as *Phœbus*, with his chearefull beames,
Doth freſhly force the fragrant flowers to flouriſh,
So gentle rulers ſubiects loue do nouriſh.

I. H. Mir. of M.

Like as the gentle heart it ſelfe bewraies,
In doing gentle deeds with francke delight:
Euen ſo the baſer minde it ſelfe diſplaies,
In canckered malice, and reuenge for ſpight.

W. Shakeſpeare.

O what an eaſie thing is't to diſcrie
The gentle bloud, how euer it be wrapt,
In ſad miſfortunes foule deformitie
And wretched ſorrowes which haue often hapt.
For howſoeuer it may grow miſhapt,
That to all vertue it may ſeeme vnapt,
Yet will it ſhew ſome ſparkes of gentle minde,
And at the laſt, breake forth in his owne proper kinde.

Ed. Spencer.

Gentrie.

--- True Gentrie ſtandeth in the trade
Of vertuous life, not in the fleſhly line,
For bloud is knit, but Gentrie is diuine.
I. H. M. of M.

Aboue cognizance or armes, or pedigree farre,
An vnſpotted coate, is like a blazing ſtarre.
G. Gaſcoigne.

Kind *Amalthea* was tranſformd by *Ioue*,
Into his ſparkling pauement, for his loue,
Though but a goate, and giuing him her milke,
Bazenes is flinty Gentrie, ſoft as ſilke.
In heauen ſhe liues, and rules a liuing ſigne
In humane bodies: yet not ſo diuine,
That ſhe can worke her kindnes in our hearts.
G. Chapman.

The true Gentilitie by their owne armes
Aduance themſelues, the falls by others harmes.
Th. Baſtard.

Gluttonie.

--- By his ſide rode loathſome Gluttonie,
Deformed creature, on a filthy ſwine:
His belly was vpblowen with luxurie,
And eke with fatnes, ſwollen were his eine.
And like a Crane, his necke was long and fine,
With which he ſwallowed vp exceſſiue feaſt,
For want of which, poore people oft did pine,
And all the way moſt like a brutiſh ſwine,
He ſpued vp his gorge, that all did him deteſt.
Ed. Spencer.

Fat

Fat paunches haue leane pates, and daintie bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrout quite the wits.
W. Shakespeare.

Your appetites O gluttons to content,
The sacred breast of *Thetis* blew, is rent:
The aire must be dispeopled for your mawes,
The *Phœnix* sole can scarce escape your clawes.
Th. Hudson. Transl.

Of little nature liues, superfluous meate
But dulls the spirit, and doth the stomacke freate.
Idem.

Who fareth finest, doth but feed, and ouerfeedeth oft,
Who sleepeth softest doth but sleep, and sometimes ouersoft.
W. vvarner.

--- Excesse doth worke accesse to sinne.
Idem.

O plague, O poyson to the warlike state,
Thou mak'st the noble hearts effeminate,
While *Rome* was rul'd by *Curioes* and *Fabrices*,
Who fed on rootes, and sought not for delices.
And when the onely *Cressons* was the foode,
Most delicate to *Persia* then they stoode
In happie state, renown'd in peace and warre,
And through the world their triumphs spread a farre.
But when they after in th'Assirian hall,
Had heard the lessons of *Sardanopall*,
And when the other giuen to belly-cheare,
By *Galbaes*, *Neroes*, *Vitels* gouern'd were,
Who gloried more to fill a costly plate,
Then kill a *Pirrhus* or a *Mithridate*.

Then both of them were seene for to be sacked
By nations poore, whom they before had wracked.

Th. Hudson. Transl.

O glutton throates, O greedie guts profound,
The chosen meates which in the world his bound;
By th' *Abderois* inuented, may not stanch
Nor satisfie your foule deuouring panch,
But must in Moluke seeke the spices fine,
Canary suger, and the Candy wine.

Idem.

Fatnesse by nature (not immoderate)
Kils not the wit, quels not the mindes estate.
But fatnes by intemperance increast,
When liuing man resembleth loathsome beast:
And belly cheare, with greedie gluttonie
Is held the fulnesse of felicitie.
This maketh men addicted to the same,
Dull in conceit, grosse minded, worthy blame.
Of such do *Basis, Galen, Plato* write:
That fattest belly hath the weakest sprite.

D. Lodge.

---- O short, ô dangerous madnesse,
That in thy rage doest trustie *Clytus* smother,
By his deare friend: *Panthea* by his mother.
Phrenzie, that makes the vaunter insolent,
The talkefull blab, cruell and violent,
The fornicator waxe adulterous,
Th'adulterer to become incestuous,
With thy plagues leuen, swelling all our crimes
Blinde, shamelesse, sensflesse, quenching oftentimes

The ſoule within it ſelfe: and oft defames
The holieſt men, with execrable flames.

I. Silueſter.

Like as the muſt beginning to reboyle,
Makes his new veſſell wood-bands to recoyle:
Lifts vp his lees, and ſpues with fuming vent,
From this tubbes ground his ſcumming excrement.
So ruiniſt thou thy hoaſt, and fooliſhly
From his hearts bottome driu'ſt all ſecrecy. *Idem.*

Good name.

The voyce that goeth of your vnſpotted fame,
Is like a tender flowre, that with the blaſt
Of euery little winde doth fade away.

G. Gaſcoigne. Tranſl.

The pureſt treaſure mortall times affoord,
Is ſpotleſſe reputation, that away,
Men are but guilded trunkes, or painted clay.

W. Shakeſpeare.

You cannot be too curious of you name,
Fond ſhow of ill (though ſtill the mind be chaſte)
Decaies the credit oft that Ladies had,
Sometimes the place preſumes a wanton minde,
Repaire ſometimes of ſome doth hurt their honour.
Sometimes the light and gariſh proud attire,
Perſwades a yeelding bent of pleaſing youthes.

G. Gaſcoigne.

Goodneſſe.

----Euen with Goodneſſe men grow diſcontent.
Where allare ripe to fall, and vertue ſpent.

S. Daniell.

Good things may ſcarce appeare,
But paſſe away with ſpeedie wing. *M. Roydon.*

Of God.

I am that one, is, was, and aye ſhall be,
Who create all of nought, as pleaſeth me:
I can deſtroy, I am the great and iuſt,
The faire, the good, the holy one to truſt:
Whoſe ſtrong right hand this world hath ſet in frame.
I plague my foe, and graunt my ſeruants grace,
All thoſe that knowledge me, and all their race.
Th. Hudſon. Tranſl.

-----How ſoeuer things in likelyhood diſcent
In birth, life, death, our God is firſt, the middle and euent.
And not what he can do he will, but what he will he can,
And that he do or do it not, behoues vs not to ſcan.
VV. VVarner.

God firſt made Angels bodileſſe pure mindes,
Then other things, which mindleſſe bodies bee:
Laſt he made man the *Horizon* twixt both kindes,
In whom we do the worlds abridgement ſee.
I. Dauies.

How fond is that man in his fantaſie
Who thinkes that *Ioue* the maker of vs all,
The Sunne, the Moone, the Starres celeſtiall,
So that no leafe without his leaue can fall.
Hath not in him omnipotence alſo,
To guide and gouerne all things here below.
G. Gaſcoigne. Tranſl.

----Heauen is his ſeate,
Th'earth his footeſtoole, and the priſon great.

Of

Of *Plutoes* raigne, where damned ſoules are ſhut,
Is of his anger euermore the but.

I. Sylueſter. Tranſl.

----Full hard it is to read aright
The ſecret meaning of the eternall might:
That rules mans waies, and rules the thoughts of liuing (wight.

Ed. Spencer.

The man of earth, ſounds not the ſeas profound
Of Gods deepe iudgements, where there is no ground
Let ſoberneſſe be ſtill thy wiſedomes end,
Admiring that thou canſt not comprehend.

I. Sylueſter. Tran.

Vnder his feete (ſubiected to his grace,
Sit nature, fortune, motion, time, and place.

Ed. Fairfax. Tran.

----Is there care in heauen? is there loue
In the heauenly ſpirits to theſe creatures baſe,
That may compaſſion of their euils moue?
There is: els much more wretched were the caſe
Of men, then beaſts; but ô the exceeding grace
Of higheſt God, that loues his creature ſo:
And all his workes with mercy doth imbrace.
That bleſſed Angels he ſends too and fro,
To ſerue to wicked man, to ſerue his wicked foe.

Ed. Spencer.

Our gracious God makes ſcant waight of diſpleaſure,
And ſpreads his mercy without waight or meaſure,

I. Sylueſter.

The eternall power that guides the earthly frame,
And ſerues him with the inſtrument of heauen:
To call the earth, and ſummon vp our ſhame:

By an edict from euerlasting giuen,
Forbids mortalitie to search the same.
Where sence is blind, and wit of wit bereauen:
Terror must be our knowledge, feare our skill,
To admire his worke, and tremble at his will.

S. Daniell.

----Howsoeuer things in likely hood discent,
In birth, life, death, our god is first, the middle & euent:
And not what he can do he wil, but what he wil he can,
And that he do or do it not, behoues vs not to scan.

W. Warner.

God may all that he wills, his will is iust,
God wills all good to them that in him trust.

Th. Hudson. Transl.

Where the Almighties lightening brand doth light,
It dimmes the daz'led eies, & daunts the sences quight.

Ed. Spencer.

----The Gods are euer iust,
Our faults excuse their rigour must.

S. Daniell.

The Lord law-maker iust and righteous,
Doth frame his lawes not for himselfe but vs:
He frees himselfe; and flies with his powers wing,
No where but where his holy will doth bring.
All that he doth is good, because it doth proceed
From him: that is the roote of good indeed
From him; that is the spring of righteousnesse:
From him, whose goodnesse nothing can expresse.

I. Sylvester.

----Indeed

-----Indeed the euil done
Dies not when breath the body firſt doth leaue,
But from the granſire to the nephewes ſonne,
And all his ſeed the curſe doth often cleaue,
Till vengeance vtterly the guilt bereaue:
So ſtraightly God doth iudge.

Ed. Spencer.

There is no ſtrength in armour, man or horſe,
Can vaile, If *Ioue* on wronged take remorſe:
For he on whom the deadly dart doth light,
Can neuer ſcape by raunſome, friend nor flight.

I. Harr. Mir. of Mag.

Eternall prouidence exceeding thought,
Where none appeares, can make her ſelfe away.

Ed. Spencer.

If Gods can their owne excellence excell,
It's in pardoning mortalls that rebell.

M. Drayton.

God moſt doth puniſh, whom he moſt regardeth.

S. I. Harr. Tranſl.

----Where Gods do vengeance craue,
It is not ſtrong deenſiue walls that any thing can ſaue.

VV. Warner.

----God hath made a ſalue for euery ſore,
If men would learne the ſame for to apply.

S. I. Harr. Tranſl.

Man purpoſeth, but all things are diſpoſed
By that great God that ſits and rules aboue.

Idem.

What man is he that boaſts of fleſhly might,
And vaine aſſurance of mortalitie?

Which all ſo ſoone as it doth come to fight,
Againſt ſpirituall foes, yeelds by and by,
Or from the field moſt cowardly doth flye?
Ne let the man aſcribe it to his skill,
That though grace hath gained victory.
If any ſleight we haue it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke the will.
Ed. Spencer.

God neuer ſeekes by tryall of temptation,
To ſound mans heart and ſecret cogitation.
For well he knowes man, and his eye doth ſee
All thoughts of men, ere they conceaued bee.
I. Syluester. Tranſl.

----God
Conioynes no leſſe our willes then bolds our harts,
A ſure preſage that he is on our parts.
Th. Hudſon. Tran.

Our God is iuſt, whoſe ſtroke delaid long,
Doth light at laſt with paine more ſharpe and ſtrong.
I. H. M. of Magiſt.

The miſtie cloudes that fall ſometime
And ouercaſt the skies:
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dimme our eies.
But as ſuch deawes are dried vp quite
When *Phebus* ſhowes his face:
So are ſad fancies put to flight,
When God doth guide by grace.
G. Gaſcoigne.

Gods mercy gently waighes his iuſtice downe.
Th. Achelly.

So blinds the ſharpeſt counſell of the wiſe, This

This ouershadowing prouidence on hie:
And dazeleth the cleareſt ſighted eies,
That they ſee not how nakedly they lie.
There where they little thinke the ſtorme doth riſe,
And ouercaſt their cleare ſecuritie.
When man hath ſtopt all waies ſaue only that,
That (leaſt ſuſpected) ruine enters at,

S. *Daniell.*

When Sathan tempts he leades vs vnto hell,
But God doth guide whereas no death doth dwell.
When Sathan tempts he ſeekes our faith to foyle,
But God doth ſeale it neuer to recoyle.
Sathan ſuggeſteth ill, good moues to grace,
The diuel ſeekes our baptiſme to deface:
But God doth make our burning zeale to ſhine,
Amongſt the candels of his Church diuine.

I. Syl. Tranſl.

----Gods word
(Which made the world, ſuſtaines and guides it ſtill)
To diuers ends conducts both good and ill.
He that preferres not God fore all his race,
Amongſt the ſonnes of God deſerues no place.
And he that plowes the furrowes of Gods feeld,
May not turne backe his fainting face nor yeeld.

Idem.

God with eternall bread in time of need,
His loued *Iacob* fortie yeares did feed.
And gaue them water from the ſolid ſtone,
Which of it ſelfe had neuer moyſture none.
Their caps, their coats, and ſhoes that they did weare,
God kept all freſh and new full fortie yeare.

Th. Hud. Trun.

The most iust God when once mans sinnes do grow
Beyond the bounds of pardon and of grace:
Because that men his iudgements best may know:
Like to his loue, to rule on earth doth place
Monsters most vile to tyrannize vs so,
With wrong the right, with lust lawes to deface.
For this said cause were *Scylla* sent and *Marius*,
The *Nerons* both, and filthy minded *Varius*:
For this *Domitian* held in *Rome* the raigne,
And *Antoninus* of that name the last:
And *Messinine* a base vnworthy swaine.
To place mankind in princely throne was plaste:
For this in *Thebes* did cruell *Creon* raigne,
With other tyrants more in ages past.
For this of late hath *Italy* bene wonne,
By men of *Lombardie*, of *Goth* and *Hunne*.

S. Daniell.

Good deeds.

Who wold to God but workes no good, who seeketh fame by ease,
Comes short of both, no lesse then maps to very lands and seas.

VV. VVarner.

Good deeds in case that they be euil placed,
Ill deeds are reckoned and soone disgraced,
That is a good deed that preuents a bad.

G. Chapman.

Well doing, farre exceedeth well to say.

G. Turberuile.

Ill deeds may better the bad words be bore.

Ed. Spencer.

Let euery one do all the good they can,
or seldom commeth harme of doing well. Though

Though iuſt reward it wanteth now and than,
Yet ſhame and euill death it doth expell:
But he that miſchieueth an other man,
Seldome doth carry it to heauen or hell.
Men ſay it, and we ſee it come to paſſe,
Good turnes in duſt, and bad turnes writ in glaſſe.

S. I. Harrington. Tranſl.

Wretched is he that thinkes by doing ill,
His euill deeds long to conceale and hide:
For though the voyce and tongues of men be ſtill,
By foules and beaſts his ſinne ſhall be diſcride,
And God oft worketh by his ſecret will,
That ſinne it ſelfe, the ſinner ſo doth guide,
That of his owne accord without requeſt,
He makes his wicked doings manifeſt.

Idem.

Our bodies buried, then our deeds aſcend,
Thoſe deeds in life to worth can not be rated,
In death with life, our fame euen then is dated.

M. Drayton.

Greatneſſe.

Great things ſtill orewhelme themſelues by waight.

E. Guilpin.

Greatneſſe like to the ſunnes reflecting powers,
The fier bred vapours naturally exhailes,
And is the cauſe that oft the euening lowers,
When foggy miſts enlarge their duskie ſailes.
That his owne beames he in the cloudes impailes,
And either muſt extinguiſh his owne light,
Or by his vertue cauſe his proper right.

M. Drayton.

To

To be huge is to be deadly ſicke.

I. Marſton.

O blinded Greatneſſe, thou with thy turmoile,
Still ſelling happy life, mak'ſt life a toile.

S. Daniel.

--- He that ſtriues to manage mightie things,
Amidſt his triumphes, beares a troubled minde:
The greateſt hope the greateſt harueſt bring,
And poore men in content there glory finde.

D. Lodge.

The man that furthereth other men to thriue,
Of priuate greatneſſe doth himſelfe depriue.

Th. Storer.

Griefe.

Grieſe all in ſables ſorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heauie cheare,
Yet inly beine more, then ſeeming ſad,
A paire of pincers in his hand he had.
With which, he pinched people to the heart,
That from thenceforth, a wretched life they lad:
In wilfull languor and conſuming ſmart,
Dying each day with impair'd wounds of dolors dart.

Ed. Spencer.

Grieſe onely makes his wretched ſtate to ſee,
(Euen like a toppe, which nought but whipping moues)
This man, this talking beaſt, this walking tree,
Grieſe is the ſtone, which fineſt iudgements proues.
For who grieues not, hath but a blockiſh braine,
Since cauſe of Griefe we cauſe, from life remoues.

S. *Ph. Sydney.*

Griefes

---- Griefes deadly sore,
Vnkindnes breeds, vnkindnes fostereth hate.

Idem.

Griefe to it selfe most dreadfull doth appeare,
And neuer yet was sorrow voyd of feare:
But yet in death, they both do hope the best.

M. Drayton.

Griefes be long liu'd, and sorrowes seldome die.

Idem.

Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
Could rule them both, without tenne womens wit.

W. Shakespeare.

He oft findes medicine, who his griefes imparts,
But double Griefe afflicts concealing harts,
As raging flames, who striueth to suppresse.

Ed. Spencer.

Found neuer help, who neuer could his griefe impart.

Idem.

No greater ease of heart the griefes to tell,
It daunteth all the dolours of the minde:
Our carefull hearts thereby great comfort finde.

I. H. Mir. of Mag.

An Ouen that is stopt, or Riuer staied,
Burneth more hotely, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed Griefe it may be said.
Free vent of words, loues fier doth asswage.
But when the hearts atturney once is mute,
The Client breakes, as desperate in his sute.

W. Shakespeare.

No one thing doth auaile man more,
To cure a griefe, and perfectly to heale it,
Then if he do vnto some friends reueale it.
S. I. Harr. Transl.

--- Griefe it is inough to vexed wight,
To feele his fault and not be farther vext.
Ed. Spencer.

--- Some griefe shewes much of loue,
But much to griefe shewes still some want of wit.
W. Shakespeare.

--- Great griefe can not be told,
And can more easily be thought then found. *Ed. Sp.*

Paine.

Thou Paine, the onely ghuest of loath'd constraint,
The child of curse, mans weaknesse foster child,
Brother to woe, and father of complaint,
Thou Paine, thou loathed paine from heauen exild.
H. C.

The scourge of life, and deaths extreame disgrace,
The smoake of hel, that monster's called paine.
Idem.

The thing that grieuous were to do or beare
Them to renew, I wot breeds no delight.
Ed. Spencer.

True griefe is fond, and testy as a childe,
Who wayward once, his moode with nought agrees,
Old woes not infant sorrowes beare them milde,
Continuance tames the one, the other wilde,
Like an vnpractiz'd swimmer plunging still
With too much labour drownes for want of skill.
W. Shakespeare.

Paine

Paine paies the income of each precious thing.

W. Sh.

Heauen.

From hence with grace and goodneſſe compaſt round
God ruleth, bleſſeth, keepeth, all he wrought:
Aboue the aire, the fire, the ſea, and ground,
Our ſenſe, our wit, our reaſon, and our thought:
Where perſons three, with power and glory crownd,
Are all one God, who made all things of nought.
Vnder whoſe feete ſubiected to his grace,
Sit nature, fortune, motion, time, and place.
This is the place from whence like ſmoake and duſt
Of this fraile world, the wealth, the pompe, the power
He toſſeth, humbleth, turneth as he luſt,
And guides our life, our end, our death and hower:
No eye (how euer vertuous, pure and iuſt)
Can view the brightnes, of that glorious bower,
On euery ſide the bleſſed ſpirits bee
Equall in ioyes, though differing in degree.

E. Fairfax. Tranſl.

In this great temple, richly bewtified,
Pau'd all with ſtarres, diſperſt on *Saphire* flower,
The Clarke is a pure Angell ſanctified,
The Iudge our hie Meſſias full of power,
The Apoſtles, his aſſiſtance, euery hower
The iury Saints, the verdit Innocent,
The Sentence, Come ye bleſſed to my tent.

The ſpeare that pierſt his ſide, the writing Pen,
Chriſtes bloud the Inke, red Inke for Princes name,
The vailes great breach, the miracles for men,
The ſight is ſhew of them that long dead came
From their old graues, reſtor'd to liuing fame.
And that laſt ſignet paſſing all the reſt,
Our ſoules diſcharg'd by *Conſumatum eſt.*
Here endleſſe ioy is, there perpetuall cheare,
Their exerciſe, ſweete ſongs of many parts,
Angells the quier, whoſe ſymphonie to heare,
Is able to prouoke conceiuing harts,
To miſconceiue of all inticing arts.
The ditty praiſe, the ſubiect is the Lord,
That tunes their gladſome ſpirit to this accord.

Th. Storer.

What ſo the Heauens in their ſecret doombe,
Ordained haue, how can fraile fleſhly wight
Forecaſt, but it muſt needs to iſſue come.

Ed. Spencer.

What in the heauenly parliament aboue,
Is written by the finger of the firſt,
Mortalls may feele, but neuer can remoue,
For they are ſubiect to the heauens worſt.

I. Markham.

By mortall lawe the bond may be diuorced,
The heauens decrees by no meanes can be forced.

M. Drarton.

In vaine doth man contend againſt the Starres,
For what he ſeekes to make, his wiſedome marres.

S. Daniell.

---Humane

---Humane wishes neu:r hiue the power
To hurt or hast the course of heauen one howr.
Th. Hudson. Transl.

Experience proues, and daily it is seene,
In vaine (too vaine) man striues against the heauens.
G. Gascoigne.

It is most true, that eyes are bound to serue
The inward part, and that th'heauenly part
Ought to be King, from whose rules who doth swerue,
Rebelles to nature, striue for their owne smart.
True that true bewtie, vertue is indeed,
Whereof this bewtie can be but a shade:
Which elements, with mortall mixture breed,
True that on earth we are but pilgrimes made,
And should in soule vp to our countrey moue.
S. Ph. Sydney.

Heauen is our home, we are but straungers here.
M. Drayton.

The heauens, earth, and aire, and seas and all,
Taught men to see, but not to shunne their fall.
S. Daniell.

Things which presage both good and ill there bee,
Which heauen foreshewes, yet will not let vs see.
M. Drayton.

From them comes good, from them comes also ill,
That which they made, who can them warne to spill.
Ed. Spencer.

In vaine be armes, when heauen becomes thy foe.
Idem.

Looke when the heauens are to iustice bent,
All things be turn'd to our iust punishment.
Idem.

All powers are subiect to the power of heauen,
Nor wrongs passe vnreuenged, although excus'd.

Idem.

Would heauen her bewtie should be hid from sight,
Nere would she thus adorne her selfe with light,
With sparkling Lamps; nor would she paint her throne
But she delighted to be gaz'd vpon.
And when the glorious sunne goes downe,
Would she put on her stary bestudded crowne,
And in her masking sute, the spangled skie
Come forth to bride it with her reuellry,
Heauens gaue this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this should immitate their fashion.

Idem. M Drayton.

Heauens influence was neuer constant yet,
In good or bad, as to continue it.

Th. Kyd.

If thou be wise hold this as ominous,
The heauens not like disposed euery houre,
The starres be still predominant in vs:
Fortune not alway forth her bagge doth powre,
Nor euery cloude doth raine a golden showre.

M. Drayton.

Heart.

Free is the Heart, the temple of the minde,
The sanctuarie sacred from aboue,
Where nature keepes the keys that loose and binde,
No mortall hand force, open can that doore,
So close shut vp, and lock to all mankinde.

S. Daniell.

The bodies wound, by medicines may be eaſed,
But griefes of heart, by ſalues are not appeaſed.
R. Greene.

By thought of heart, the ſpeech of tongue is carried.
S. I. Harr. Tran.

---Happineſſe, vid. Felicitie.

Hate.

Hate is the elder, loue the yonger brother,
Yet is the yonger ſtronger in his ſtate
Then th'elder, and him maſtereth ſtill in all debate.
Ed. Spencer.

Nor Hate nor loue, did euer iudge aright,
Innated hate will hardly be diſplaſte
Out of high hearts, and chiefly where debate
Happeneth amongſt great perſons of eſtate.
I. H. Mirr. of M.

Hatred muſt be beguilde by ſome new courſe,
Where ſtates are ſtrong, & Princes doubt their force.
S. Daniell.

Spight bites the dead, that liuing neuer darde.
Ed. Spencer.

Sildome doth malice want a meane to worke.
M. Drayton.

Hate hits the hie, and windes force talleſt towers.
Hate is peculiar to a Princes ſtate.
R. Greene.

Hatred accompanies proſperitie,
For one man greeueth at an others good:
And ſo much more we thinke o r miſerie,
The more that fortune hath with others ſtood.

So that we feld are seene as wisedome would,
To bridle time with reason as we should.
Th. Kyd.

Haste.

Oft times the greatest haste the worser speeds.
S. I. Harr. Transl.
As busie braines must beat on tickle toyes,
As rash inuention breeds a raw deuice:
So suddein falles do hinder hastie ioyes,
And as swift baits do fleetest fish intice,
So haste makes waste, and therefore now I say,
No haste but good, where wisedome beares the sway.
G. Gascoigne.
The swiftest bitch brings forth the blindest whelpes,
The hottest feuers coldest crampes ensue.
The nakedst need, hath ouer-latest helpes.
Idem.
Hastie respect, repents when tis too late.
I. Markeham.
Rashnesse sees all, but nothing can preuent.
M. Drayton.
Fore-iudging, puts out one of wisedomes eies.
----If by rashnesse valour haue got honour,
We blame the rashnesse, but reward the valour.
Ch. Fitz Ieffrey.
O rash false heat wrapt in repentance cold,
Thy haste springs still blood, and nere growes old.
W. Sh.

Hell.

n hidious hole all vaſt withouten ſhape,
f endleſſe depth, orewhelm'd with ragged ſtone:
/ith ougly mouth and griſly iawes doth gape,
nd to our ſight confounds it ſelfe in one.
ere entred we, and yeeding forth anon
n horrible loathly lake we might diſcerne
s blacke as pitch, that cleped is *Auerne*,
deadly gulfe, where nought but rubbiſh growes,
/ith foule blacke ſwelth in thickned lumps that lies:
/hich vp in th'aire ſuch ſtinking vapour throwes.
'hat ouer, there may fly no fowle but dies,
hoakt with th'peſtilent ſauours that ariſe.

M. Sackuile.

'hence come we to the horror and the hell,
'he large great kingdome s and the dreadfull raigne,
f *Pluto* in his throne where he did dwell,
'he wide waſte places and the hugie plaine:
'he waylings, ſhrikes, and ſundry ſorts of paine.
'he ſighes, the ſobbes, the deep and deadly grone,
arth, aire, and all reſounding plaine and mone. *Idem.*
'hen turning backe, in ſilence ſoft they ſtole,
nd brought the heauy courſe with eaſie pace,
'o yawning gulfe of deep *Auernus* hole,
nd by that ſame an entrance darke and baſe,
/ith ſmoake and Sulphur hiding all the place,
'eſcends to hell, their creature neuer paſt,
'hat back returned without heauenly grace.
ut dreadfull furies, which their chaines haue braſt,
nd damned ſprights, ſent forth to make ill men agaſt.

Ed. Spencer. K 2 —*Dark.*

-----Darkſome den of Auernus
Wher's no path to returne, nor ſtarting holes to be ſcaping,
Deſteny, death, and hell, and howling hidious hell-hound,
Loathſom ſtreames of Stix, that nine times compaſſe Au
Ab. Fraunce. (n

They paſſe the bitter waues of *Acheron*,
Where many ſoules ſit wayling wofully:
And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,
Whereas the damned ghoaſts in torments fry,
And with ſharpe ſhrilling ſhrikes do bootleſſe cry:
Curſing high *Ioue*, the which them thither ſent.
Ed. Spencer.

About the deſart parts of Greece there is a vally low,
To which the roaring waters fall, that frō the moūtains flo
So rocks do ouerſhadow it, that ſcarſe a man may vew
The open aire, no ſun ſhines there; amidſt this darkeſom cr
Doth ſtand a citie, to the ſame belongs one onely gate,
But one at once may come therto, the entrance is ſo ſtrait
Cut out the rough maine ſtony rocke: this citie did belong
To Pluto, and becauſe that he was doing alwaies wrong,
And kept a theeuiſh rable that in miſchiefe did excell,
His citizens were diuels ſaid, and citie named hell.
W. Warner.

Honour.

In woods, in waues, in warres doth honour dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine:
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell
Vnto her happie manſion attaine,
Before her gate hie God did ſweat ordaine,
And wakefull watches euer to abide.
Ed. Spencer. Hon

nour is purchaſ de by t he deeds we doo.

Ch. Marlowe.

-----Honour is not wonne
ntill ſome honourable deed be donne.

Idem.

nger bids ſeeke the ſofteſt way one way.
t what ſaith honour? honour ſaith not ſo.
uer retire with ſhame; this honour ſaith:
e worſt that can befall one, is but death.

S. I. Harr.

braue purſuit of honourable deed,
ere is I know not what great difference
tweene the vulgar and the common ſeed,
hich vnto things of valerous pretence
mes to be borne by natiue influence:
feates of armes, and loue to entertaine,
t chiefly skill to ride, doth ſeeme a ſcience,
per to gentle blood; ſome others faine.
manage ſteed. &c.

Ed. Spencer.

---Euer great imployment for the great,
ickens the bloud, and honour doth beget.

S. Daniell.

-----Promotion is a puffe,
eſe worldly honors are but ſhades of ſweete:
no ſeeke too much before they get enough,
ore they meet the meane, with death they meete.
With death they meete the hauen of all deſire,
Where will muſt waine, and pride cannot aſpire.

D. Lodge.

nour a thing without vs, not our owne.

What doth auaile to haue a princely place,
A name of honour, and an high degree:
To come by kindred of a noble race,
Except we princely worthy noble bee,
The fruite declares the goodneſſe of the tree.
Do brag no more of birth or linage than,
Sith vertue, grace, and manners make the man.

M. of M.

Search all thy bookes, and thou ſhalt finde therein,
That honour is more hard to hold then win.

G. Gaſcoigne.

Defeated honour neuer more is to be got againe.

W. Warner.

---Vile is honour, and a little vaine,
The which true worth and danger do not gaine.

S. Daniell.

Vertue can beare what can on vertue fall.
Who cheapneth honour muſt not ſtand on price.

M. Drayton.

It moſt behoues the honourable race
Of mightie peeres, true wiſedome to ſuſtaine:
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned forheads without gifts or gaine.
Or rather learnd themſelues behoues to bee,
That is the garland of nobilitie.

Ed. Spencer.

---If that honour haue one minutes ſtaine,
An hundred yeares ſcant can it cleanſe againe.

S. I. H. Tranſl.

A ſhame to fetch our long diſcent from kings,

And from great *Ioue* deriue our pedigree:
The braue atchiements of an hundred things,
Breathing vaine boasts the world to terrifie,
If we our selues do blot with infamie.
And staine the right and honour that is theirs,
Men cannot leaue their vertues to their heires.

M. Drayton.

Honour is grounded on the tickle yce.
The pureſt lawne moſt apt for euery ſpot.

Idem.

Honors ſhade, thruſts honors ſubſtance from his place.

I. Marſton.

Honour by due right is vertues hire.

Th. Watſon.

Honours without imployment of eſtate,
Are like to ſun-beames without heate or light:
A noble man and not a magiſtrate
Shines halfe eclipſed in his cleareſt bright,
Ioyne heauenly gifts to earthly, light to light.
Let theſe great excellencies make a truce,
Fortune ſhall need no wheele-wright for her vſe.

Th. Storer.

Great is the choiſe that growes in youthfull minde,
When honour falles at variance with affection:
Nor could it yet be knowne or well definde,
Which paſſion keeps the other in ſubiection.
Both do allure, both doth the iudgements blinde,
Both do corrupt the heart with ſtrong infection.
Yet loe ſometimes theſe hurts procure our weale,
Euen as one poyſon doth another heale.

S. *I. Harr. Tranſl.*

The fiery ſparkling precious Chryſolite
Spangled with gold, doth moſt tranſplendent ſhine:
The pearle grac'd by the ring, the ring by it,
The one, the others beautie doth refine:
And both together beauties do combine.
The iewell decks the golden haire that weare it,
Honour decks learning, that with honour reares it.

Ch. Fitz.

The inward touch that wounded honour beares,
Reſts cloſely ranckling, and can find no eaſe,
Till death of one ſide cure this great diſeaſe.

S. Daniell.

Hope.

Faiths yonger ſiſter that *Speranza* hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beſeemed well:
Not all ſo chearfull ſeemed ſhe of ſight
As was her ſiſter: whether dread did dwell
Or anguiſh in her heart, is hard to tell:
Vpon her arme a ſiluer anchor lay,
Whereon ſhe leaned euer as befell,
And euer vp to heauen as ſhe did pray,
Her eyes were bent, ne ſwarued other way.

Ed. Spencer.

-----Hope a handſome maide,
Of chearfull looke and louely to behold:
In ſilken Samite ſhe was light araide,
And her faire locks were wouen vp in gold:
She alway ſmilde, and in her hand did hold
An holy water ſprinkle, dipt in dewe,
With which ſhe ſprinkled fauours manifold.

On

On whom she list, and did great liking shewe,
Great liking vnto many, but true loue to fewe.

Idem.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wing,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

W. Shakespeare.

Wan Hope poore soule, on broken anchor sits
Wringing his armes, as robbed of his blisse.

D. Lodge.

What better emperor can the body hold,
Then sacred Hope? the element from whence,
Vertue is drawne fresh, looking neuer old:
Matter most worthy of a strong defence.
It animates yoong men, and makes them bold,
Arming their hearts with holy influence,
It like a seale in tender thoughts doth presse
The perfect Image of all happinesse.

I. Markham.

--- Hope is double, and hath double power,
As being mortall, and immortall fram'de:
In th'one shee's moueless, certaine euery houre:
In th'other doubtfull, and incertaine nam'de.
Th'immortall Hope raines in a holy bowre,
In earthy closures is the mortall tam'de.
And these two contraries, where ere they meete,
Double delight, and make our thoughts more sweete.

Idem.

He that hopes least, leaues not to hope at all,
But hopes the most, hoping so little hope,
Augmenting of our hope, makes hope growe small,
And taking from it, giues it greater scope.

The

The desperate man which in dispaire doth fall,
Hopes by that end ill fortune to reuoke,
And to this hope belongs a second part,
Which we call confidence, which rules the hart.
This second part of hope, this confidence,
Doth *Tully* call a vertue that doth guide
The Spirit to an honest residence,
Without whose aide, no pleasure will abide
In our world-wearied flesh.

I. Markeham.

All men are guests where hope doth hold the feast.

G. Gascoigne.

Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope,
So tickle is the state of earthly things,
And brings vs bale and bitter sorrowings,
That ere they come vnto their aimed scope,
They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
In stead of comfort which we should embrace.
This is the death of *Keysars* and of Kings,
Let none therefore that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieue at any vnluckie case.

Ed. Spencer.

Vnworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from faireſt hope, without farther triall.

Idem.

Hope like the *Hyenna* comming to be old,
Alters his shape, is turned to dispaire.

H. C.

Sorrow doth vtter what vs still doth grieue,
But hope forbids vs sorrow to beleeue.

Idem.

Our

---Our hopes good deceiues vs,
But that we would forgoe that seldome leaues vs.

Idem.

None without great hopes will follow such,
Whose power and honour doth not promise much.

S. Daniell.

Who nothing hopes, let him dispaire in nought.

Th. Achelly.

To liue in hope of that they meane to giue,
Is to deceiue our selues, and not to liue.

D. Lodge.

Hope lost, breeds griefe, griefe paine, and paine disease.

Th. Watson.

Our haps do turne as chaunces on the die.
Nor let him from his hope remoue,
That vnder him, hath mou'd the starres aboue.

M. Drayton.

Hope and haue, in time a man may gaine any woman.

A. Fraunce.

Hope well, feare not, marke this, be wise,
Droupe not, for to dispaire, is to die twise.

Ignoto.

Bad haps are holpe with hap and good beliefe.

S. I. Harrington. Transl.

O Hope, how cunning with our cares to gloze?
Griefes breathing poynt, the true man to desire,
The rest in sighes, the very thoughts repose,
As thou art milde, oh wert thou not a lier?
Faire speaking flatterie subtill soothing guile:
Ah Hope, in thee our sorrowes sweetly smile.

M. Drayton.

Humilitie.

He was an aged syre, hoary gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slowe,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight *Humilta*: they passe in stouping lowe,
For straight and narrow was the way that he did showe.

Ed. Spencer.

Humilitie to heauen, the step, the staire
Is, for deuotion, sacrifice, and praier.

M. Drayton.

The bending knee in safetie still doth goe,
When others stumble, as too stiffe to bowe.

Idem.

As on the vnsauourie stocke, the Lillie is borne,
And as the Rose growes on the pricking thorne,
So modest life with sobs of grieuous smart,
And cries deuout, comes from an humble hart.

Th. Hudson. Transl.

More honour in Humilitie, then safetie in walles,
Proud liuers proue not monuments, saue onely in their falles.

VV. Warner.

Ah God shield man that I should clime,
and learne to looke aloft:
This reed is ripe, that oftentime:
great climers fall vnsoft.
In humble dale is footing fast,
the tode is not so fickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse haste,
yet is his misse not mickle.

Ed. Spencer,

The

The lowly heart doth win the loue of all,
But pride at laſt, is ſure of ſhamefull fall. *G. Tur.*

Hypocriſie.

---- Hypocriſie hath bred of Godlike diuels ſtore, (guiles
That ſpeake to ſerue, that ſerue to ſhift, that ſhift to ſpare by
And ſmoothe and ſoothe, and yet deceiue, with ſcriptum eſt
W. Warner. (*meane while.*
But let thẽ heaue their hãds to heauẽ, they ſhow they'r here in
That ſeeme deuout to cloake deceit, and ſay, but do (*hell,*
Idem. (*not well.*
Who cloakes their mindes in hoods of holineſſe
Are double villaines, and the Hypocrite
Is moſt odious in Gods glorious ſight,
That takes his name to couer wickedneſſe. *I. Syl.*
Many vſe temples to ſet godly faces
On impious hearts; thoſe ſinnes vſe moſt exceſſe,
That ſeeke their ſhrowdes in fained holineſſe.
G. Chapman. *Vide. Diſſimulation.*

Iealouſie.

Shee ſeem'd of womans ſhape, but in her head
A thouſand eyes ſhe had that watch did keepe:
As many eares with which ſhe harkened,
Her eyes want lids, and therefore neuer ſleepe.
In ſtead of haire, her crowne ſnakes ouerſpred.
Thus marched ſhe forth of the darknes deepe,
Her tayle one ſerpent bigger then the reſt,
Which ſhe with knots faſtened about her breſt.
S. I. Harrington. Tranſl.
A monſter, others harme, ſelfe miſerie
Bewties plague, vertues ſcourge, ſuccour lies. Who

Who since he hath by natures speciall grace,
So piercing pawes as spoile, when they embrace,
So nimble feete, as stirre though still on thornes,
So many men seeking their owne woe.
So ample eares that neuer good newes knowes
Is it not ill that such a beast want hornes?

S. Ph. Sydney.

O hatefull hellish snake what furie first
Brought thee from balefull house of *Proserpine?*
Where in her bosome she the long had nurst,
And fostered vp with bitter milke of time,
Foule iealousie that turnest loue diuine.
To day lesse dread, and mak'st the liuing hart
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed it selfe with selfe consuming smart,
Of all the passions in the minde, thou viler art.

Ed. Spencer.

O Iealousie, daughter of Enuie and loue,
Most wayward issue of a gentle sire
Fostred with feares thy fathers ioies to proue,
Mirth marring monster, borne in subtiltie,
Hatefull vnto thy selfe, flying thy owne desire,
Feeding vpon suspect that doth renew thee,
Happie were Louers, if they neuer knew thee.
Thou hast a thousand gates thou entrest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our hart.
Hundred eyed *Argus*, euer making spy,
Pale hagge, infernall furie, pleasures smart:
Enuious obseruer, prying in euery part,
Suspitions fearefull, gazing still about the hart.

O would

O would to God that loue could be without thee.

S. Daniell.

A new diſeaſe? I know not, new, or old;
But it may well be term'd, poore mortall plaine.
For like the peſtilence, it doth infect
The houſes of the braine: firſt it begins
Solely to worke vpon the phantaſie,
Filling her ſeat with ſuch peſtiferous aire,
As ſoone corrupts the iudgement, and from thence
Sends like contagion to the memorie,
Still each of other taking like infection,
Which as a ſearching vapour ſpreads it ſelfe,
Confuſedly through euery ſenſiue part,
Till not a thought or motion in the minde,
Be farre from the blacke poyſon of ſuſpect.

B. Iohnſon.

Where loue doth raigne, diſturbing iealouſie,
Doth call himſelfe affections Centinell,
And in a peacefull houre, dooth crye kill, kill,
Diſtempering gentle loue with his deſire,
As ayre and water dooth abate the fire:
This ſound informer, this bare-breeding ſpie,
This cancker that eates vp this tender ſpring,
This carry-tale, diſcentio's iealouſie.

W. Shakeſpeare.

Fowle weather'd iealouſie to a forward ſpring,
Makes weeds growe ranke, but ſpoiles a better thing.
Sowes tares gainſt harueſt in the fields of loue,
And dogged humor dogdayes like doth prooue,
Scorching loues glorious world with glowing tong,
A ſerpent by which loue to death is ſtonge
A foe to waſte his pleaſant ſummer bowers,

Ru-

Ruine his manſions, and deface his bowers.

E. Guilpin.

Pale Iealouſie childe of inſatiat loue,
Of heartſicke thoughts, which melancholy bred,
A hell tormenting feare, no faith can moue:
By diſcontent with deadly poyſon fed,
With heedleſſe youth and error vainly led.
A mortall plague, a vertue drowing floud,
A helliſh fier, not quenched but with bloud.

M. Drayton.

What ſtate of life more pleaſant can we finde,
Then theſe that true and heartie loue do beare?
Whom that ſweet yoake doth faſt together binde,
That man in Paradice firſt learnd to weare.
Were not ſome ſo tormented in their minde
With that ſame vile ſuſpect that filthy feare,
That torture great, that fooliſh phrenezie,
That raging madnes, called Iealouſie,
For euery other ſower that gets a place
To ſeate it ſelfe amidſt this pleaſant ſweete,
Helpes in the end to giue a greater grace,
And make loues ioies more gracious then they were,
He that abſtaines from ſuſtenance a ſpace,
Shall finde both bread and water reliſh ſweete.

S. I. Harr. Tranſl.

---- Iealouſie is *Cupids* foode,
For the ſwift ſteed runnes not ſo faſt alone,
As when ſome other ſtriue him to out goe.

Ed. Fairfax. Tranſl.

Loue wakes the iealous eye, leaſt then it moues
The iealous eye, the more it lookes it loues.

S. Ph. Sydney.

----No iealouſie can that preuent,
Whereas two parties once be full content.

Idem.

Impatience changeth ſmoake to flame, but iealouſie to hell.

W. Warner.

On loue, ſaies ſome, waits iealouzie, but iealouſie wants loue
When curiouſly the ouerplus doth idle quarels moue. *Idem.*

-----Where iealouſie is bred,
Hornes in the mind, are worſe then hornes in the hed.

B. Iohnſon.

That canker-worme, that monſter iealouſie,
Which eates the heart, and feeds vpon the gall,
Turning all loues delight to miſerie,
Through feare of looſing his felicitie.

Ed. Spencer.

Shun iealouſie that hart-breake loue, if cat will go to kinde,
Be ſure that Io hath a meanes, that Argus ſhall be blinde.

VV. Warner.

True loue doth looke with pale ſuſpicious eie,
Take away loue, if you take iealouſie.

M. Drayton.

No beaſt is fierer then a iealous woman. S. *Daniell.*

Idleneſſe.

Prides coach was drawne of ſixe vnequall beaſts,
On which her ſixe ſage counſellours did ride:
Taught to obey her beſtiall beheaſts,
With like conditions to their kindes applide.
Of which the firſt that all the reſt did guide,
Was ſluggiſh Idleneſſe, the nurſe of ſinne,

Vpon a slothfull Asse he chose to ride,
Arraid in habit black and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monke, the seruice to begin.

Ed. Spencer.

----Idlenesse pure innocence subuerts,
Defiles our bodie, and our soule peruerts:
Yea sobereſt men it makes delicious,
To vertue dull, to vice ingenious.

I. Syl. Transl.

-----Ill humours by excessiue ease are bred,
And sloath corrupts and choakes the vitall sprights,
It kills the memorie, and hurts the sights.

D. Lodge.

---Drowsie sloth that counterfeiteth lame
With Snaile-like motion measuring the ground:
Hauing her armes in willing fetters bound,
Foule, sluggish drone, barren (but sinne to breed)
Diseased, begger, staru'd with sinfull need.

I. Siluester.

If thou flie Idlenesse, *Cupid* hath no might,
His bowe lyeth broken, his torch hath no light.

Ignorance.

At last with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow:
That on a staffe his feeble limbs did frame,
And guide his weary gate both too and fro.
For his eye sight him failed long ago,
And on his arme a bunch of keyes he bore,
The which vnvsed, rust did ouergrow.

Bus

But very vncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his vntoward pace:
For as he forward mou'd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrinckled face:
Vnlike to men who euer as they trace
Both feete and face one way are wont to lead,
His name *Ignaro*, did his nature right aread.

Ed. Spencer.

Image of hellish horror, Ignorance,
Borne in the bosome of the blacke abisse,
And fed with furies milke for sustenance,
Of his weake infancie begot amisse:
By gnawing sloth, vpon his mother night,
So he his sonnes, both Syre and brother hight.

Idem.

----All is turned into wilderneſſe,
Whileſt Ignorance the Muſes doth oppreſſe.

Idem.

----Hell and darkneſſe and the grisly graue,
Is Ignorance, the enemy of grace:
That minds of men borne heauenly, doth deface.

Idem.

Tis nought but showes that Ignorance esteemes
The thing possest, is not the thing it seemes.

S. *Daniell.*

----Great ill vpon desert doth chance,
When it doth passe by beastly Ignorance. *M. Dra.*

Impatience.

Impatience changeth smoake to flame, but iealousie to hell.

W. Warner.

Make not thy griefe too great by thy ſuppoſe,
Let not Impatience aggrauate thy woes.

D. Lodge.

Infamie.

----To attempt hie daungers euident,
Without conſtraint or need is Infamie.
And honour turnes to raſhneſſe in th'euent:
And who ſo dares, not caring how he dares,
Sells vertues name, to purchaſe fooliſh cares.

I. Markham.

----Reproach
A vile diſeaſe that neuer time can cure.

M. Drayton.

Sinne in a chaine leades on her ſiſter ſhame,
And both in giues faſt fettered to defame.

Idem.

Thy name once foild, incurable the blot,
Thy name defaſte whch toucht with any ſtaine,
And once ſupplanted neuer growes againe.
Gainſt open ſhame no text can well be cited,
The blow once giuen cannot be euited.

M. Drayton.

Ingratitude.

Vnthankfulneſſe is that great ſin,
Which made the diuel and his angels fall:
Loſt him and them the ioyes that they were in,
And now in hell detaines them bound and thrall.

S. I. Harr. Tranſl.

Thou hatefull monſter baſe Ingratitude,
Soules mortall poyſon, deadly killing wound: De-

Deceitfull ſerpent ſeeking to delude,
Blacke loathſome ditch, where all deſert is drown'd:
Vile peſtilence, which all things doeſt confound.
At firſt created to no other end,
But to greeue thoſe, whom nothing could offend.
M. Drayton.

Ingratefull who is call'd, the worſt of ill is ſpoken.
S. *Phil. Sidney.*

Tis true that ſlaue whom *Pompey* did promote,
Was he, that firſt aſſaid to cut his throte. *D. Lodge.*

Innocencie.

A plaint of guiltleſſe hurt doth pierce the skie.
S. *Phil. Sidney.*

Sildome vntoucht doth Innocencie eſcape,
When errour commeth in good counſels ſhape.
A lawfull title, counterchecks proud might,
The weakeſt things, become ſtrong props to right.
M. Drayton.

Pure Innocence ſildome ſuſpecteth ought.
Idem.

A guiltleſſe mind doth eaſily deeme the beſt.
M. of M.

The lyon licks the ſores of ſilly wounded ſheep,
The dead mās courſe doth cauſe the crocodile to weep:
The waues that waſt the rocks refreſh the rottē weeds,
Such ruth the wrack of innocence in cruel creatures (breeds.
M. of M.

Well gaue that Iudge his doome vpon the death
Of *Titus Lælius* that in bed was ſlaine:
When euery wight the cruell murder laith

To his two ſonnes that in his chamber laie,
That ludge that by the proofe perceiueth plaine
That they were found faſt ſleeping in their bed,
Hath deem'd them guiltleſſe of this bloud y ſhed.
He thought it could not be that they which brake
The lawes of God and man in ſuch outrage,
Could ſo forthwith themſelues to reſt betake:
He rather thought the horror and the rage
Of ſuch an hainous gilt, could neuer ſwage.
Nor neuer ſuffer them to ſleepe or reſt,
Or dreadleſſe breathe one breath out of their breſt.

M. Sackuile.

Inconſtancie.

Vnto the world ſuch is Inconſtancie,
As ſappe to tree, as apple to the eie. *D. Lodge.*

Ioye.

All like as ſicker as the end of woe is Ioye,
And glorious light to obſcure night doth tend,
So extreame Ioy in extreame woe doth end.

M. of M.

For why extreames are haps rackt out of courſe,
By violent might far ſwinged forth perforce:
Which as they are piercingſt they violenteſt moue:
For that they are nere to cauſe that doth them ſhoue.
So ſooneſt fall from that their higheſt extreame,
To th'other contrary that doth want of meane,
So laugh'd he erſt that laughed out his breath.

Idem.

The pleaſing meanes bode not the luckieſt ends,
Nor aye, found treaſure to like pleaſure tends. Mirth

Mirth meanes not mirth alwaies thrice happie lyne
Of witte to ſhun th'exceſſe that all deſire.

Idem.

Ioy lighteneth woe, woe Ioy doth moderate.

M. Drayton.

Ioy is forgetfull, weale thinkes not of woe.

Idem.

——Ioy aſcends, but ſorrow ſinks below.

Ch. Fitz.

Fruits follow flowers, and ſorrow greateſt Ioyes.
As ſudden griefe, ſo ſudden Ioy doth kill.

Th. Achelly.

The Romane widow died when ſhe beheld
Her ſonne who erſt ſhe counted ſlaine in field.

G. Gaſcoigne.

——Exceſſiue Ioy
Leapeth and likes finding the *Appian* way
Too ſtrait for her: whoſe ſences all poſſeſſe
All wiſhed pleaſure, in all plenteouſneſſe.

I. Syluester.

Iniuſtice.

Iniuſtice neuer yet tooke laſting roote.
Nor held that long, Impietie did winne.

S. Daniell.

So foule a thing, ô thou Iniuſtice art,
That torment'ſt both the dooer and diſtreſt:
For when a man hath done a wicked part,
O how he ſtriues to excuſe, to make the beſt:
To ſhift the fault t'vnburden his chargde hart.
And glad to find the leaſt ſurmiſe of reſt.

And if he could make his, seeme others sin,
O what repose, what ease he findes therein.

Idem.

Iniustice neuer scapes vnpunisht still,
Though men reuenge not, yet the heauens will.

Idem.

Iustice.

Now when the world with sin gan to abound,
Astræa loathing longer here to space
Mongst wicked men in whom no truth she found,
Returnd to heauen whence she deriu'd her race,
Where she hath now an euerlasting place.
Mongst those twelue signes which rightly we do see,
The heauens bright shining bawdrick to inchace:
And is the virgin sixt in her degree,
And next her self, her righteous ballance hanging bee.

Ed. Spencer.

Then iustice comes the last of all the gods,
That left her residence here on the earth:
For lacke of whom the world grew all at ods,
And man to man curses each others birth.
For then vsurping wrong succeeded straight,
That no man knew how long to hold his right:
Then calls the world for Iustice back againe,
Complaining how they now were ouerrunne,
And they would suffer any scourging paine,
In pennance for those sinnes themselues had donne.
For that their wickednesse did force that power
To leaue the seate whereas she sate before,
Whereas the Gods did in their courts decree,
Iustice should be transformed to the starres: Where

There fooliſh men might euery minute ſee
Her that ſhould helpe theſe miſeries of theirs,
But ſtand like *Tantalus* within thoſe brinkes,
Where he ſees water, but yet neuer drinkes.

Ch. Middleton.

--- Faire *Aſtræa* of the *Titans* line,
Whom equitie and iuſtice made diuine.

M. Drayton.

---- Well did the Anticke world inuent,
That Iuſtice was a God of ſoueraigne grace,
And Altars vnto him and temples lent,
And heauenly honours in the higheſt place.
Calling him, great *Oſyris* of the race,
Of th'old Ægyptian Kings, that whilome were,
With fained colours ſhading a true caſe:
For that *Oſyris* whil'ſt he liued here,
The iuſteſt man aliue and trueſt did aſpire.
His wife was *Iſis*, whom they likewiſe made
A goddeſſe of great power and ſoueraigntie:
And in her perſon cunningly did ſhade,
That part of Iuſtice which is equitie.

Ed. Spencer.

Vntill the world from his perfection fell,
Into all filth and foule iniquitie:
Aſtræa here mongſt earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iuſtice then and ſtumbled well.

Idem.

Where Iuſtice growes, there growes eke quiet grace,
The which doth quench the brand of helliſh ſmart,
And that accurſt hand-writing doth deface.

Idem.

--- Sparing

---Sparing Iustice, feeds iniquitie.

W. Shakespeare.

The first was *Bacchus*, that with furious might,
All th'east before vntam'de did ouerrunne,
And wrong represſed and eſtabliſht right,
Which lawleſſe men had formerly foredone,
Their iuſtice forc't her princely rule begunne.
Next *Hercules*, his like enſample ſhewed,
Who all the weſt with equall conqueſt wonne.
And monſtrous Tirants with his club ſubdued,
The club of Iuſtice dread, with kingly power endued.

Ed. Spencer.

Who ſo vpon himſelfe will take the skill,
And Iuſtice vnto people to deuide,
Had need of mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth, with righteous doome decide,
And for to maiſter wrong and puiſſant pride:
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And make wrong doers Iuſtice to deride
Vnleſſe it be perform'd with dreadleſſe might,
For power is the right-hand of iuſtice truly hight.

Idem.

Offences vrg'd in publike, are made worſe,
The ſhew of Iuſtice aggrauates deſpight:
The multitude that looke not to the cauſe,
Reſt ſatiſfied, ſo it be done by lawes.

S. *Daniel.*

It often falles in courſe of common life,
That right long time is ouerborne of wrong,
Through auarice or power, or guile, or ſtrife,
That weakens her, and makes her partie ſtrong,

But

But Iuſtice though her doome ſhe do prolong,
Yet at the laſt ſhe will her owne cauſe right.

Fd. Spencer.

Good cauſes need not curious termes, & equall Iudges heare
The equitie, not eloquence.

W. Warner.

Who paſſeth iudgement for his priuate gaine,
He well may iudge he is adiudg'd to paine.

R. Greene.

Kings.

Kings are the Gods vicegerents on the earth,
The Gods haue power, Kings from that power haue
Kings ſhould excell in vertue and in birth: (might:
Gods puniſh wrongs, & kings ſhould maintaine right,
They be the ſunnes from which we borrow light,
And they as Kings, ſhould ſtill in iuſtice ſtriue
With Gods, from whom their beings they deriue.

M. Drayton.

The baſer is he comming from a King,
To ſhame his hopes with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing,
That makes him honoured, or begets him hate:
For greater ſcandall waits on greater ſtate.
The Moone being clouded, preſently is miſt,
But litle ſtarres may hide them where they liſt.
The Crowe may bathe his cole-blacke wing in mire,
And vnperceiu'd, flie with the filth away,
But if ſhe like the ſnow white ſwan deſire,
The ſtaine vpon his ſiluer downe will ſtay,
Poore groomes are ſightles nights, kings glorious day.

Gnats

Gnats are vnnoted whereſoeuer they flie,
But Eagles are gaz'd vpon with euery eie.

VV. Shakeſpeare.

--- Since the heauens ſtrong arms teach Kings, to ſtād,
Angells are plac't about the glorious throne,
To gard it from the ſtroakes of traitrous hand.

Th. Dekkar.

When thou becom'ſt an earthly God, mens faults to ouerſee,
Forget not that eternall God, that ouerlooketh thee.

W. Warner.

The leaſt part of a King is allowing him, and none
Leſſe priuate then a Prince, the weale or woe of euery one.

Idem.

He and his people make but one, a body, weake or ſtrong,
As doth the head, the limbs, or limbs the head aſſiſt, or wrōg.

Idem.

Kings, Lords of times and of occaſions,
May take th'aduantage when and how they liſt.

S. Daniell.

Kings will be alone, Competitors muſt downe,
Neare death he ſtands, that ſtands to weare a crowne.

Idem.

---- It is a daungerous thing
In rule of loue, but once to croſſe a King.

M. Drayton.

Endles cares concur with crowns, a bitter ſweeting is raign.

W. VVarner.

Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
Can waſh the balme from an anoynted King:
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The deputie elected by the Lord.

W. Shakeſpeare.

He

He knowes not what it is to be a King,
That thinkes a Scepter is a pleasant thing.

R. Greene.

A glittering Crowne doth make the haire soone gray,
Within whose circle, a king is but arrested,
In all his feasts hee's but with sorrow feasted,
And when his feete disdaine to touch the mold,
His head's a prisoner in a Iaile of Gold.

M. Drayton.

Vnhappy Kings that neuer can be taught,
To know themselues, or to discerne their fault.

S. Daniell.

---No outragious thing
From vassall actors can be wipte away,
The Kings misdeeds can not be hid in clay.

W. Shakespeare.

No Scepter serues dishonour to excuse,
Nor kingly vaile can couer villainie.
Fame is not subiect to authoritie.

M. Drayton.

---Thinke not but Kings are men, and as the rest miscarry,
Saue that their fame and infamy continually doth tarry.

VV. VVarner.

Kings want no meanes to accomplish what they will.

M. Drayton.

Mislikes are silly lets where Kings resolue them,
Where counsell chasing will hath emperie,
Deeds are too prest for reason to dissolue them,
In mightie mindes a grounded vanitie.
Like springs that ceasselesse neuer stoppeth,
Vntill her neighbour Oake she ouertoppeth.

D. Lodge.

--Great

----Great men too well grac'd, much rigor vſe,
Preſuming fauorites miſchiefe euer bring:
So that concluding, I may boldly ſpeake,
Minions too great, argue a king too weake.

S. Daniell.

New kings do feare when old kings farther ſtraine,
Eſtabliſht ſtate to all things will conſent.

Idem.

----Good from kings muſt not be drawne by force,

Idem.

A Scepter like a pillar of great height,
Whereon a mightie building doth depend:
Which when the ſame is ouer-preſt with waight,
And paſt his compaſſe forc't thereby to bend:
His maſſie roofe downe to the ground doth ſend.
Cruſhing the leſſer part, and murthering all
Which ſtand within the compaſſe of his fall.

M. Drayton.

Too true that tyrant *Dyoniſyus*
Did picture out the image of a king:
When *Damocles* was placed in his throne,
And ore his head a threatning ſword did hang,
Faſtened vp only by a horſes haire.

R. Greene.

Kingdomes.

A rule there is, not failing but moſt ſure,
Kingdome no kin doth know, ne can endure.

M. of M.

Thebes, Babell, Rome, theſe proud heauē daring wonders
Loe vnder ground in duſt and aſhes lie,

For

For earthly kingdomes, euen as men do die.

I. Sylueſter. Tranſl.

If thou wilt mightie be, flie from the rage
Of cruell will, and ſee thou keep thee free
From the fowle yoake of ſenſuall bondage:
For though thy Empire ſtretcheth to *Indian* ſea,
And for thy feare trembleth the fartheſt *Thiſce*,
If thy deſire haue ouer thee the power,
Subiect then art thou, and no gouernour.

E. of Surrey.

Knowledge.

Through knowledge we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle firſt he foſtered was:
And iudge of natures cunning operation,
How things ſhe formed of a formeleſſe maſſe.
By knowledge we do learne our ſelues to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God we owe:
From hence we mount aloft vnto the skie,
And looke into the chriſtall firmament:
There we behold the heauens great *Hierarchie*.
The ſtarres pure light, the ſpheares ſwift mouement,
The ſpirits and intelligences faire:
And Angels waiting on th'almightie chaire.
And there with humble mind and hie in ſight,
Th'eternall makers maieſtie we viewe,
His loue, his faith, his glory and his might,
And mercy more then mortall men can viewe.

Ed. Spencer.

Soule of the world, knowledge withouten thee,
What hath the earth that's truly glorious.

Why

Why ſhould our pride make ſuch a ſtirre to bee,
To be forgot? What good is like to this?
To do worthy the writing, and to write,
Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight.

S. Daniell.

What difference twixt man and beaſt is left,
When th'heauenly light of knowledge is put out,
And the ornaments of wiſedome are bereft?
Then wandreth he in errour and in doubt,
Vnweeting of the daunger he is in,
Through fleſhleſſe frailtie, and deceit of ſin.

Ed. Spencer.

--- Our new knowledge hath for tedious traine,
A drouping life, an ouerracked braine:
A face forlorne, a ſad and ſullen faſhion,
A reſtleſſe toyle, and cares ſelfepining paſſion.
Knowledge was then euen the ſoules ſoule for light,
The ſpirits calme port, and lanthorne ſhining bright.
To thait-ſtept feet cleare knowledge: not confuſde,
Not ſower but ſweete, not gotten, but infuſde.

I. Syl. Tranſl.

---- We ſee to know, men ſtill are glad,
And yet we ſee knowledge oft makes men mad.

S. I. H. Tranſl.

Who ſo knowes moſt, the more he knowes to doubt,
The beſt diſcourſe, is commonly moſt ſtout.

S. Daniell.

---- Common is the proofe
That enuying is not cunning if it ſtandeth not aloofe.

VV. Warner.

By knowledge thine, thou haſt no name,
Leaſt others know, thou know'ſt the ſame.

Skil

Skill comes too slow, and life so fast doth flie.
We learne so little, and forget so much. *I. Dauies.*

Vid. Learning.

Labour.

Where ease abounds, it's death to do amisse,
But who his limbs with labours, and his minde
Behaues with cares, cannot so easie misse:
Abroad in armes, at home in studious kinde,
Who seekes with painfull toyle, shall honor soonest (finde.
Ed. Spencer.
Learne with the Ant in sommer to prouide,
Driue with the Bee the drone from out the hiue.
Build like the Swallow in the sommer tide.
D. Lodge.
Much labor is too litle, that should houshold charge defraye.
W. Warner.
----Industry well cherisht to his face,
In sun-shine walkes in spight of sower disgrace.
M. Roydon.
The noblest borne dame should industrious bee,
That which doth good, disgraceth no degree.
G. Chapman.
Let Mandeuile *example be to men not to be idle*
In amorous passions: labour is to loue at least a bridle.
VV. Warner.
Adams labour in *Eden.*
----*Edens* earth was then so fertill and so fat,
That he made only sweet assaies in that.
Of skilfull industry and naked wrought,
More for delight, then for the game he sought.

In briefe, it was a pleasant exercise,
A labour likte, a paine much like the guise
Of cunning dauncers, who although they skip
Run, caper, vault, trauerse and turne and trip,
From morne til euen, at night againe full merry
Renew their daunce, of dauncing neuer weary:
Or els of hunters, that with happie lucke,
Rowsing betimes some often breathed bucke
Or goodly stagge, their yelping hounds vncouple,
Wind loud their horns, their hoopes & hallows double
Spurre on and spare not, following their desire:
Themselues vnweary, though their hacknies tire.
But for in th'end of all their iollitie
Their's found much stifnesse, sweat and vanitie;
I rather match it to the pleasing paine
Of Angels pure, who euer sloth disdaine.
Or to the Suns calme course, who plainlesse aye
About the welkin poasteth night and day.

I. Syl. Transl.

Learning.

O blessed letters that combine in one
All ages past, and make one liue with all:
By you we do conferre, with who are gone,
And the dead-liuing vnto counsaile call.
By you the vnborne shall haue communion
Of what we feele, and what doth best befall.

S. *Daniell.*

By the cleare beames of learnings light,
We tread the obscure pathes of Sages right. *Idem.*

---But that learning in despight of fate

Will

Will mount aloft and enter heauen gate:
And to the seat of *Ioue* it selfe aduance,
Hermes had slept in hell with ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and pouertie should alwaies kis.
And to this day is euery scholler poore,
Grosse gold from them runnes headlong to the boore.

Ch. Marlowe.

Of little worth is learnings worthy skill,
Where Pilots wisedome is not perfect still.
Corinnaes praise, and *Sapphoes* are discerned
Aboue the rest, because they both were learned.

S. I. Harr. Transl.

K. *Cecrops* and his royall seed did honor *Athence* so,
As that from thence are said the springs of sciences to (flow.

W. Warner.

Lechery.

Next vnto him rode lustfull Lechery
Vpon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire
And whally eyes (the signe of iealousie)
Was like the persons selfe whom he did beare,
Who rough and blacke and filthy did appeare:
Vnseemly man to please faire Ladies eie,
Yet he of Ladies oft was loued deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by,
O who doth know the bent of womens fantasie?

Ed. Spencer.

Incontinence, dull sleepe, and idle bed,
All vertue from the world haue banished.

The tickling flames which our fond soules surprize,
(That dead a while in *Epilepsie* lies)
Doth starke our sinewes all by little and little,
Drawing our reason in fowle pleasure brittle.

I. Syl. Transl.

Loue comforteth like sun-shine after raine,
But lusts effect, is tempest after sunne:
Loues gentle spring doth alwaies fresh remaine,
Lusts winter comes ere sommer halfe be donne.
Loue surfets not, but like a glutton dies,
Loue is all truth, lust full of forced lies.

W. Shakespeare.

Where whoredome raignes, there murder follows fast,
As falling leaues before the winters blast.

R. Greene.

Lust is a fire, and for an houre or twaine
Giueth a scorching blaze, and then he dies.

H. C.

O deeper sinne then bottomlesse conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination:
Drunken desire must vomit his receit,
Ere he can see his owne abhomination:
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can cure his heate, or raigne his rash desire,
Till like a lade, selfe-will himselfe do tire.

W. Shakespeare.

Lust neuer taketh ioy in what is due,
But leaues knowne delights to seeke out new.

S. Daniell.

In chastitie is euer prostitute,
Whose trees we loath when we haue pluckt the fruite.

G. Chapman.

Eschue

Eſchue vile *Venus* toyes, ſhe cuts off age,
And learne this leſſon of (and teach thy friend)
By pocks, death ſudden, begging, harlots end.

M. of M.

The lechars toong is neuer voyd of guile,
Nor Crocodile wants teares to win his praie:
The ſubtilleſt temptor hath the ſweeteſt ſtile,
With rareſt muſicke, Syrens ſoon'ſt betraie.

M. Drayton.

Luſt puts the moſt vnlawfull things in vre,
Nor yet in limits euer could be bounded,
Till he himſelfe himſelfe hath quite confounded.

Idem.

Abandon luſt, if not for ſin, yet to auoyd the ſhame,
So hogs of Ithacus his men the Latian witch did frame.

VV. Warner.

That great Phiſition that had liu'd in helth & age admirde,
Did anſwer askt the cauſe, not he had done, as fleſh deſirde.

Idem.

The Spartans war for rapted queene to Ilions ouerthrow,
The Monarch of Aſſiria chang'd, and Latine kings alſo,
For Tarquins luſt. *Idem.*

Each houſe for luſt a harbor and an Inne,
Each citie is a ſanctuary for ſinne.
And all do pitie beautie in diſtreſſe,
If beautie chaſte, then oneiy pittileſſe.

M. Drayton.

Lawes.

Deriue thy lawes from wiſeſt heads, to be vpholden ſtill,
Not adding or abſtracting, as conceited turebrains will.

Encourage good men by thy loue, reforme the bad by lawe,
Reserue an eare for either plea, and borrow leaue of awe.

VV. VVarner.

In vaine be counsells statures, humaine lawes,
When chiefe of Councells pleades the iustest cause.

M. Drayton.

So constantly the Iudges conster lawes,
That all agree still with the stronger cause.

M. of M.

Pansamias and *Lisander*, by their swords
And warlike vertues made *Lacæna* rich,
Fame followed them where they the tents did pitch,
But graue *Licurgus* by his lawes and words,
Did merit more then these renowned Lords.

D. Lodge.

Licurgus for good lawes, lost his owne libertie,
And thought it better to prefer common commoditie.

G. Gascoigne.

That Lawyer though he more by art thẽ right doth ouerthrow
Consents to sin, asceines the Iudge, wrõg right is iustice foe.

VV. VVarner.

Libertie.

Sweete libertie to vs giues leaue to sing,
What world it was where loue the rule did beare,
How fooliſh chaunce by lots rul'd euery thing,
How errour was maine saile, each waue a teare.
The Mr. loue himselfe; deepe sighes weare winde,
Cares rowd with vowes, the ship vnmerry minde.
False hope as firme oft turn'd the boate about,
In constant faith stood vp for middle mast,

Dispaire

Dispaire the cable, twisted all with doubt,
Held griping griefe the piked Anchor fast,
Bewtie was all the rockes.

VV. Watson.

O liberty how much is that man blest,
Whose happie fortunes do his fates areede,
That for deserts reioyces to be freede?

Th. Storer.

Sweete libertie the lifes best liuing flame.

I. Markham.

Our lands may come againe, but libertie once lost,
Can neuer find such recōpence as counteruails the cost.

G. Gascoigne.

Learne freedome and felicitie, haukes flying where they list,
Be kindlier & more sound then haukes best tended to the fist.

vv. vvarner.

He liues to die a noble death, that life for freed once spends.

Idem.

----The name of Libertie,
The watchword of rebellion euer vsde,
The idle Eccho of vncertaintie
That euermore the simple hath abusde.

S. Daniell.

Life.

--- All mans life me seemes a Tragedie,
Full of sad sighes and sore *Catastrophes*,
First comming to the world with weeping eie,
Where all his dayes like dolorous *Trophies*,
Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare.
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

Ed. Spencer.

Our

Our life is but a ſtep in duſtie way.

S. Phil. Sidney.

This mortall life as death is tride,
And death giues life.

M. Roydon.

What in this life we haue or can deſire,
Hath time of grow'th and moment of retire.

D. Lodge.

Our bodies, euery foot-ſtep that they make,
March toward death, vntill at laſt they die:
Whether we worke or play, or ſleep or wake,
Our life doth paſſe, and with times wings doth flie.

I. Dauies.

The life of man a warfare right, in body and in ſoule,
Reſignes his robbed carkaſſe to be rolled in the mould.

W. Warner.

---The terme of life is limited.

Ne may a man prolong or ſhorten it,
The ſouldier may not moue from watchfull ſtid,
Nor leaue his ſtand vntill his captaine bid.

Ed. Spencer.

The longer life I wot the greater ſin,
The greater ſin, the greater puniſhment.

Idem.

Thus paſſeth with the ouerplus of life,
The pleaſant ſpring and flower of mortall life:
The Aprils pompe once ſubiect to decay,
Returnes not in the bud that earſt was rife.
Whileſt mornings weepe, the liuely flower doth boſt,
Then pluck the ſtalke, and let not it be loſt.

D. Lodge.

The sunne doth set and brings againe the day,
But when our life is gone, we sleepe for aye.

Th. Ach.

Sunne sets and riseth, goes downe and quickly reuiueth,
But mans light once out, eternall darknesse abideth.

Ab. Fraunce.

All mortall men must from this life be gone,
Of life and death, there are more soules then one.
The greatest and most glorious thing on ground,
May often need the helpe of weakest hand,
So feeble is mans state, and life vnsound,
That in assurance it may neuer stand,
Till it disordered be from earthly band.

Ed. Spencer.

--- The restlesse life which men here lead,
May be resembled to the tender plant:
It springs, it sprouts, as babes in cradle breed,
Flourish in May, like youthes that wisedome want,
In Autumne ripe, and rots least store waxe scant.
In winter shrinkes and shrowdes from euery blast,
Like crooked age, when lustie youth is past.

G. Gascoigne.

The wicked liuers oftentimes haue wicked ends.

S. *I. H.*

Life is not lost said she, for which is bought
Endles renowne, that more then death is to be sought.

Ed. Spencer.

Better it is for one to liue obscure,
Then in a publike state to liue vnsure.

D. Lodge.

No life is blest that is not grac't with loue.

B. Ihonson.

They

They double life that dead things griefe sustaine,
They kill, that feele not their friends liuing paine.

G. Chapman.

That life's ill spar'd that's spar'd to cast more bloud.

S. Daniell.

Loue.

Of Loue's perfection perfectly to speake,
Or of his nature rightly to define:
Indeed doth farre surpasse our reasons reach,
And needs this prieſt t'expresse his power diuine:
For long before the world he was yborne,
And bred aboue in *Venus* bosome deare,
For by his power the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.

Ed. Spencer.

Loue is the Lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powerfull saw:
All being made the vassalls of his might,
Through secret sence, which thereto doth them draw.

Idem.

Vapour eterne in man, in beast, in tree,
In plant and flower is loue, (and so of might)
For in the world may not contained bee,
Without accord and Loues imperiall right.
Yet wends the foxe in holy hood full oft,
And craft in stead of truth, beares creſt aloft.

D. Lodge.

---- That true Loue which dauncing did inuent,
Is he that tun'd the worlds whole harmonie,
And link't all men in sweete societie,

He

He first exaulted from th'earth mingled minde,
That heauenly fier or quintessence diuine,
Which doth such sympathy in bewtie finde,
As is betwixt the Elme and fruitfull Vine,
And so to beautie euer doth encline.
Lifes life it is, and cordiall to the hart,
And of our better part, the better part.

I. Dauies.

Sweete loue is a celestiall harmonie,
Of likely hearts compos'd of hearts consent,
Which ioy together in sweete sympathie,
To worke each others kind and true content,
Which they haue harboured since their first discent,
Out of these heauenly bowers, where they do see
And know each other here belou'd to bee.

Ed. Spencer.

Iron with wearing shines, rust wasteth treasure
On earth, but Loue there is no other pleasure.

H. Constable.

Loue a continuall fornace doth maintaine.

Idem.

Wealth maister is, and porter of the gate,
That lets in loue, when want shall come too late.

Th. Churchyard.

----Loue to heauen is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth vsurpt his name,
Vnder whose simple semblance he hath fled
Vpon fresh bewtie blotting it with blame,
Which the hot tyrant staines, and soone bereaues,
As caterpillers, do the tender leaues.

W. Sh.

Loue

Loue is a ſpirit all compact of fier,
Not groſſe to ſinke, but light and will aſpire.

Idem.

Loue is a golden bubble full of dreames,
That waking breakes, and fills vs with extreames.

G. Chapman.

Loue is a diſcord and a ſtrange diuorce,
Betwixt our ſence and reſt, by whoſe power,
As mad with reaſon, we admit that force,
Which wit or labour neuer may diuorce.
It is a will that brooketh no conſent,
It would refuſe, yet neuer may repent.
--- Loue's a deſire, which for to waight a time,
Doth looſe an age of yeares, and ſo doth paſſe,
As doth the ſhadow ſeuerd from his prime,
Séeming as though it were, yet neuer was.
Leauing behind, nought but repentant thoughts,
Of dayes ill ſpent; of that which profits noughts.
It's now a peace, and then a ſudden warre,
A hope conſumde before it is conceiu'd,
At hand it feares, and menaceth a farre,
And he that gaines, is moſt of all deceiu'd.
Loue whets the dulleſt wits his plagues be ſuch,
But makes the wiſe by pleaſing, dote as much.

E. O.

Loue is a brain-ſicke boy, and fierce by kind,
A wilfull thought, which reaſon cannot moue,
A flattering Sycophant, a murdering theefe,
A poyſoned choaking baite, a ticing greefe.
A Tyrant in his lawes, in ſpeech vnknowne,
A blindfold guide, a feather in the winde:

A right

A right Chamelion for change of hew,
A lame-lime-luſt, a tempeſt of the minde.
A breach of charitie, all vertues foe,
A priuate warre, a toilſome web of woe.
A fearefull iealouſie, a vaine deſire,
A labyrinth, a pleaſing miſerie,
A ſhipwracke of mans life, a ſmoakeleſſe fier,
A ſhip of teares, a laſting lunacie.
A heauie ſeruitude, a dropſie thirſt,
A helliſh Iaile, whoſe captiues are accurſt.

Th. Watſon.

A ſugred harme, a poyſon full of pleaſure,
A painted ſhrine, ful fill'd with rotten treaſure,
An heauen in ſhew, a hell to them that proue,
A broken ſtaffe, which fully doth vphold,
A flower, that fades with euery froſtie cold:
An Orient roſe, ſprung from a withered plant,
A game in ſeeming, ſhadowed ſtill with want,
A minutes ioy to gaine a world of griefe,
A ſubtill net, to ſnare the idle minde,
A ſeeing ſcorpion, yet in ſeeing blinde,
A poore reioyce, a plague without reliefe,

D. Lodge.

oue is a ſmoake made with fume of ſighes,
eing purg'd, a fier ſparkling in Louers eies,
eing vext, a ſea, nouriſht with louing teares,
Vhat is it elſe? a madneſſe moſt diſtreſt,
choaking gall, and a preſeruing ſweet,

W. Shakeſpeare.

is a doubled griefe, a ſparke of pleaſure,
egot by vaine deſire, and this his loue:

Whom

Whom in our youth, we count our chiefest treasure.
In age for want of power we do reproue,
Yea such a power is Loue, whose losse is paine,
And hauing got him, we repent againe.

D. Lodge.

Loue the Idle bodies worke and surfet of the eye.

W. Warner.

Loue is but a terme, like as is Eccho but a voice,
That this doth babble, that doth breed, or not, is ours the choice.

W. Warner.

---Loue is a subtill influence,
Whose finall force still hangeth in suspence.

D. Lodge.

Loue is a wanton famine, rich in foode,
But with a riper appetite controlled,
An argument in figure and in moode:
Yet hates all arguments; disputing still,
For sence against reason, with a senceless will.

G. Chapman.

Of euery ill the hatefull father vile,
That doth the world with sorceries beguile,
Cunningly mad, religiously prophane,
Wits monster, reasons canker, sences bane,
Loue taught the mother that vnkind desire,
To wash her hands in her owne Infants blood.
Loue taught the daughter to betray her sire
Into most base and worthy seruitude:
Loue taught the brother to prepare such foode;
To feast his brothers, that all seeing sunne
Wrapt in a cloude that wicked sight did shunne.

I. Dames.

Loue

Loue is a sowre delight, a sugred griefe,
A liuing death, an euer dying life,
A breach of reasons law, a secret theefe,
A sea of teares, an euerlasting strife.
A baite for fooles, a scourge of noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shot which euer hits,
Loue is a blinded god, and angry boy,
A labyrinth of doubts, an idle lust,
A slaue to bewties will, a witlesse toy.
A rauening bird, a tyrant most vniust,
A burning heate, a cold, a flattering ioy,
A priuate hell, a very world of woe.

Th. VVatson.

---- Loue bewitcher of the wit.
The scorne of vertue, vices parasite,
The slaue to weakenesse, friendships false bewraier,
Reasons rebell, fortitudes betraier.
The churchmēs staffe, court, camp, & countries gūider,
Arts infection, chaste thoughts, and youths defiler.

I. VVeeuer.

Controlling Loue, proud fortunes busie factor,
The gall of wit, sad melancholies schoole,
Heart-killing corsiue, golden times detractor,
Life-fretting canker, mischiefes poysoned roole,
The Ideots ydle brother, wise mens foole.
A foe to friendship, enemie to truth,
The wrong misleader of our pleasing youth.

M. Drayton.

---- Loue is roote and onely crop of care, (rare.
The bodies foe, the hearts annoy, & cause of pleasures

The ſickneſſe of the minde, the fountaine of vnreſt,
The gulfe of guile, the pit of paine, of griefe the hollow cheſt:
A fiery froſt, a flame that frozen is with Ice,
A heauie burden, light to beare, a vertue fraught with vice.
It is a worldlike peace, a ſafetie ſeeing dread,
A deepe diſpaire, annext to hope, a fancie that is fed,
Sweete poyſon for his taſte, a port *Charibdis* like,
Aſcylla for his ſafetie, though a Lyon that is meeke.

Th. Turberuile.

---- O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing of nothing firſt created:
O heauie lightneſſe, ſerious vanitie,
Miſhapen *Chaos* of well ſeeing formes,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fier, ſicknes, helth,
Still waking ſleepe, that is not what it is.

W. Shakeſpeare.

Sight is his roote, in thought is his progreſſion,
His childhood wonder, prentiſhip attention:
His youth delight, his age the ſoules opreſſion,
Doubt is his ſleepe, he waketh in inuention.
Fancie his foode, his cloathing carefulneſſe,
Beautie his booke, his play, Louers diſcention.
His eies are curious ſearch, but vaild with warefulneſſe,
His wings deſire, oft clipt with deſperation:
Largeſſe his hands, could neuer skill of ſparefulneſſe.
But how he doth by might or by perſwaſion,
To conquer, and his conqueſt how to ratifie,
Experience doubts, and ſchooles had diſputation.

S. *Ph. Sidney.*

Loue hath two ſhafts, the one of beaten gold,
By ſtroake whereof, a ſweete effect is wrought:
The other is of lumpiſh leaden mold,

And

And worketh no effect but what is nought.

Th. Watson.

At Venus intreatie for Cupid her sonne,
These arrowes by Vulcan were cunningly done:
The first is Loue, as here you may behold,
His feathers head and body are of gold.
The second shaft is Hate, a foe to loue,
And bitter are his torments for to proue.
The third is Hope, from whence our comfort springs,
His feathers are puld from Fortunes wings.
Fourth, Iealousie in basest mindes doth dwell,
This mettall Vulcans Cyclops sent from hell.

G. Peele.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of loue together meet;
And do dispart the heart with power extreame,
Whether shall waigh the ballance downe; to weet
The deare affection vnto kindred sweet,
Or raging fier of loue to woman kinde,
Or zeale of friends combinde with vertues meet.
But of them all the band of vertues minde,
Me seemes the gentle heart should most assured finde.

Ed. Spencer.

Of vertue onely, perfect loue doth grow,
Whose first beginning though it be more slow
Then that of lust, and quickens not so fast:
Yet sure it is, and longer time doth last.
The strawe inkindles soone, and slakes againe,
But yron is slow, and long will heat retaine.

Th. Hudson.

Moſt true it is that true loue hath no power
To looken back, his eyes be fixt before.
W. Sha.

Loue alwaies doth bring forth moſt bounteous deeds,
And in each gentle heart deſire of honor breeds.
True loue is free, and led with ſelfe delight,
Ne will inforced be with maſterdome or might.
Idem.

Loue naked boy hath nothing on his backe,
And though he wanteth neither arme nor legge,
Yet maim'd he is, ſith he his ſight doth lacke:
And yet (though blind) he bewrie can behold,
And yet though nak'd, he feeles more heat then cold.
H. C.

Loue ſtaies not long, it is but one yeares bird.
Th. Churchyard.

Loue muſt haue change to ſeaſon ſweet delight.
Idem.

Loue, lawes and Iudges hath in fee,
Nature and vſe his iudges bee:
To whom his whole courſe cenſures flee,
Since paſt, and things to come they ſee.
G. Chapman.

Loue is in power felt of all, in perſon found of none,
Or rather is not reall but ſome fancie; If not, then
Fantaſticall in women, but eſſentiall in men.
W. Warner.

Loues eyes in viewing neuer haue their fill.
W. Marlowe.

This

This is the least effect of *Cupids* dart,
To change the mind by wounding of the hart.
Th. Watson.

Vnto the woods runs loue, as well as rides to the pallace,
Neither he beares reuerence to a prince, nor pitie to beggers:
But (like a point amidst of a circle) still of an euennesse,
All to a lesson he drawes, neither hills nor caues can auoyd (him.
S. Phil. Sidney.

The throne of *Cupid* hath an easie staire,
His barke is fit to saile with euery winde:
The breach he makes, no wise man can repaire.
Ed. Fairfax.

---Loue will haue his godhead seene
In famous queenes, and highest princes hearts.
S. *I. H.*

Loue wants his eyes, yet shootes he passing right,
His shafts our thoughts, his bowe he makes our sight,
His deadly pilles are tempered with such art,
As still directs the arrow to the hart.
M. Drayton.

----Loue doth raigne
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre,
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe:
And yet his peace is but continuall warre,
O miserable men, that to him subiect are.
Ed. Spencer.

First loue is firme and toucheth very neare.

W. Warner.

Loue vnto life this cognizance doth giue,
This badge, this marke, to euery man that minds it:
Loue lendeth life, which liuing cannot die,
Nor liuing, loue.

G. Gascoigne.

Loue is too full of faith, too credulous,
With folly and false hope deluding vs.

Ch. Marlowe.

Loue is not full of mercy as men say,
But deafe and cruell where he meanes to pray.

Idem.

Loue paints his longings in sweet virgins eyes.

G. Chapman.

----Loue gainsaid: growes madder then before.

Th. Watson.

Loue findeth meane, but hatred knowes no measure.

Ed. Spencer.

As *Bacchus* opes dissembled harts,
So loue sets out our better parts.

M. Roydon.

As loue hath wreathes his pretie eyes to seare,
So louers must keep secret what they feare.

D. Lodge.

Loue keeps his reuels where there are but twaine.

W. Shakespeare.

As *Iris* coate in sundry taints doth showe,
So loue is clad in weale, and strait in woe.

D. Lodge.

Loue can abide no law, loue alwaies loues to be lawlesse,
Loue altereth nature, rules reason, mastereth Olympus:
Lawes, edicts, decrees, contemnes Ioue mightily thundring,
Ioue that rules and raigns, that with beck bendeth Olympus.
Loue caried Hyppolitus with briars & thorns to be mangled
For that he had the faire foule lusting Phedra refused.
Loue made Absyrtus with sisters hands to be murdred
And in peeces torne, and here and there to be scattered.
Loue forst Pasiphae mans company long to be loathing,
And for a while bulls flesh, bulls company long to be taking.
Loue and luring lookes of louely Polixena caused
Greekish Achilles death when he came to the church to be wedded.
Loue made Alcides that most inuincible Heros,
Maister of all monsters, at length to be whipt of a monster.
Loue drownd Leander, swimming to the beautifull Hero,
Vnto the towne Cestos, *from towne of curst* Abydos.
Loue made Ioue that's ruler of earth, and ruler of heauen,
Like to a silly shepheard, and like to the fruitfull Echidna.
Like to a fish, to a swan, a spawne, to a bull, to an eagle:
Sometimes Amphitrio, sometimes Dictinna resembling.

Ab. Fraunce.

Trifling attempts no serious acts aduance,
The fier of loue is blowne by dalliance.

G. Chapman.

----Where there growes a sympathy of harts,
Each passion in the one, the other paineth:
And by euen carryage of the outward parts,
Wherein the actuall worke of loue remaineth.)
The inward griefes, mislikes and ioyes are taught,
And euery signe bewraies a secret thought,

D. Lodge.

Loue deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled.

Ch. Marlowe.

O bold beleeuing loue, how hote it seemes,
Not to beleeue, and yet too credulous:
Thy weale and woe are both of them extreames,
Dispaire and hope makes thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter the inthoughts vnlikely,
The likely thoughts the other killeth quickly.

W. Sha.

Loue goes towards loue, as schoole boyes from their (bookes,
But loue from loue toward schoole with heauy lookes.

Idem.

---Loue can comment vpon euery woe.

Idem.

Cupids deep riuers haue their shallow fordes
His griefe bring ioyes, his losse recompences.
He breeds the sore, and cures vs of the paine,
Achilles launce, that wounds and heales againe.

Ed. Fairfax.

Wonder it is to see in diuers mindes,
How diuersly loue doth his pageant play,
And shewes his power in variable kindes:
The baser wit whose idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowly clay.
It stirreth vp to sensuall desire,
And in leaud sloth to waste his careless day,
But in braue spirits it kindles goodly fire,
That to all hie desert and honour doth aspire.

Ed. Spencer.

Such ones, ill iudge of loue that cannot loue,
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame:

For

For thy they ought nothing vnknowne reproue,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame.
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious fruites of fame.
That crowne true louers with immortall blisse,
The meed of them that loue, and do not liue amisse.

Idem.

The persons must in passions iumpe else loue is but a game,
Nor thinke I of a womans graunt, but as a wooers game.

VV. Warner.

Pure loue said she, the purest grace pursues,
And there is contract not by application:
Of lippes or bodies, but of bodies vertues,
As in our elementall motion.
Starres by their powers, which are their heat and light,
Do heauenly workes, and that which hath probation
By vertue all contract hath the noblest plight,
Both for the lasting and affinitie
It hath with naturall diuinitie.

G. Chapman.

Loue is a lord of truth and loyaltie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust:
On golden plumes vp to the purest skie,
Aboue the reach of loathly sinfull lust.
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weake wings dare not to heauens flie,
But like a mold warpe in the earth doth lie.

Ed. Spencer.

----One louing howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence,
A dramme of sweet, is worth a pound of sowre.

Idem.

Loue

Loue and maieſtie dwell ill together.

S. *Daniell.*

The ioyes of loue, if they ſhould euer laſt
Without affliction or diſquietnes:
That worldly chaunces do among them caſt,
Would be on earth too great a bleſſednes.
Liker to heauen then mortall wretchednes:
Therefore the winged God to let men weet
That here on earth is no ſure happines,
A thouſand ſowres hath tempered with one ſweet,
To make it ſeeme more deare and daintie as is meet.

Ed. Spencer.

True it is ſaid, what euer man it ſaid,
That loue with gall and hony doth abound:
But if the one be with the other waid,
For euery dramme of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth ouer it abound.

Idem.

Loue hath delight in ſweet delicious fruite,
Loue neuer takes good counſell for his friend.
Loue author is, and cauſe of idle care.
Loue is deſtraught of wit, he hath no end.
Loue ſhooteth ſhafts of burning hot deſire,
Loue burneth more then either flame or fire.
Loue doth much harme through Ielouſies aſſault.
Loue once imbrac't will hardly part againe.
Loue thinkes in breach of faith there is no fault.
Loue makes a ſport of others deadly paine.
Loue is a wanton childe, and loues to brall,
Loue with his warre brings many ſoules to thrall.

Th. Watſon.

Gods

---- Gods themſelues are chaung'd by Loue,
Ioue ſteales from skies to lie by *Lædaes* ſide:
Arcas deſcends for faire *Aglauraes* ſake,
And *Sol* ſo ſoone as *Daphne* is eſpide,
To follow his chariot doth forſake.

Idem.

---- The ſweeteſt honey,
Is loathſome in his owne deliciouſneſſe,
And in the taſt confounds the appetite,
Therefore Loue moderately long loue doth ſo,
Too ſwift arriues as tardie as too ſlowe.

W. Shakeſpeare.

---- The rights
In which Loues beautious empreſſe moſt delights,
Are banquets, Doricke muſicke, midnight reuelling,
Plaies, maskes, and all that ſterne age counteth euill.

Ch. Marlowe.

Thoſe eaſily men credit whom they loue.

S. Daniell.

Play with the fire, yet die not in the flame,
Shew paſſion in thy words, but not in hart,
Leaſt whē thou think'ſt to bring thy thoughts in frame
Thou proue thy ſelfe a priſoner by thy art.
Play with theſe babes of loue, as Apes with glaſſes,
And put no truſt in feathers, wind or laſſes.

D. Lodge.

The greedie moone along her giddie ſpheare,
Boads not ſuch change in her inconſtant courſe,
No crimie comet in the waine of yeare,
No riſing rage nor ſwelling of ſourſe.

As Loue in ſhape, in ſubſtance and effect,
But Gods and men with fury doth infect,
A morning ſtarre (that peereth from the pride
Of ſiluer floate) bedew'd and ſparkling bright,
Borne from the ſecond forme of waters glide,
The queene of Loue, the miſtreſſe of delight.
Aye ſuch is loue in ſemblance at the firſt,
But his effects are cruell and accurſt.

D. Lod.

Albeit bewtie moues to loue, and loue doth make thee ſue,
Better at firſt be nonſuite, then at length not to ſubdue.

W. Warner.

It hath bene when as heartie loue did treat and tie the knot,
Though now if gold but lacking be, the wedding fadgeth not.

Idem.

Loue learnes rurál wits and baſe borne brats to be reading,
Heartburning ſecrets, and wonders daintily written,
In faire flaming eyes, by the hand of louely Cupido.

A. Fraunce.

Loue nill conſent that bewties field lie waſte.

Ed. Fairfax.

Tis often ſeene, Loue workes a man a weake deiected (minde,
For euer ſeene, a womans loue doth alter as the winde.

W. VVarner.

No ſtile is held for baſe, where loue well named is,
Each eare ſuckes vp the words a true loue ſcattereth.

S. Ph. Sydney.

All loſſe is leſſe, and leſſe the infamy,
Then loſſe of loue to him that loues but one,
Ne may loue be compeld by maiſterie,
For as ſoone as maiſterie comes ſweete loue anon:

Taketh

Taketh his nimble wings, and soone is gone.
Ed. Spencer.

For euery pleasure that in loue is found,
A thousand woes and more therein abound.
Th. Watson.

Like as a nibling fish that halfe mistrusts
The golden shew of an enticing baite,
Makes many offers for the thing she lusts,
Daring to deale with that she deemes deceite:
So plaies the amorous God with his faire prize,
Whom loue and lust bids board, but shame denies.
Ch. Middleton.

From these hie hills as when a spring doth fall,
It thrilleth downe with still and subtill course,
Of this and that it gathereth aide, and shall
Till wit haue iust done, flowed to streame and force,
Then at the foote, it rageth ouer all:
So fareth Loue when he hath tane a course.
Rage is vaine resistance vaileth none,
The first issue is remedie alone.
E. of Surrey.

Not all the writs Diana hath, can Cupids plaint remoue.
W. Warner.

---- Lordly Loue is such a Tyrant fell,
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.
Ed. Sp.

If Loue compelled be and cannot chuse,
How can it gratefull or thanke worthy proue?
Loue must free harted be and voluntary,

And

And not enchaunted or by fate conſtrain'd,
Nor like that loue which did *Vliſſes* carry,
To *Circes* Ile with mightie charmes.

I. Dauies.

Where heate of Loue doth once poſſeſſe the hart,
There cares oppreſſe the minde, with wondrous ill,
Wit runnes awrie, not fearing ſubtill ſmart,
And fond deſire doth euer maiſter will.
The belly neither cares for meate nor drinke,
Nor ouerwatched eyes deſire to winke.
Footeſteps are falſe, and wauering too and fro,
The brightſome flower of beautie fades away,
Reaſon retires, and pleaſure brings in woe,
And wiſedome yeeldeth place to blacke decay.
Counceil and fame, and friendſhip are condemned,
And baſhful ſhame, and Gods themſelues contēned.
Watchfull ſuſpect is kindled with diſpaire,
Inconſtant hope is often drownd in feares:
What folly hurts not, fortune can repaire,
And miſerie doth ſwim in ſeas of teares.
Long vſe of life is but a liuing foe,
As gentle death is onely end of woe.

Th. Watſon.

Vnlawfull meanes doth make loue lawfull gaine,
He ſpeakes moſt true when he the moſt doth faine.

M. Drayton.

As many bees, as *Hybla* daily ſheelds,
As many frie as fleet in Oceans face,
As many heards as on the earth do trace,
As many flowers as deckt the fragrant fields,
As many ſtarres as glorious heauen containes,

As

As many cloudes as wayward winter weepes,
As many plagues as hell encloſed keepes.
So many griefes in Loue, ſo many paines,
Suſpicions, thoughts, deſires, opinions, praiers,
Miſlikes, miſdeeds, fond ioyes, and fained peace,
Illuſions, dreames, great paines, and ſmall encreaſe,
Vowes, hope, acceptance ſcornes and deepe diſpaires.

D. Lodge.

The gnawing enuie, the heartfretting feare,
The vaine ſurmiſes, the diſtinctfull ſhewes,
The falſe reports that flying tales do beare,
The doubts, the dangers, the delaies, the woes,
The fained friends, the vnexpected foes,
With thouſand more then any tongue can tell,
To make a Louers life a wretches hell.

Ed. Spencer.

This folly by our wiſeſt worldlings prou'd,
If not to gaine by loue) to be belou'd,

B. Ihonſon.

gainſt Loues fier feares froſt hath diſſolution.

W. *Shakeſpeare.*

Greater conqueſt of hard Loue he gaines,
That workes it to his will, then he that it conſtraines.

Ed. Spencer.

nto a Knight there is no greater ſhame,
hen lightnes and inconſtancie in loue.

Idem.

ues weeping flames, by reaſon do ſubdue
fore their rage grow to ſo great vnreſt,
s miſerable louers vſe to rue,
hich ſtil wax old in woes whil'ſt woeſtil waxeth new

Ed. Spencer.

Old Loue is litle worth when new is more preferd.

Idem.

Who can ſhew all his loue, can loue but lightly.

S. Daniell.

No man from the monarch loue by wit or weapō flies.

W. Warner.

--- Loftie Loue doth loathe a lowly eye.

Ed. Spencer.

Loue thriues not in the heart, that ſhadowes dreadeth.

W. Shakeſpeare.

Gather I ſay, the Roſe while it is time,
For ſoone comes age that will her pride deflame:
Gather the Roſe of Loue while yet is time,
Whil'ſt louing, thou mai'ſt loued be with equall aime.

Ed. Sp.

O learne to loue, the leſſon is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer loſt againe.

VV. Shakeſpeare.

Louers their loued Ladies loues to gaine
Promiſe, proteſt and ſweare without regard,
That God doth ſee and know their falſhood ſtill,
And can and ſhall reuenge it at his will.
Their oathes but words, their words are all but wind,
Vttered in heart, and with like heart forgotten,
As bundles are truſt vp coards all rotten.
Coineſſe is nought, but worſt to be too kind;
Men care not for the good that ſoone is gotten:
But women of their wits may chiefly boaſt,
That are made wiſer by an others coſt.

S. I. H.

He that bindes himselfe in worthy bands,
Although his shew but grace him small:
Although he finde no fauour at her hands,
Sharp words, coy lookes, small thanks, hope none at all,
Though more and more, aloofe from him she stands:
Yet for his heart and thoughts be highly placed,
He must not mourne, although he die disgraced.

Idem.

Dumbe Swans, not chattering Pies do Louers proue,
They loue indeed, who dare not say they loue.

S. Ph. Sydney.

The Louer and beloued are not tied to one Loue.

VV. Sh.

He that on Loues blind snares once sets his foote,
Seemeth to draw it backe, but findes it caught,
And madnesse meere in Loue to ouershoote,
The foole hath felt, the wise hath euer taught.
And though in all alike it take not roote,
Yet all shall finde, Loue is a thing of nought.
For sure it is, an open signe of madnesse,
To haue an others pleasure breed thy sadnesse.

S. I. Harrington.

The birds their beake, the lion hath his taile,
And louers nought but sighes and bitter moane,
The spotlesse force of fancie to assaile.

D. Lodge.

Sweete are the kisses, the embracements sweete,
When like desires, and affections meete:
For from the earth to heauen is *Cupid* raised,
Where fancie is in equall ballance peized.

Ch. Marlowe.

Foule

Foule words and frownes muſt not repell a Louer,
What though the Roſe hath prickles, yet tis pluckt,
Were beawtie vnder twentie locks kept faſt,
Yet Loue breakes through, and breakes them all at laſt.

W. *Shakeſpeare.*

--- Louers houres are long, though ſeeming ſhort,
If pleaſde themſelues, others they delight:
In ſuch like circumſtance, with ſuch like ſport,
Their copious ſtories oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are neuer done.

Idem.

A Louer may beſtride the Goſſamours,
That Idles in the wanton ſommer aire,
And yet not full ſo light is vanitie.

Idem.

The Dutch in loue is proude, Italians enuious,
The French man full of mirth, the Spanyard furious.

Magicke.

Three kindes there are for natures skill:
The firſt they naturall do name,
In which by hearbes and ſtones they will
Worke wondrous things, and worthy fame.
The next is Mathematicall,
Where Magicke workes by nature ſo,
That brazen heads make ſpeake it ſhall,
Of woods, birds, bodies, flie and go,
The third Veneficall, by right
Is named, for by it they make
The ſhape of bodies chang'd in ſight
And their formes on them to take. *M. of M.* The

----Oh who can tell
The hidden power of hearbes, and might of magicke (skill?
Ed. Spencer,

Man.

In time conuenient this world Almightie created,
And it a large theater to behold, his glory appointed:
Which whē he had with ſtore of treaſures richly repleniſht,
And with aboundant grace causd euery part to be furniſht,
Man was made at length, Adam was quickly created
Moſt perfect creature, and like to the mightie Creator,
Good wit, immortall, of mankind only beginner.
But proud ambition the ſerpent craftily cloaking,
With curſt and bitter ſweete, his cankred poyſon abounding.
Adam diſpoſſeſt of pleaſant beautifull harbors.
Adams heart poſſeſt with moſt vnſpeakable horrors.
Man was mard at length, Adam was fouly defaced.
Laſt worke and loſt worke, Adam was filthily fowled:
Moſt curſed creature, vnlike to the mightie Creator,
Bad, fooliſh, mortall, of mankind only the murderer.

A. France.

----Vile man begot of clay, and borne of duſt.
Ed. Fairfax.

Man compoſed firſt of ſlime,
Doth liue to lead his daies in ſtrife:
And as the heauens do that diſpoſe,
So ſhuts and ſpreads he with the roſe.
D. Lodge.

Time ouer old and yoong is ſtill reuolued,
Within it ſelfe, and neuer taſteth end:
But mankind is to nought for aye reſerued,

The filthy ſnake her aged coat can mend.
And getting youth againe, in youth doth flouriſh:
But vnto man age euer death doth ſend.
The very trees with grafting we can cheriſh:
So that we can long time produce their time,
But man which helpeth them, helpleſſe muſt periſh.

S. *Phil. Sidney.*

O truſtleſſe ſtate of miſerable men,
That build your bliſſe on hope of earthly thing:
And vainly thinke your ſelues halfe happie then,
When painted faces with ſmooth flattering
Do fawne on you, and your wide praiſes ſing.
And when the courting masker louteth low,
Him free in heart, and truſtie too you know.

Ed. Spencer.

He that comparde mans body to a hoaſte,
Said that the hands were ſcouts diſcouering harmes:
The feet were horſemen thundering on the coaſte.
The breſt and ſtomacke foe-men, huge in ſwarmes,
But for the head in ſoueraigntie did boaſt,
It captaine was, directer of alarmes.
Whoſe raſhneſſe if it hazarded any ill,
Not he alone, but all the hoaſt did ſpill.

I. Markeham.

Each creature not grudging at mans glorie,
Vnto his life becomes contributorie. *Idem.*
Like ſouds in ſommer, or flowing ſprings in the win
So man conſumeth:
No truſt or firmeneſſe in life, that flies like a ſhadow?
What then alas is man
That ſo preſumeth?

D. Lodge.

Th

The ſhadow of the clocke by motion wends,
We ſee it paſſe, yet marke not when it parts:
So what is mans declines, and ſudden ends,
Each thing begins, continues and conuerts.

Idem.

----Man to woman giueth all perfection,
And as our chiefe Philoſophers do ſay,
Woman by man is perfect made each way.

I. Weeuer.

----Man is loaden with ten thouſand languors,
All other creatures only feele the angors
Of fewe diſeaſes; as the gleaming quaile,
Only the falling ſickneſs doth aſſaile.
The turne-about and murraine trouble cattle,
Madneſſe and quincie bid the maſtife battle.

I. Silueſter.

It doth exceed mans thought to thinke how hie
God hath raiſd man, ſince God a man became:
The Angels do admire this myſterie,
And are aſtoniſht when they view the ſame.

I. Danies.

Men do not know what they themſelues will bee,
When as more then themſelues, themſelues they ſee.

S. Daniell.

Like as the fatall rauen that in his voyce
Carries the dreadfull ſummons of our deaths,
Flies by the faire Arabian ſpiceries,
Or pleaſant gardens and delightfull parts,
Seeming to curſe them with his hoarſe exclaimes:
And yet doth ſtoupe with hungry violence,
Upon a peece of hatefull carrion.

So wretched man displeas'd with those delights,
Would yeeld a quickning sauour to his soule,
Pursues with eager and vnstanched thirst,
The greedy longings of his loathsome flesh.

G. Peele.

Man is a little world, and beares the face
And picture of the vniuersitie:
All but resembleth God, all but is glasse,
All but the picture of his maiestie.
Man is the little world (so we him call)
The world the little God, God the great all.

Th. Bastard.

The gallant courser in his full carrire
Is made by man to stoppe with slender raine:
But man himselfe his lust and fond desire
Is sildome drawne by reason to refraine.
Tis hard to stop, but harder to retire,
When youthfull course ensueth pleasure vaine.
As beares do breake the hiues and weake defences,
When smell of hony commeth to their sences.

S. I. H.

Great *Pompey* in the midst of victorie,
All vnexpected happened to his end:
And *Cæsar* in his greatest maiestie
Vntimely murdered by his deerest friend.
Such are mens best estates, more wretched they,
In greatest pompe most subiect to decay.

Ch. Midleton.

What doth make men without the parts of men,
Or in their manhoods lesse then children
But manlesse natures? all this world was namd'd

A wo

A world of him for whom it first was framde
Who like a tender cheuerell shrunke with fire
Of base ambition, and of selfe desire)
His armes into his shoulders crept, for feare
Bountie should vse them, and fierce rape forbeare,
His legs into his greedy belly runne,
The charge of hospitalitie to shunne)
In him the world is to a lumpe reuerst:
That shrunke from forme that was by forme dispersst.
And in nought more then thankelesse auarice,
Not rendring vertue her deserued price.

G. Chapman.

Like as rude Painters that contend to showe
Beasts, fowles, or fish, all artlesse to bestowe
On euery side his natiue counterfet,
Aboue his head his name had need to set,
So men that will be men in more then fate
(As in their forheads) should in actions place
More perfect characters to proue they be
No mockers of their first nobilitie.
Els may they easily passe for beasts or foules,
Soules praise our shapes, and not our shapes our soules.

Idem.

When as men all do know, then nothing know.

S. *Daniell.*

---The milder passions doth show man.
For as the leafe doth bewtifie the tree,
The pleasant flowers bedeck the flourishing spring,
Euen so in men of greatest reach and power,
A mild and piteous thought augments renowne.

D. Lodge.

No man before his end is truly bleſt.

T. Dekkar.

--Man to man, as beaſt to beaſt, holds ciuil duties vain.

W. Warner.

Mans inward parts are colder and the nummer,
When outwardly they feele a boyling ſommer.
Mans voyce in euery ones opinion, is but an airie
(repercuſſion.

D. Lodge.

Marriage.

Hymen that now is god of nuptiall rights,
And crownes with honor loue and his delights.

G. Chapman.

Before them on an altar he preſented
Both fire and water, which was firſt inuented:
Since to ingenerate euery humane creature
And euery other birth produc'ſt by nature,
Moyſture and heate, muſt mix, ſo man and wife
For humane race, muſt ioyne in nuptiall life.

Idem.

----In *Athence*
The cuſtome was, that euery mayd did weare
During her maydenhead, a ſilken ſpheare:
About her waſte aboue her inmoſt weed
Knit with Mineruaes knot, and that was freed
By the faire bridegroome on the mariage night,
With many ceremonies of delight.

Idem. (liue a maid,

Shouldſt thou but dream what mariage is, thou wouldſt not
One hart of two, two ſoules of one, by wedlocke is conuaid.

VV. VVarner.

Beleeue me man, there is no greater bliſſe, Then

Then is the quiet ioy of louing wife:
Which who so wants, halfe of himselfe doth misse.
A friend without change, play-fellow without strife.
A food without fulnesse, counsaile without pride,
Is this sweet doubling of our single life.

S. Phil. Sidney.

In choyce of wife, preferre the modest chaste,
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell:
The sweetest lookes by age are soone defaste,
Then choose thy wife by wit and louing well.
Who brings thee wealth, and many faults withall,
Presents thee hony mixt with bitter gall.

D. Lodge.

Wild sauages that drinkes of running springs,
Thinkes water faire, exceeds all other things.
But they that daily taste meate, nere despise it,
Virginitie, al be some highly prise it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you tride them both,
Differs as much, as wine and water doth.

Ch. Marlow.

(sweet soule is,
All touch sweet, taste sweet, eie sweet, eare sweet, sweet sence,
A vertuous match, but vicious loue in all contrary this.

W. Warner.

One is no number, maides are nothing then
Without the sweet societie of men.

Ch. Marlow.

----Marriage will soone destroy
Those passions which to youthfull head do clime,
Mothers and nurses of all vaine annoy. *Idem.*

----Wretched wedlock breeds but hated heat,
Where no loue seemes so sweet, as stolen and secret.

D. Lodge.

Offer

Offer no loue rights, but let wiues ſtill ſeeke them,
For when they come vnſought, they ſildom like them.
B. Iohnſon.

---Euen as *Adam* wrote his ouerthrow
By taſting fruite that God did him forbid,
So he that curiouſly will ſearch to know
All that his wife hath ſaid, or what ſhe did,
May fortune at the laſt himſelfe beſhrow. *S. I. H.*
Let him that his wife to his bent will drawe,
Match with a virgin and keepe her in awe.
To loue, and wed for loue, is perfit bliſſe.
G. Turb.

His be the hurt that lookes not ere he wed.
The husband may the woman make or marre.
Idem.

We are not male nor female borne, that we ſhould fruitleſſe die.
W. Warner.

---*Experience bidding vs, doth bid vs lay to thriue.*
The firſt degree to which ſay ſome, is warily to wiue:
But wife if ſhrow or ſaint become (as not vnlike) a ſhrow,
Then is that firſt degree to thrift, the third degree in woe.
Idem.

Let nothing ſeuere thoſe whom God doth linke.
S. I. H.

---The chance that once befell
To wandring *Dina*, may be witneſſe well
That ſecret mariage that to fewe is kend,
Doth neuer lead the louers to good end.
For of our bodies we no power may claime,
Except our parents do confirme the ſame. *Th. Hud.*
We worldly folkes account him very wiſe,
That hath the wit moſt worthily to wed, By

y all meanes therefore, alwaies we deuiſe
'o ſee our iſſue rich in ſpouſall fed,
Ve buy and ſell rich Orphans; babes ſcant bred
Auſt match, ere they do know what marriage meanes:
oyes marrie old trots, old fooles wed yoong queanes.
Ve call this wedding, which in any wiſe
an be no marriage, but pollution plaine:
A new found trade of humaine marchandize,
The diuells net, a filthy fleſhly gaine,
Of kind and nature, an vnnaturall ſtaine:
A foule abuſe of Gods moſt holy order,
And yet allow'd almoſt in euery border.

M. of M.

A filthy trull, is irkſome to the eie,
A gallant gyrle allures the lookers mind:
A wanton wench will haue the head to die,
An aged trot to like, is hard to find.
A bearing wife with brats, will cloy the ſtore,
A greater care then childrens care is none:
A barren beaſt will grieue thee ten times more,
No ioy remaines when ſappe of fruite is gone.
Wherefore let wiuing goe liue ſingle aye,
A ſhrew we ſee is wedded on a day,
But ere a man can ſhift his hands tis long.

G. Turb.

Maladie.

Faſt by old age pale Maladie was plac't,
Sore ſicke in bed her colour all forgone,
Bereft of ſtomacke, ſauour, and of taſte,
Ne could ſhe brook no meate but broaths alone.

Abhorring

Abhorring her, her ſickneſſe paſt recure,
Deteſting phiſicke, and all phiſicks cure.
M. Sackuill.

Sickneſſe the herauld of armes, hearts, and all.
Th. Storer.

Th'humorous ſicke, remouing, find no eaſe,
When chaunged chambers helpe not the diſeaſe.
S. Daniell.

---- O ſickneſſe thou art oft betide,
When death hath many woes to come beſide. *Idem.*

Might.

The meaneſt fault is hie offence, vrg'd of a mighty foe.
W. *Warner.*

To ſhadow ſinne Might can the more pretend.
M. Dr.

--- Might is euer abſolute alone,
When of two powers ther's true coniunctione.
Idem.

Power conſtrain'd is but a glorious ſlaue.
Ed. Fairfax.

---- Slight, force, are mightie things,
From which, much, if not moſt, earths glory ſprings:
If vertues ſelfe were clad in humaine ſhape,
Vertue without theſe, might go beg and ſcrape.
I. Marſton.

Vnited powers, makes each the ſtronger proue.
S. *Ph. Sydney.*

---- Honey words make fooliſhneſſe,
And power the greateſt wit with error blinds.
D. Ledge.

All

All as the higheſt trees do ſheeld the ſhrubs,
From poſting *Phlegons* warmth, and warming fier,
So mightie men obſcure each others fame,
And make the beſt deſeruer fortunes game.

Idem.

--- Excellencie neuer beares this minde,
By no inferiour skill to be definde.

Th. Storer.

Where power decreed hath to find th'offence,
The cauſe is better ſtill, then the defence.

S. Daniell.

Miſerie.

His face was leane and ſome deale pinde away,
And eke his hands conſumed to the bone:
But what his body was I cannot ſay,
For on his carkaſſe, rayment had he none.
Saue cloutes and patches peeced one by one,
With ſtaffe in hand, and ſcrippe on ſhoulder caſt,
His chiefe defence againſt the winters blaſt.
His food for moſt, was wilde fruites of the tree,
Vnleſſe ſometimes, ſome crummes fell to his ſhare,
Which in his wallet long, God-wot kept he,
As one the which full daintily would fare:
His drinke the running ſtreame his cup, the bare
Of his palme clozd, his bed the hard cold ground,
To this poore life, was Miſerie ybound.

M. Sackuill.

---- This Iron world
Brings downe the ſtouteſt hearts to loweſt ſtate,
For Miſerie doth braueſt mindes abate,

And

And makes them seeke for that they wont to scorne,
Of fortune and of hope, at once forlorne.

Ed. Spencer.

---- He hath a foolish fantasie,
That thinkes to find a friend in miserie.

G. Gascoigne.

O Miserie, where once thou art possest,
How soone thy faint infection alters kind,
And like a *Circe*, turnest man to beast,
And with the body dost transforme the mind,
That can in fetters our affection bind.

M. Drayton.

---- Miserie is troden on by many,
But being lowe, neuer relieu'd by any.

W. Shakespeare.

---- The mightiest that haue liu'd,
Haue falne and headlong too, in Miserie,
It is some comfort to haue companie.

G. Peele.

Men flie from foes, but not from Miserie.

M. Drayton.

Let him that sees his priuate Miserie
Auoyd the prospect of prosperitie:
It breeds pale enuie, and sad discontent
Procures offence before a profered wrong.
Torments it selfe till all conceits are spent,
And thoughts deliuered by malitious tongue,
Then rapt with violent fury goes so strong,
That it enuenomes all our humaine parts,
Blind iudging in eyes, and sence confounding harts.

Th. Storer.

Melancholy.

--- Melancholy from the ſplene begunne,
By paſſion mou'd, into the vaines doth runne:
Which when this humour as a ſwelling floud,
By vigour is infuſed in the bloud,
The vitall ſpirits doth mightily appall,
And weakeneth ſo the parts Organicall,
And when the ſences are diſturb'd and tir'd,
With what the heart inceſſantly deſir'd
Like trauellers with labour long oppreſt,
Finding reliefe, eſtſoones they fall to reſt.

M. Drayton.

Thou nurſing mother of faire wiſedomes lore,
Ingenious Melancholy.

I. Marſton.

Thoſe men to Melancholy giuen, we Saturniſts do call.

W. Warner.

Memorie.

This Lidger booke lies in the braine behinde,
Like *Ianus* eye which in his poll was ſet:
The lay mans table, Storehouſe of the minde,
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

I. Dauies.

Here ſences apprehenſions end doth take,
As when a ſtone is into water caſt:
One circle, doth an other circle make,
Till the laſt circle touch the banke at laſt.

Idem.

Remẽbrance is the life of grief, his graue forgetfulnes.

Ed. Fairfax.

Remem-

Remembrance fresh, makes weakened sorrows strong.
Idem.

Mischiefe.

The cause once gone, th'effects thereof surcease,
And mischiefes being preuented whil'st they are yong
Cannot braunch forth themselues to do that hurt,
That time, their natures, and bad men would worke.
Ch. Middleton.

A Mischife seene may easily be preuented,
But being hapt, not helpt, yet still lamented.
M. Drayton.

Faire goodnesse is foule ill, if mischiefes wit,
Be not repreſt from leaud corrupting it.
Idem.

Mischiefe is oft made good by speeding well.
S. Daniell.

Mercie.

Some Clarkes do doubt in their deuisefull art,
Whether this heauenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten Mercie be of Iustice part,
Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreat.
This well I wot, that sure she as great,
And meriteth to haue so hie a place:
She first was bred and borne of heauenly race,
From thence powr'd downe of men by influence of
Ed. Spencer. (grace.
O who shall shew the countenance and gestures
Of Mercie and iustice; which faire sacred sisters,
With equall poize do euer ballance euen,

Th'vn-

Th'vnchaunging proiects of the King of heauen.
Th'one sterne of looke, th'other mild aspecting,
The'one pleasd with teares, th'other bloud affecting:
Th'one beares the sword of vengeance vnrelenting,
Th'other brings pardon for the true repenting.

I. Sylvester.

--- Still as rage kindleth the fire of wrath,
Mercie to quench it, store of water hath.

S. I. Harrington.

--- This noble vertue and diuine,
Doth chiefly make a man so rare and od,
As in that one, he most resembleth God.

Idem.

Then come we neerest to the Gods on hie,
When we are fartheſt from extremitie,
Giuing forth sentence of our Lawes with Mercie.

Tho. Achely.

Mercie may mend whom malice made offend,
Death giues no thankes, but checks authoritie,
So Rulers mildnesse, subiects loue do nourish.

S. Daniell.

Soft pittie enters at an Iron gate. *VV. Sh.*
Mercie but murders, pardoning those that kill.

Idem.

Pittie drawes loue bloud-shed, as natures griefe,
Compassion, followeth the vnfortunate.

S. D.

VVhen pittie runneth afore, loue alwaies followeth after.

A. Fraunce.

As it is greater praise to saue then spill,
So better to reforme, then to cut off the ill.

Ed. Spencer.

How

How deare is mercie hauing power and will,
When pittie helpes where equitie doth kill?

M. Drayton.

Minde.

The Minde hath in it selfe a deitie,
And in the stretching circle of her eie,
All things are compast, all things present still
Will fram'd to power, doth make vs what we will.

G. Chapman.

It is the minde that maketh good or ill,
That makes a wretch, or happie, rich or poore,
For some that haue a boundance at their will,
Haue not inough, but want in greatest store.
An other that hath little, askes no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise.

Ed. Spencer.

The Minde is free what ere afflict the man,
A King's a King, do fortune what she can.

M. Drayton.

---- The Minde times enemie, obliuions foe,
Dispoſer true of each note worthy thing.

Ed. Fairfax.

Our mindes discerne where eies could neuer see.

M. Draiton.

---- That Minde most is bewtifull and hie,
And neerest comes to a diuinitie,
That fartherst is from spots of earthes delight,
Pleasures that loose their substance with their sight.
Such one *Saturnius* rauisheth to loue,
And fills the cup of all content to *loue*.

G. Chapman.

The

The setled mind is free from fortunes power,
They need not feare who looke not vp aloft:
But they that are too carefull euery hower,
For when they fall they light not very soft.
M. of M.

What plague is greater then the griefe of minde?
The griefe of mind that eates in euery vaine:
In euery vaine that leaues such clods behinde,
Such clods behind as breed such bitter paine.
So bitter paine that none shall euer finde
What plague is greater then the griefe of minde.
E. of Ox.

Ill mind, to mind so much of others ill,
As to become vnmindfull of his owne.
Ed. Spencer.

Into our minds let vs a little fall,
And we shall finde more spots then leopards haue.
S. Phil. Sidney.

O vanitie of mans vnstable minde,
Puft vp with euery blast of friendly winde.
Ed. Fairfax.

In base minds no friendship dwels, nor emnitie.
Ed. Spencer.

Oft times we see that sorrowes of the minde
Finde remedie vnsought, which seeking cannot finde.
Ed. Spencer.

Weak body wel is chang'd, for minds redoubled force.
Idem.

So moue our minds, as motions moue the aire.
M. of M.

Nor is it but our minds that make our native homes our (graue,

As we to ours, others to theirs, like parciall fancie haue.
Transmut we but our minds, and then all one an alien is,
As if a native once resolu'd, makes euery country his.
VV. Warner.

Monarchs.

Augustus quailing Anthony, was Emperour alone,
In whose vnfoed Monarchy our common health was knowne
W. Warner.

A mighty monarch must whilest greening youth doth (slowe;
Make one or two or three proofes of his peerles power:
For valour is the gate of honour beautified,
The first staire step it is, whereby good hap doth guide,
Our feete to glories mount; and nothing hartens so
The men of armes to fight, as valiant prince (we know)
But afterward he must with wary wisedome warre:
More often with his wit, then with his weapon farre.
And feeding so his spirit with sweet sharpe easie paine
Not keep a souldiers place, but captains roome retaine.
I. Sylvester.

Mildnesse fitteth maiestie, hie minds are disalowed.
VV. Warner.

No man from the Monarch loue by wealth, or weapon flies.
Idem.

Mildnesse would better suite with maiestie
Then rash reuenge and rough seueritie. *M. Dray.*

Murder.

Black hell-bred humor of fier-venging sin,
By whose inticements murders we commit:
The end vnthought of, rashly we begin,
Letting our passion ouerwhelme our wit. Who

o may and will not, murder in truth committeth.

S. *Phil. Sidney.*

punisht scapes, from hainous crime some one,
vnreueng'd, in mind and body none.

Idem.

e cruell man a cruell death shall tast,
d blood with blood be venged at the last.

I. Syl.

ose that in blood such violent pleasure haue,
dome descend but bleeding to their graue.

B. Iohnson.

ngeance on minde the fretting furies take,
e sinfull corps like earth-quake agues shake.
eir frowning lookes, their troubled minds bewray,
hast they run, and midst their race they stay.
gidded Doe: amidst their speech they whist,
meate they muse; no where they may persist.
t some feare netleth them, aye hang they so,
neuer wants the wicked murderer woe.

M. of M.

Muses.

ips of K. *Ioue*, and Queene remembrance loe,
he Sisters nine, the Poets pleasant pheers:
lliope doth stately style bestowe,
nd worthy praises paints of princely peers.
io in sullen songs reneweth all day,
ith present yeares conioyning age by past,
elightfull talke, loues comicall *Thalia*.
freshgreen youth, who doth lawrell tast.
ith voyces tragicall sounds *Melpomen*,

And as with chaines th'allured eares she binds,
Her strings when *Terpsichore* doth touch, euen then
She toucheth hearts, and raigneth in mens minds,
Fond *Erato*, whose looke a louely cheare
Presents in dauncing, beares a comely grace,
With seemly gesture doth *Polhymnie* stirre place.
Whose words whole routs of rankes doo rule,
Uraine her globes to view are bent,
The nine-fold heauen obserues with fixed face,
The blessed *Eutrope* tunes her instrument
With solace sweete, hence heauy dumps to chace.
Lord *Phœbus* in the midst, whose heauenly spirit
These Ladies doth inspire.

E. of Surrey.

The golden brood of great *Apolloes* witte.

Ed. Spencer.

Sweet Lady Muses, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light.

Idem.

Then followed on the Muses sacred nine,
With the first number equally diuine:
In virgins white, whose liuely mayden browes
Were couered with tryumphant lawrell browes:
And on their garments painted out in glory,
Their offices and functions in a story:
Imblazoning the fury and conceat
VVhich on their sacred company await.

M. Drayton.

From these the Muses only are deriu'd,

VVhic

Which of the Angels were in nine contriu'd,
ese heauenly inspired babes of memory,
Which by a like attracting sympathy
lloes prophets in their furies wrought,
l in their spirit inchaunting numbers taught,
each such as at poesie repine,
t it is only heauenly and diuine.
l manifest her intellectuall parts,
ing the purest of the purest arts.
vnto these as by a sweet consent,
sphery circles are æquiualent:
the first mouer and the starry heauen,
lorious *Phœbe*, lowest of the seuen.
ch *Ioue* in tunefull Diapazons framde,
auenly musicke of the Muses namde:
hich the soule in her diuinitie
r Creator made of harmonie,
est she in fraile and mortall flesh doth liue,
r nine sundry offices do giue:
h offices vnited are in three,
h like the orders of the Angels bee,
guring thus by the number nine
oule, like to the Angels is diuine.

Idem.

--Prouide ye Princes whilest ye liue,
of the Muses ye be friended be:
vnto men eternitie doth giue,
ey be daughters of dame memorie,
ue, the father of Eternitie.
o those men in golden thrones repose,
merits they to glorifie do choose:

The seuenfold yron gates of grisly hell,
And horrid house of sad *Proserpina*,
They able are with power of mighty spell,
To breake, and thence the soules to bring away
Out of dread darknesse to eternall day.
And them immortall make which els would die
In fowle forgetfulnesse, and nameless lie.

Ed. Spencer.

---Wise words taught in numbers for to runne
Recorded by the Muses liue for aye,
Ne may with storming showers be washt away.
Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blast,
Nor age nor enuie shall them euer last.

Idem.

The Muses not long since intrapping loue
In chaines of Roses linked all aray:
Gaue bewtie charge to watch in their behoue
With Graces three, least he should wend away.
Who fearing yet he would escape at last,
On hie *Parnassus* top they clapt him fast.
When *Venus* vnderstood her soone was thrall,
She made post-haste to haue god *Vulcans* aide:
Sold him her Iemmes and Ceston therewithall,
To raunsome home her sonne that was betraid.
But all in vaine, the Muses made no store
Of gold, but bound him faster then before.

Th. VVatson.

The Muses basely beg or bibbe, or both, and must, for
They find as bad Bestoe, as is their portly beggery.

vv' vvarner.

Musicke.

...Thou sweet Musicke, dauncings only life,
he eares sole happinesse, the aires best speech:
oad-stone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
he soft minds paradize, the sicke mans leech.
ith their own tongue that trees & stones canst teach.
That when the aire doth daunce her finest measure,
Then art thou borne, the gods and mens sweet plea-
I. Dauies. (sure.

s without breath no pipe doth moue,
o Musicke kindly without loue.
S. *Phil. Sidney.*

lepiad did cure with Trompets sound,
ch men as first had lost their hearing quite:
nd many such as in their drinke lay drownd,
mon reuiu'd with tunes of graue delight:
And *Theophrast* when ought his mind oppresst,
Vsde Musicke sound to bring himselfe to rest.
ith sound of Harpe *Thales* did make recure
f such as laie with pestilence forlorne:
ith Organ pipes *Xenocrates* made pure
heir wittes, whose minds long lunacy had worne.
Th. Watson.

me that report great *Alexanders* life,
ney say that harmony so mou'd his minde:
hat oft he rose from meate to warlike strife,
t sound of Trompe, or noyse of battell kinde.
And then that Musicks force of softer vaine,
Caus'd him returne from strokes to meate againe.
Idem.

Nature.

Nature in which diuinitie doth shine,
Liuely presenting vnborne deitie:
Is that same spirit of reason most diuine,
Which causeth euery naturall worke to be.
All things she doth preserue, and can refine
Muddy pollutions from impietie.
Philosophy can teach no art nor ground,
Which Nature (elder borne) had not first found.

I. Markham.

---Nature in mans heart her lawes doth pen,
Prescribing truth to wit, and good to will,
Which do accuse, or els excuse all men,
For euery thought or practise good or ill.

I. Danies.

Nature aboue all things requireth this,
That we our kind do labour to maintaine.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Nature which headlong into life doth throng vs
With our feete forward to our graue doth bring vs:
What is lesse ours, then this our borrowed breath?
We stumble into life, we go to death.

Th. Bastard.

Inexplicable nature by the God of nature wroght, (thogh
Makes things seeme miracles to some, to some not wonders
And euery climates people both as they are men and liue,
Do differ: if obseru'd, she not admir'd doth giue
The workman rather thē the work extoll we, though in he
Not curiously, and all things to his prouidence refer.

W. Warner.

Natur

Nature hath powr'd inough in each mans lappe,
Could each man learne to vse his priuate happe.

Th. Storer.

---- Markes descried in mens natiuitie,
Are natures faults, not their owne infamie.

W. Shakespeare.

Nature is Learnings eyes, she natures thought,
Vse wanting either, is imperfect made,
They without vse, no better then a shade.

I. Markham.

--- Nature seemeth onely faire in chaunge.

D. Lodge.

--- Where nature failes in strength she addes in wit.

W. W.

Nature giues bewtie, fortune wealth in vaine.

Ed. Fairfax.

--- The desire of nature is not vaine,
She couets not impossibilities,
Fond thoughts may fall into some Idle braine,
But one assent of all is euer wise.

I. Danies.

Nature doth hate and shunne her contrarie.

Idem.

--- Nature teacheth euer
Who loues preferment, needs must loue the giuer.

Th. Storer.

Nobilitie.

If to be noble and hie thy mind be moued,
Consider well the ground and thy beginning,
For he that hath each starre in heauen fixed,

And

And giues the moone her hornes and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made the noble in his working:
So that wretched no way mayst thou bee,
Except foule lust and vice do conquer thee.

E. of Surrey.

Let each man cracke of that which was his owne,
Our present vertues are theirs, and no whit ours:
Who therefore will of noble birth be knowne,
Ought shine in vertue like his auncestors.
Gentry consisteth not in lands and townes,
He is a churle though all the world were his,
Yea *Arthurs* heire if that he liu'd amis.

M. of M.

Behold of nobles new the diuerse sourse,
Some vertue raiseth, some climbe by sluttish sorts:
The first though onely of themselues begunne,
Yet circle-wise into themselues do runne,
Within themselues therefore vnited so,
Both endlesse is, and stronger gainst their foe:
For when ends it that neuer hath begunne?
Or how may that hath not end, be vndone?
The other as by wicked meanes they grew,
And raignd by flatterie, or violence; so soone rue.
First stumbling step from honours old is vice,
Which once stept downe, some linger, none arise
To former Type: but they catch vertues spray,
Which raiseth them that climbe by lawfull way.
Beware to rise by seruing princely lust,
Surely to stand on mean, is rising iust.

M. of M.

The

The Rose although in thornie shrubs she spread,
Is still the Rose, her bewties waxe not dead.
And noble mindes, although the court be bare,
Are by resemblance knowne how great they are.

R. Greene.

A noble minde disdaineth seruitude.

Th. Kyd.

True nobleneſſe neuer doth the thing it should not.

Idem.

The noble heart that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with childe with glories great intent:
Can neuer rest vntill it forth haue brought
Th'eternall broode of glory excellent.

Ed. Spencer.

Old Age.

--- Next in order, sad old Age we found,
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blinde,
With drouping cheere still poaring on the ground
As on the the place where valour him assign'd
To rest, when as the sisters had vntwind
His vitall thred, and ended with their knife,
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

M. Sackuill.

Crookt backt he was, tooth-shaken and bleare eide,
Went on three feete, and sometime crept on foure,
With old lame bones that ratled by his side,
His scalpe all pild, and he with eld forlore,
His withered fist still knocking at deaths dore,
Fumbling and driueling as he drawes his breath,
In breefe, the shape and messenger of death.

G. Gascoigne. Transl.

O'd age and winter do accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that awrie.

Ed. Spencer.

--- He that plies the laps and lips of Ladies all his time,
And fals to arms when age fails arms, then also looseth time:
As if a beare in Moone-shine, should attempt the Moone to

W. Warner. (*clime.*

Our infancie is feeble, and our lustie youth vnstaid,
Our manhood carking, and our age more loathed then obaid.

Idem.

Our heires wax sickish of our health, too long our here abode
Mean while the nerer to our graues, the farther we frō God
Gripple in works, testie in words, loathsom for most at lēgth,
And such at foure score, as at foure, for maners wit and

Idem. (*strength.*

Eld is ordaind to counsell, youth to fight,
Age to foresee, yoong courage to inact.

D. Lodge.

Skill and experience good companions beene,
Age knoweth whatsoeuer youth hath seene.

S. I. H.

Decrepit age and hoary siluer haires,
till craueth helpe of lustie youthfull yeares.

G. Gascoigne.

is a common point whereon the aged grossly runne,
nce to haue dared said, & seene, more then was euer done.

W. Warner.

--- The equall age doth equall life desire.

S. *Daniel.*

nall drops God knowes do quench age heatlesse fire,
hen all the strength is onely in desire.

M. Drayton. *Opinion.*

Opinion.

O male-content ſeducing ghueſt,
Contriuer of our greateſt woes:
Which borne of winde and fed with ſhowes,
Doſt nurſe thy ſelfe in thine vnreſt,
Iudging vngotten things the beſt,
Or what thou in conceit deſigneſt.

S. Daniell.

Thou all things in the world doſt deeme,
Not as they are, but as they ſeeme, *Idem.*
Thou ſoule of pleaſure, houres onely ſubſtance,
Great arbitrator, vmpire of the earth,
Whom fleſhly Epicures call vertues eſſence
Thou mouing Orator, whoſe powerfull breath
Swaies all mens iudgements. Great Opinion,

I. Marſton.

Opinion is as various as light chaunge,
Now ſpeaking courtlike friendly, ſtraight as ſtrange.
Shee's any humours perfect paraſite,
Diſpleaſd with her, and pleaſd with her delight.
Shee is the Eccho of inconſtancie,
Soothing her no with nay, her I with yea.

E. Guilpin.

This ſyren or Opinion, wind-borne lame,
Seeking to eaſe vs, brings vs to vnreſt:
For it adiudgeth nothing it doth ſee,
By what it is, but what it ſeemes bee.

I. Markham.

We muſt in matters morall, quite reiect
Vulgar Opinion, euer led amiſſe:

And

And let autenticke reason be our guide,
The wise of truth, and wisedomes gouernesse.

G. Chapman.

Opportunitie.

Opportunitie thy guilt is great,
Tis thou that execut'st the traitors treason,
Thou setst the wolfe where he the lambe may get,
Who euer plots the sinne, thou points the season.
Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at lawiers reason:
And in thy shady Cell where none may spie him,
Sits sinne, to feare each soule that wanders by him.

W. Shakespeare.

Faire Opportunitie can winne the coyest she that is, (art,
Then he that rules her gamesome vaine, & tẽpers toies with
Brings loue that swimmeth in her eyes, to diue into her hart.

W. Warner.

When loue hath knit two parts in perfect vnitie,
They seldome faile to finde th'opportunitie.

S. I. Harrington.

Occasion.

Occasion's wingd, and euer flyeth fast,
Comming she smiles, and frownes once being past.

M. Drayton.

Now by the forehead let vs take Occasion,
Least after all our trauell and expence,
He hide away his haire, and turne his balld,
And we vnprouident bethought and calld.

S. I. H.

If lust or age doth minde assaile,
Subdue Occasion, so thou shalt preuaile.

Idem.

True iudgement sleight regards Opinion.

I. Marston.

Opinion how dost thou molest
Th'affected mind of restlesse man?
Who following thee neuer can,
Nor euer shall attaine to rest,
Forgetting what thou saist is best,
Yet loe, that best he findes farre wide,
Of what thou promisest before,
For in the same he look't for more,
Which proues but small when once is tried.

S. *Daniell.*

He onely treads the sure and perfect path
To greatnesse, who loue and opinion hath.

Idem.

Let vs esteeme Opinion as she is
Fooles bable, Innouations mistris.
The *Proteus Robin* good fellow of change,
Smithfield of faded fancies, and th'exchange
Of fleeting censures, nurse of heresie,
Begot by nature on inconstancie,
Its but the kisse of griefe, the peoples noise,
The tongue of humors and fantastick voice,
Of hairebraind apprehension: it respects
With all due titles, and that due neglects
Euen in one instant.

Ed. Guilpin.

Patience.

Patience doth beare a neuer pierced sheeld,
Whose brighrnesse hath enforc't more monsters yeeld,
Then that of vgly *Gorgons* head was made.

I. Syluister.

Patience is angers subiect, and controll'd
With euery fury, which men would redresse,
But cannot do it, for she is gentle milde,
Orecome and kept downe like a strengthlesse childe.

Ch. Middleton.

Patience a praise, forbearance is a treasure,
Sufferance an angell, a monster rage.

Ed. Fairfax.

Let gentle Patience profit thee, for Patience is a thing,
Whereby a begger gaineth of a discontented King.

VV. Warner.

Man in himselfe a litle world doth beare,
His soule the Monarch euer ruling there,
Where euer then his body do remaine,
He is a King that in himselfe doth raigne,
And neuer feareth fortunes hot'st alarmes,
That beares against her Patience for her armes.

M. Drayton.

The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chief

Ed. Sp.

What fortune hurts, let Patience onely heale,
To wisedome with extremities to deale.

M. Dr.

By patient sufferance could we mildly beare
With fortune, yet we equally might share,
And ouercomming that which all do feare.

By present cure, preuent ensuing care. *Idem.*
Who in distresse from resolution flies,
Is rightly said to yeeld to miseries.
That life is only miserable and vile,
From which faire Patience doth it selfe exile. *Idem.*
Though eyes want sight of that they would see faine,
The thought yet sees, and heart with patience likes it:
Long absence greeues thee when they meet againe,
Absence delights, and doth more pleasant make it
To serue and sue long time for little gaine,
So that all hope do not quite forsake it)
One may endure, for when the paine is past
Reward though long it staie, yet comes at last.

S. I. H.

Let *Brontes* and blacke *Steropes*
Sweat at the Forge their hammers beating:
An houre will come, they must affect their ease,
Though but while mettall's heating.
And after all their *Ætnean* ire,
„Gold that is perfect will out-liue the fire.
„„For Fury wasteth,
„„As Patienc lasteth.
„No armor to the Mind: „„He is shoot-fire
From Iniury,
That is not hurt; not hee, that is not hit:
So Fooles we see,
Oft scape their Imputation, more through luck, then (wit.

B. Iohnson.

Passion.

Passion deuours, but time digests our woe.

Paſſion beares hie, when puffing witts do blowe:
But is indeed a toy, if not a toy,
True cauſe of euils, and cauſe of cauſe doth ſhowe.

S. Phil. Sid

They only apteſt are for to reueale
Their priuate paſsions who the ſame do feele.

D. Lodge.

None doth liue not paſſionate of loue, ire, mirth or griefe.

W. VVarner.

A man may not of paſsions iudge aright,
Except his mind be from all paſsions free:
Nor can a Iudge his office well acquite,
If he poſſeſt of either partie bee.

I. Danies.

Parents.

It is as common as vnkind a fault
In youth (too ſubiect to this worlds aſſault)
To imitate, admit, and daily chuſe
Thoſe errors which their lawleſſe parents vſe.

D. Lodge.

If damned dice the father doth affect,
The ſelfe-like folly doth his heire infect.
If luſt, to luſt the ſonne is to procliue,
If fraud, by fraud his wanton race will thriue.
If ſurfit, ſurfit is eſteem'd no ſin,
For youth perſeuers as he doth begin.

Idem.

----From damned deeds abſtaine,
From lawleſſe riots and from pleaſures vaine.
If not regarding of thy owne degree,

'et in behalfe of thy posteritie,
or we are docible to imitate
)epraued pleasures, though degenerate.
e carefull therefore least thy sonne admit
y eare or eye things filthy or vnfit. *Idem.*
'he Babe is blest that godly parents bred,
nd sharpe-sweet tutors traine in louing dred:
ut chiefly that (in tender cradle bed)
Vith sincere milke of pietie is fed. *I. Syl.*

----*Charitable, godly, wise and continent were fit*
hould parents be; so prosper they, theirs, and whom they
W. Warner. *(beget.*

----Oft we see men so fond and blinde
'o carry to their sonnes too much affection:
'hat when they seeme to loue they are vnkinde,
or they do hate a childe that spare correction.
S. *I. H.*

----Parents thoughts in loue, oft steppe awry.
G. Peele.

)ur parents age worse then our graund-syres bee,
Ve worse, beget our children worse then wee.
Th. Storer.

Peace.

----Mother of the liuing, second nature
)f th'elements, fire, water, earth and aire:
'he grace whereby men clime the heauenly chaire,
Vhence voyd, this world harbors no happie creature.
)iller of lawes, religions pedestall,
Hope of the glory, glory of the immortall.
Honor of cities, pearle of kingdomes all,

The nurse of vertues, Muses chiefe supportall.
Patron of arts, of good the speciall spring.

I. Sylvester.

Heauens sacred nymph, faire goddesse that renuest
The golden age, and brightly now reveiwest,
Our cloudy skie, making our fields to smile,
Hope of the vertuous, horror of the vile.
Virgin vnseene, in *France* this many a yeare,
O blessed peace, we bid thee welcome heere.

Idem.

O holy peace by thee are only found,
The passing ioyes that euery where abound.

G. Gascoigne. Transl.

----Most sacred peace
Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds,
Weak she makes strong, & strong things does increa
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds.
Braue be her warres, and honorable deeds,
By which she tryumphs ouer ire and pride,
And wins an Oliue garland for their meeds.

Ed. Spencer.

Peace doth depend on reason, warre on force,
The one is humane, honest and vpright:
The other brutish, fostered by despight.
The one extreame, concluded with remorse,
The other all iniustice doth diuorce.

D. Lodge.

Peace brings in pleasure, pleasure breeds excesse,
Excesse procureth want, want worse distresse.
Distresse contempt, contempt is not repaired,
Till liueless death determine hope dispaired.
Warres greatest woes, and miseries increase,

Flowes frō the ſurfets which we take in peace. *B. Iohn.*

Pleaſure.

Phyſche inſtedfaſt loue and happie ſtate
With *Cupid* liues, and hath him borne a childe,
Pleaſure that doth both Gods and men aggrate.
Ed. Spencer.

Moſt eaſie is the way and paſſage plaine,
To Pleaſures pallace; it may ſoone be ſpide,
And day and night her doores to all ſtand open wide.
Idem.

Her face was wan, a leane and withered skin,
Her ſtature ſcant three horſloaues did exceed:
Her haire was gray of hue, and very thin,
Her teeth were gone, her gummes ſeru'd in their ſteed.
No ſpace there was betweene her noſe and chin,
Her noyſome breath contagion would breed.
In fine, of her it might haue well bene ſaid,
In *Neſtors* youth ſhe was a prettie maid.
S. I. Harr.

O poyſoned hooke that lurkes in ſugred bait
O Pleaſures vaine, that in this world are found:
Which like a ſubtill theefe do lie in wait
To ſwallow man in ſinke of ſin profound.
Idem.

---Reuels, daunces, maskes and merry howers,
Forerun faire loue, ſtrowing her way with flowers.
W. Sha.

O Pleaſure thou the very lure of ſin,
The roote of woe, our youths deceitfull guide:
Thop where all infected perſons bin,
The bait of luſt, the inſtrument of pride. Inchan-

Inchaunting *Circes* ſmoothing couert guile,
Alluring *Syren*, flattering Crocodile.

M. Drayton.

Pleaſures be poore, and our delights be dead,
When as a man doth not enioy the head.

Idem.

Neuer haue vniuſt pleaſures bene compleat
In ioyes intire; but ſtill feare kept the dore:
And held backe ſomething from that hell of ſweet,
To inter ſowre vnſure delights the more.
For neuer did all circumſtances meet
With thoſe deſires which were conceiu'd before.
Something muſt ſtill be left to cheare our ſin,
And giue a touch of what ſhould not haue bin.

S. *Daniell.*

Pleaſure is felt, opinion but conceiu'd.

Idem.

In feare her arts are learned now a daies,
To counterfait their haire and paint their skin:
But reaſons ring their craft and guile bewraies,
No wiſe men of their paintings paſſe a pin.

S. *I. H.*

Too much deſire to pleaſe, pleaſure diuorces,
Attempts, and not intreat, get Ladies larges.

G. Chapman.

Our fond preferments are but childrens toyes,
And as a ſhadow all our pleaſures paſſe:
As yeares increaſe, ſo waining are our ioyes,
And beautie crazed like a broken glaſſe,
A prettie tale of that which neuer was.

M. Drayton.

Pleaſ

---Pleasures neuer dine but on excesse,
Whose diet made to draw on all delight:
And ouercome in that sweet drunkennesse,
His appetite maintained by his sight,
Strengtheneth desire, but euer weakeneth might.
Vntill this vlcer ripening to an head,
Vomits the poyson which it nourished.

Idem.

Short houres worke long effects minutes haue change,
While pleasure ioyeth, paine more ripe doth growe.

Idem.

The secret sweet is sweetest, sweet to fall.

Th. Achilley.

---To them that know not pleasures price,
Alls one, a prison, or a paradice. *M. Drayton.*

Poesie.

All art is learnd by art, this art alone
It is a heauenly gift: no flesh nor bone
Can preise the hony we from *Pind* distill,
Except with holy fier his brest we fill.
From that spring flowes, that men of speciall choose
Consum'd in learning and perfit in prose:
For to make verse in vaine dois trauell take,
When as a prentise fairer words will make.

K. of S.

Whilome in ages past none might professe
But princes and hie priests that sacred skill:
The sacred lawes wherein they wont expresse,
And with deepe oracles their verses fill,
Then was he held in soueraigne dignitie,

And made the nourſling of nobilitie.
But now nor Prince nor Prieſt doth her maintaine,
But ſuffer her prophaned for to bee,
Of the baſe vulgar that with hands vncleane
Dares to pollute her hidden miſterie.
And treadeth vnderfoote her holy things,
Which was the care of *Keyſars* and of Kings.

Ed. Spencer.

Thoſe numbers wherwith heauen & earth are mou'd,
Shew, weaknes ſpeaks in proſe, but power in verſe.

S. *Daniell.*

----Man from man muſt holy parted bee,
If with his age his verſe do well agree.
Amongſt our hands, he muſt his wits reſing,
A holy traunce to higheſt heauen him bring.
For euen as humane fury makes the man
Leſſe then the man: ſo heauenly fury can
Make man paſſe man, and wander in holy miſt
Vpon the fiery heauen to walke at liſt.
Within that place the heauenly Poets ſought
Their learning, ſin to vs here downe it brought.
With verſe that ought to *Atropos* no due,
Dame Natures trunchmen, heauens interpret true,

K. of Scots.

The vaunted verſe a vacant head demaunds,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muſes dwell,
Vnwiſely weaues that takes two webbes in hand.

Ed. Spencer.

O peerleſſe Poeſie, where is then thy place?
If not in princes pallace thou doeſt ſit,
And yet is princes pallace the moſt fit.

C

Or breach of baſer birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee wings of thy aſpiring wit,
And whence thou cam'ſt fly backe to heauen apace.

Idem.

All art is learn'd by art, but poeſie
It is a gift diuine, and cannot die. *Idem.*
Like as into the waxe the ſeales imprent,
Is like a ſeale: right ſo the Poet gent,
Doth graue ſo viue in vs his paſſions ſtrange,
As makes the reader halfe in author change,
For Verſes force is ſike that ſoftly ſlides,
Through ſecret poris, and in our ſences bides,
As make them haue both good and ill imprented,
Which by the learned worke is repreſented.

K. of Scots.

--- Onely he of Lawrell is condigne,
Who wiſely can with profit pleaſure minge,
The faireſt walking on the ſea coaſt beene,
And ſureſt ſwimming where the braes are greene,
So wiſe is he who in his verſe can haue
Skill mixt with pleaſure ſports, with doctrine graue.

Idem.

Who euer caſts to compaſſe waightie priſe,
And thinks to throw out thundering words of threat:
Let power in lauiſh cups and thriftie bits of meat,
For *Bacchus* fruite is friend to *Phœbus* wiſe,
And when with wine the braine begins to ſweat,
The numbers flowe, as freely ſpring doth riſe.

Ed. Spencer.

Ridled poeſies and thoſe ſignificantly flowe,
Differ in eares, as do in mouths the apricocke and ſloe.

W. Warner.

What

What reason mou'd the golden *Augustine*
To name our Poetrie vaine errors wine?
Or *Hierome* deeply sighted in their euills,
To tearme it nothing but the foode of deuils:
Nought but the misimployment of our gifts,
Ordaind for Art, but spent in shamlesse shifts.

D. Lodge.

Looke as the sun-beame in a burning glasse,
Doth kindle fier where euer it doth passe,
But freely spread vpon th'engendring earth,
Egges on the spring, and bils the cause of dearth,
So Poesie restraind in errors bounds,
With poisoned words and sinfull sweetnesse wounds,
But cloathing vertue and adorning it,
Wit shines in vertue, vertue shines in it.

Idem.

Poets.

The Greekes do paint the Poets office whole,
In *Pegasus* their fained horse, with wings,
Whom shaped so, *Medusaes* bloud did foyle,
Who with his feete strake out the Muses springs
Fro flintie rocks to *Helicon* that clings,
And then flew vp into the starry skie,
And there abides among the Gods on hie:
For who that will a perfect Poet bee,
He must be bred out of *Medusaes* blood,
He must be chaste and vertuous as was shee,
Who to her power, the *Ocean* God withstood.
To th'end also his doombe be iust and good,
He must as she, looke rightly with one eie,

Truth

Truth to regard, ne write one thing awrit.
In courage eke, he must be like a horse,
He may not feare to register the right.
What though some frowne? thereof he may not force
No bit, ne raine his tender iawes may twight,
He must be arm'd with strength of wit and sprite,
To dash the rocks, darke causes and obscure,
Till he attaine the springs of truth most pure.
His houes also must pliant be and strong,
To riue the rocks of lust and errors blind.
In braineleſſe heads that alwaies wander wrong,
These must be bruis'd with reasons plaine and kind,
Till springs of grace do gush out of thy mind:
For till affections fond be from thee driuen,
In vaine is truth told, or good counsell giuen.
Like *Pegasus*, a Poet must haue wings,
To flie to heauen, or where him liketh best,
He must haue knowledge of eternall things,
Almightie *Ioue* must harbour in his brest,
With worldly cares he may not be oppreſt.
The wings of wit and skill must heaue him hier,
With great delight to ratifie desier.
He must also be lustie, free, and swift,
To trauell farre to view the trades of men.
Great knowledge oft is gotten by the shift,
Things that import he must be quicke to pen,
Reprouing vices sharply now and then.
He must be swift when touched tyrants chafe,
To gallope thence, to keepe his carkas safe.

M. of M.

A Poet

A Poet must be pleasant, not too plaine,
Faults to controll, ne yet to flatter vice,
But sound and sweete, in all things ware and wise.

Idem.

---- Poets onely pride,
Is vertue to aduance, and vice deride.

Ed. Spencer.

--- Poets right are like the pipe alway,
Who full doth sound, and emptie, staies to play:
Euen so their fury lasting, lasts their tone,
Their fury ceast, their muse doth stay anone.

K. of Scots.

When heauen would striue to doo the best she can,
And put an Angels spirit into a man,
Then all her powers she in that worke doth spend,
When she a Poet to the world doth send.
The difference onely twixt the Gods and vs,
Allowd by them, is but distinguisht thus.
They giue men breath, men by their powers are born,
That life they giue, the Poet doth adorne:
And from the world when they dissolue mans breath,
They in the world do giue man life in death.

M. Drayton.

--- Who so will with vertues deeds assay
To mount to heauen, on *Pegasus* must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide,
For not to haue bene dipt in *Lethe* Lake,
Could saue the sonne of *Thetis* for to die,
But that blind bard did him immortall make,
With Verses dipt, in deaw of *Castelie*,
Which made the Easterne Emperour to crie.
O fortunate yoong man whose vertue sound

So

So braue a trumpe thy vertues to resound.

Ed. Spencer.

Phisitions bills not patients but Apothecaries knowes,
Some moderne Poets be hardly inward so,
Not intellectually to write, is learnedly they trowe,
Whereby they hit capacities, as blind men hit the crowe.

W. Warner.

As now by melancholy walks, and thredbare coats we gesse,
At clients and at Poets none worke more, and profit lesse:
None make to more vnmade of more, the good of other men
For those enrich the gowmists, these eternize with their pen.
Yet soothly nods to Poets now, are largesse and but lost,
For Pallas *hermits liue secure, obscure in roofes embost.*

Idem.

The world and they so ill according bee,
That wealth and Poets hardly can agree:
Fewe liue in court, that of their good do care,
The muses friends are euery where so rare.

M. Draiton.

He giues a Poet that his verses heares. *Idem.*
But oh *Mecenas* is yclad in clay,
And great *Augustus* long ago is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for Poets on to play
For euer, who in dorring do, were dead,
The loftie verse of them was loued aye:
But after vertue, gan for age to stoupe,
And mightie manhood brought to bed of ease,
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preaze among the learned troope,
Tho gan the streames of flowing wits to cease,

And

And sun-bright honour pend in shamefull coope.

Ed. Spencer.

--- These frugall patrons who begin
To scantle learning with a seruile pay,
Make Poets thinke their negligence no sin,
The cold conceit of recompence doth stay,
Their fiery furie when they should begin,
The Priest vnpaid, can neither sing nor say,
Nor Poets sweetly write, except they meete
With some rewards for sermoning so sweete.

D. Lodge.

--- *Plutoes* Common-weale did packe
None of those Poets, who by Verse did make
The good men euill, and the wicked worse,
Whose pleasant words betraid the publike corse,
Nor those who in their songs good termes, alwaies
Ioynd with faire theames: whil'st thundring on the
Of God, iust thunderer; whiles this holy speach, (praise
Like *Hermes* did the way to strayers teach.

K. of Scots.

Plentie.

--- Such is th'effect of two much store,
It makes them loathe that which they lou'd before.

Ch. Middleton.

The stately Eagle on his pitch doth stand
And from the maine the fearefull foule doth suit,
Yet scornes to touch them lying on the land,
When he hath felt the sweete of his delight,
But leaues the same a pray to euery Kite,
With much we surfet, Plentie makes vs poore,

The

The wretched Indian ſcornes the golden Oare.

M. Drayton.

Pollicie.

O pollicie ſcarce knowne in times that's paſt,
Or being knowne, yet leaſt of moſt eſteemd,
Thy prouidence moſt worthily ſhall laſt,
And in theſe latter dayes be better deemd.

I. Markham.

--- Warre, honour doth deſerue,
Yet counſell in all Kingdomes pollicied,
Is farre more worthy and more dignified:
For armes but in extreames do neuer ſerue,
To reconcile and puniſh ſuch as ſwerue.

D. Lodge.

He that will gaine what pollicie doth heed,
By *Mercurie* muſt deale, or neuer ſpeed.

M. Drayton.

Grounded aduice in daunger ſeldome trips
The deadlieſt poyſon ſtill can ſafely drinke:
Foreſight, ſtands faſt where giddie raſhnes ſlides,
Wiſedome ſeemes blind, when eyed as a Linx
Preuention ſpeaketh ill, but what he thinkes,
The deadlieſt hate which ſmiles ſecurely ſtands.

Idem.

---- Pollicie religious habit weares.

Idem.

No *Pollicie* to ſilence now adaies.

Th. Storer.

Our troubles kept abroad, although to coſt,
Are well bought out, for leaſt by them is loſt.

D. Lodge.

Tis better farre thy enemy to aband
Quite from thy bowers to a ſtranger ſoyle,
Then he at home thee and thy country foyle.

M. of M.

The head that deemes to ouertop the skie,
Shall periſh in his humane pollicie.

R. Greene.

How oft haue watching pollicie deuizde
A cunning clauſe which hath himſelfe-ſurprizde?
How often hath leaud fraud bene ſet a flote
Of purpoſe that his goods might cut his throte?
Who builds on ſtrength by pollicie is ſtript,
Who hurts his wit by wit, is ſooneſt tript.

D. Lodge.

Endeuours polliticke take ſmall effect,
That wants aſſiſtance from the heauenly word:
Beſide ſome helpe muſt wealth and ſtate afford.
For iudgement vttered by the mouth of want,
Is either partiall or admired ſcant.

Th. Storer.

A Clergie man his calling much impaires,
To meddle with the polliticke affaires.

Idem.

Though *Marius* could begin and make the fray,
Yet *Scaurus* pollicie deſerues the baye.

D. Lodge.

Let *Catulus* with *Pompey* be comparde,
Or wittie *Cicero* with *Cateline*:
And to preuent with pollicie diuine,
That which the other ouer-raſhly darde,
Deſerues ſuch fame as may not be imparde.

Idem.

S

Say military vertues do require
A valiant heart, great ſtrength and conſtancie:
The ſelfe like gifts in ciuil pollicie,
Are requiſite for ſuch as do aſpire
To gaine renowne by counſell for their hire.

Idem.

A little harme done to a great good end,
For lawfull pollicie remaines inacted,
The poyſonous ſimple ſometime is compacted
In a pure compound; being ſo applied
His venome in effect is purified.

W. Sha.

Pouertie.

O pouertie, chiefe of the heauenly broode.

Ed. Fairfax.

---Such is the world, this croſ-blis world of ours,
That vertue hardly hides her ſelf in poore & deſart bowers.
And ſuch be beſt as ſeeme not beſt, content exceeds a crowne

VV. Warner.

---Powerfull need (arts auncient dame, and keeper)
The early watch-clocke of the ſlothfull ſleeper.

I. Syluëſter.

----Lacke is thrall and ſlaue to euery thing.

Th. Churchyard.

Need is miſtreſſe of all exerciſe.

Th. Baſtard.

A ſchollers want exceeds a clownes content.

Idem.

No danger but in hie eſtate, none erre in meane degree.

W. Warner.

---Where imperious need doth tyrannize,
The holy heate through worldly cares doth pawse
Its foild with earthly thoughts and downward drawes.
Hence come those dull conceits among the wise,
Which coy eard readers censure to proceed
From ignorance, whereas they grow by need.

D. Lodge.

The citizens like ponned pikes, the lesser feeds the great,
The rich for meat seek stomachs, and the pore for stomach (meat.

VV. VVarner.

Be as thou art, not as thou wouldst, it will be as it is,
Learne then to lack, and learn to liue, for crosses neuer misse.

Idem.

Prayer.

Prayers heart and sides, and feet, are full of wings
(Like to th'Arcadian which *Ioues* arrand brings)
Her body burning, from her lips doth come
The smoake of Incense, and of sweet *Amome.*

I. Sylueſter.

Heauens are propitious vnto fearfull prayers.

R. Greene.

Fasting (though faint) her face with ioy she cheares,
In weaknes strong, and young in aged yeares.
Quicke health preseruer, curbing *Cupids* fits,
Watchfull, purge humors, and refining wits. *I. Syl.*

Praise.

This false painted deitie called *Laude,*
Which makes vs thirst for vaine eternitie:
Twixt our desires and hope, a cunning baud

Vshers

ſhers the ſoule vnto extremitie:
nd helpt by ſlye inſinuating fraud,
ouers her deeds in ſcrowles of pietie.
I. Markham.

he hope of praiſe makes men no trauell ſhunne,
o ſay an other day this haue we donne.
S. I. H.

'ho rightly climes the top of endleſſe praiſe,
egards not what the wiſe diſcourſer ſaies.
Th. Storer.

----From praiſe takes enuie cauſe. *W. W.*

he chiefeſt praiſe is to imbrace the man
wealth and woe, with whom our loue began.
G. Turb.

he greateſt praiſe, in greateſt perils wonne.
Ed. Fairfax.

he looſer wantons ſild are praiſde of many,
ice oft findes friends, but vertue ſildome any.
M. Dray.

Athence where *Themiſtocles* remaind,
hough much he conquered by his regiments,
et *Solon* was more praiſed for his intents.
D. Lodge.

raiſe not the bewty of thy wife, though ſhe of fame be ſpred,
or Gyges moued ſo, did graft on Candales his bed.
VV. Warner.

Prouidence.

Prouidence the conduct to our life,
he ground of vertue, hoſtile foe to ſin:
'hat reareſt Towers, and appeaſeſt ſtrife:

Thou gathereſt all diſpearſed exiles in.
Thou that inuenteſt lawes gainſt man and wife.
Thou miſtreſſe vnto auncient diſcipline.
Thou that bear'ſt heauen and nature round about th
That makeſt all things, nothing being without thee.

I. Markham.

Pride.

Of griſly *Pluto* ſhe the daughter was,
And ſad *Proſerpina* the queene of hell:
Yet doth ſhe thinke her peerleſſe worth to paſſe,
That parentage with pride ſo doth ſhe ſwell,
And thundering *Ioue* that high in heauen doth dwe
And weeld the world, ſhe claimed for her ſire.
Or if that any els doth *Ioue* excell,
For to the higheſt ſhe doth ſtill aſpire,
Or if ought higher were, then that doth it deſire.
----And proud *Lucifera* men did her call.

Ed. Spencer.

O pride, the ſhelfe cloſe ſhrowded in the port
Of this lifes Ocean, drowning all reſort.

D. Lodge.

Pride makes her rownds, for ſhe hath neuer end,
And ſonnets, for ſhe neuer leaues her noyſe:
She makes her dumps if any thing offend,
And to her Idoll-ſelfe with warbling voyce
Sings Hymnes and Anthems of eſpeciall choyce.
And yet prides quiuer's put to ſilence cleane,
Wanting a baſe, a tenor, and a meane.

Th. Storer.

'he winged giant loftie ſtaring pride,
'hat in the cloudes her brauing breſt doth hide.

I. Syl.

ride is the roote of ill in euery ſtate,
he ſourſe of ſin, the very fiend his fee:
he head of hell, the bough, the braunch, the tree.
om which do ſpring and ſprout ſuch fleſhly ſeeds,
s nothing els but moane and miſchiefe breeds.

G. Gaſcoigne.

ide drawes on vengeance, vengeance hath no mean.
----*Nemeſis* hath euery howre reſeru'd
plague for pride that hath from iuſtice ſweru'd.

D. Lodge.

----Such is the nature ſtill of hautie pride,
n nothing leſſe then others praiſe abide.

M. of M.

---When once pride but pointeth toward his fall,
e beares a ſword to wound himſelfe withall.

M. Drayton.

----Loftie pride that dwells
towred courts, is oft in ſhepheards cells.

Ch. Marlowe.

roud man may his owne muſition bee,
s heads deuiſe makes pauins to his hart:
is heart with lippes and pleaſures daunceth free,
but the meaſures framing euery part
e organis worthy of ſo ſweet an art.
s thoughts plaies marches to his vaulting minde,
d memorie his Recorder ſtands behinde.

Th. Storer.

y without good, is good hearts greateſt loathing.

Ed. Spenser.

Princes.

Princes.

The very place wherein a Prince appeares
Diſcernes his preſence, makes his chamber bleſt:
Like Planets are they knowne within their ſpheares,
Or as *Halcion* with her luring breſt:
Demonſtrates winde from winde, and Eaſt from We
This is a certaine nature of eſtate,
It cannot masked be, nor chaunge his gate.

Th. Storer.

A Princes ſafetie lies in louing people,
His fort is Iuſtice (free from ſtratageme)
Without the which ſtrong citadels are feeble,
The ſubiects loue is wonne by louing them.
Of louing them no oppreſſion is the tryall,
And no oppreſſion makes them euer loyall.

I. Syl.

To be a Prince, is more then be a man.

S. *Daniell.*

---Princes are the glaſſe, the ſchoole, the booke
vvhere ſubiects eies do liue, do read, do looke.

vv. vvarner.

Howbeit ſubiects falſly iudge their Princes bleſſed are,
vvhen both of peace & perils they contain the common c
And yet for this they grudgingly from pounds a penny ſpa

Idem.

Princes in ſubiects wrōgs muſt deem themſelues ab

S. *Phil. Sidney.*

Priuate men ſound not the hearts of Princes,
Whoſe actions oft beare contrary pretences.

S. *Daniell.*

Pri

Princes like Lyons neuer will be tamde,
A priuate man may yeeld and care not howe,
But greater hearts will breake before they bowe.
Idem.

The Princes armes are ſtretcht from ſhore to ſhore.
M. Drayton.

---As the pawnce doth circle with the Sunne,
So to the vice, or vertue of the Prince, are people wonne.
W. Warner.

Good Princes ſorrow more in puniſhing,
Then euil ſubiects in committing ſin.
Ch. Mid.

uen as defaults will more conſpicuous be
low much th'offender greater is eſteemd:
o vertue in a princely body ſeene,
amp-like and far more excellently deemd,
hat in ſuch vnitie its ſeldome ſeene.
In mutuall approach of higheſt bliſſe,
Whether more graced each by other is.
Th. Storer.

happie Princes whoſe foreſight and care
an winne the loue of writers in ſuch ſort
s *Cæſars* did, ſo as you need not dread
he lake of *Læthe* after ye be dead.
S. I. H.

----Princes neuer do themſelues more wrong
hen when they hinder iuſtice or prolong.
Idem.

whoſe high breſt may Iuſtice build her bower
hen Princes hearts wide open lye to wrong?
G. Gaſcoigne,

We imitate the greater powers,
The princes manners, fashion ours:
The example of their light regarding,
Vulgar loosenes much incenses,
Vice vncontroll'd, growes wide inlarging,
Kings small faults be great offences.

S. Daniell.

Oft for the pleasure of a prince go many things awry.

VV. Warner.

Princes like sinnes be euermore in sight,
Ill see the clouds which do eclips their light.
Yet they which light all downe from their skies,
See not the cloudes offending others eies.
And deeme their nooncide is desirde of all,
When all exspect cleare changes by their fall.

M. Dray.

Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honor for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imagination
They often feele a world of restlesse cares.
So that betwixt their titles and low names
Their's nothing differs but the outward fame.

W. Sha.

Seld shall you see the ruine of a prince,
But that the people eke like brunt do beare:
And old records of auncient times long since
From age to age, yea almost euery where,
With proofe hath glutted euery yeare.
Thus by the follies of the princes hart,
The bounden subiect still receiueth smart.

G. Gascoigne.

Quietnes

Quietneſſe.

The wind is great vpon the higheſt hills,
The quiet life is in the dale below:
Who tread on yce ſhall ſlide againſt their wills,
They want not cares that curious arts would know.
Who liues at eaſe and can content him ſo
Is perfit wiſe, and ſets vs all to ſchoole:
Who hates this lore, may well be call'd a foole.

M. of M.

---Quietnes the onely nurſe or eaſe.

M. Dray.

Well wot I ſooth they ſay that ſay, more quiet nights and daies,
The ſhepheard ſleeps & wakes, then he whoſe cattell he doth graze.

VV. Warner.

Reaſon.

----Logicke, reaſon in a daunce
(Reaſon the *Cynoſure* and bright load-ſtarre
In this worlds ſea) t'auoyd the rocke of chaunce,
For with cloſe following and continuance,
One reaſon doth another ſo enſue,
As in concluſion ſtill the daunce is true.

I. Dauies.

----Reaſon ſhould haue abilitie
To hold theſe worldly things in ſuch proportion,
As let them come or go with euen facilitie.

S. *Phil. Sidney.*

----Euery thing that is begun with reaſon
Will come by ready meanes vnto his end,
But things miſcounſelled, muſt needs miſwend.

Ed. Spencer.

Reaſon

Reason by prudence in her function,
Had wont to tutor all out action,
Ayding with precepts of Philosophie
Our feebled natures imbecillitie,
But now affection with concupiscence,
Haue got ore reason chiefe preheminence.

I. Marston.

What warre so cruell, or what siege so sore
As that which strong affections do applie
Against the fort of reason euermore,
To bring the soule into captiuitie?
Their force is fairer through infirmitie
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tirannie,
Vpon the parts brought into their bondage;
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull villanie.

Ed. Spencer.

But in a body which doth freely yeeld
His parts to reasons rule obedient,
And letteth not that ought the scepter weeld,
All happie peace and goodly gouernment.
Is setled there in sure establishment.

Idem.

He that is of reasons skill bereft,
And wants the stuffe of wisedome him to stay,
Is like a subiect midst of tempest left,
Without en helme or pilot her to sway,
Full sad and dreadfull is that ships euent:
So is the man that wante intendment,

Idem.

Reason doth teach vs that the care is vaine,

For

For ill once past which cannot turne againe.

Th. vvatson.

If reason bandie with opinion,
Opinion winnes in the conclusion:
For if a man be once opinionate,
Millions of reasons will extenuate,
His forced malice: conference
Cannot asswage opinions insolence.
But let opinion once lay batterie
To reasons fort, she will turne heresie
Or superstition, wily politist,
But she will win those rampires which resist.

Ed. Gilpin.

---Nought can reason auaile in heauenly matters.

S. Phil. Sid.

She whom sauns reason men haue reason hight,
Since first in fire the Lord the aire inclosde:
In aire the sea, in sea the earth disposde
Hath with mild faith maintaind continuall fight.

I. Sylvester.

---The eye of reason is with raging ybent. *Ed. Sp.*

Religion.

Sacred Religion, mother of forme and feare.

S. *Daniell.*

O that this power from euerlasting giuen,
The great alliance made twixt God and vs.
The intelligence that earth doth hold with heauen.
Sacred Religion, O that thou must thus
Be made to smooth our vniust vneuin,
Brought from aboue earths quarrell to discusse.

Must

Muſt men beguile our ſoules to win our wills,
And make our zeale the furtherer of ills?

Idem.

No one quailes religion more then foundring vresbitie,
Each ſot impugning order, ſaith and doth his infancie.

W. Warner.

What may not miſchiefe of mad man abuſe?
Religions cloake ſome one to vice doth chuſe.
And maketh God protector of his crime,
O monſtrous world, well ought we wiſh thy fine.

M. of M.

---Engliſh men, nay Chriſtian men, not only ſeeme prophane,
But man to man, as beaſt to beaſt hold ciuil duties vaine.
Yea pulpits ſome like pedlers packs yeeld forth as men affect:
And what a Synode ſhould conclude, a ſouter doth correct.
The rude thus boſting literature, one ſin begets another (ther
And groſly thogh a ſchiſme, yet hath ech Schiſmatick his bro
Mean while the learned wãt their meed, & none with profit
The tedious dolt whoſe artleſſe tong doth preach to (hears,
VV. VVarner. (verie eares.

---Since pure religion doth inſtall
Learned profeſſors, Prelates of deſerts,
Let them aſpire and reae inſtructed harts
Againſt the baſe beſtowers of church liuings,
That vſe their graunts in tellings, not in giuings.

Th. Storer.

Repentance.

Repentance makes two riuers of her eies,
Her humble face dares ſcant behold the skies:
Her broken breaſt is beaten blew and blacke,

Her

Her tender fleſh is rent wih rugged ſacke,
With ſorrowes ſnowes her hoary waxen head,
With aſhes pale, and duſt is ouerſpread.

I. Syluiſter.

Repentance, hope, and ſoft humilitie,
Do ſlanke the wings of faiths triumphant carre,

Idem.

Repentance,
A ſalue, a comfort, and a cordiall,
He that hath her, the keies of heauen hath,
This is the guide, this is the port, the path.

M. Drayton.

O happie they that keepe within their meaſure,
To turne their courſe in time, and ſound retreit,
Before that wit which late Repentance tought,
Were better neuer had then ſo deare bought.

S. I. H.

Sinnes haue their ſalues, repentance can do much,

R. Greene.

--- To be penitent for faults, with it a paron beares.

W. W.

Then hope we health when ſinne is left repentantly in hart,
Adde then new life, and we to God, God doth to vs conuart.

Idem.

Yet ſtay thy feete in murders vgly gate,
Ill comes to ſoone, repentance oft too late. *M. Dr.*
Their liues no man ſo ſetled in content,
That hath not daily whereof to repent.

D. Lodge.

We ſee what's good, and thereto we conſent,
But yet we chuſe the worſe and ſoone repent.

S. Daniell.

Reſt.

Rest.

--- What so strong,
But wanting rest, will also want of might?
The sunne that measures heauen all day long,
At night doth bath his steeds, th'Ocean waues among.
Ed. Spencer.

Vntroubled night they say, giues counsell best.
Idem.

Who long hath rested cannot runne apace,
The fettered horse is hindmost in the chase.

Reuenge.

--- Next within the entrie of the gate,
Sate fell reuenge, gnashing her teeth with ire,
Deuising meanes how she may vengeance take,
Neuer in rest till she haue her desire.
But frets within so farre forth with the fier
Of wreaking flames, that now determines shee,
To die by death, or vengd by death to bee.
M. Sackuill.

O fearefull frowning *Nemesis*,
Daughter of iustice most seuere,
That art the worlds great arbitresse,
And Queene of causes raigning heere.
S. Daniell.

Fierce *Nemesis* mother of fate and change,
Sword bearer of th'eternall prouidence. *Idem.*

--- *Nemesis whose hastie reuenging*
Hands are euer at hand: whose mind is mutable alwaies,
At miseries laughing, at mens felicitie grudging.
A. Fraunce. --- *Nemesis*

---. *Nemesis* hie mistris of reuenge,
That with the scourge keepes all the world in awe.
Th. Dekkar.

The minde by wrong is made a male-content,
And cloudes her shine in pleasleſſe melancholy,
Her holy humours are in passion spent,
Till by reuenge shee's set at libertie.
For tis reuenge that satisfaction brings
To iniur'd mindes, and to oppreſſed things.
I. Markham.

The soule is like a boystrous working sea,
Swelling in billowes for disdaine of wrongs,
And tumbling vp and downe from bay to bay,
Proues great with child of indignations.
Yet with reuenge is brought to calme allay,
Disburdend of the paine thereto belongs.
Her bowers are turnd to bright-fac't sun-shine braues,
And faire content plaies gently on her waues.
Idem.

Reuenge dies not, rigour begets new wrath,
And bloud hath neuer glory, mercie hath. *S. D.*
Reuenge is mine, saith he that sits on hie.
Th. Achelly.

O dire reuenge when thou in time art rakte,
From out the ashes that preserue thee long,
And lightly from thy cinders art awakte,
Fuell to freedome, and reuiu'd with wrong:
How soone from sparks the greatest flames art sprung?
Which doth by nature to his top aspire,
Whose massy greatnes once kept downe his fier.
M. Drayton.

Reuenge in tears doth euer wash his hands, *Idem.* Who

Who so doth threat meanes of reuenge doth loose.

S. D.

Had I reuenged bene of euery harme,
My coate had neuer kept me halfe so warme.

G. Gascoigne.

Though vengeance come behind, and her foote sore,
She ouertakes th'offender going before.

Riches. Description of Mammon.

At last he came vnto a gloomy glade,
Couered with boughes and shades from heauen light:
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade,
An vncouth, saluage, and vnciuill wight,
Of grisly hue, and foule ilfauoured sight:
His face with smoake was tand, and eies were bleard,
His head and beard with sowte were all bedight,
His coale blacke hands did seeme to haue bene seard,
In smith-fiers spitting forge, & nails like claws appeard
His Iron coate all ouergrowne with rust,
Was vnderneath enueloped with gold,
Whose glittering glose darkened with filthy dust
Well it appeared to haue bene of old,
A worke of rich entraile and curious molde,
Wouen with Anticks and wilde Imagerie,
And in his lap a masse of coyne he tolde
And turned vpside downe to feed his eie,
A couetous desire with his huge treasurie:
And round about him lay on euery side,
Great heapes of gold that neuer could be spent,
Of Mulcibers deuouring element:
Some others were nere driuen and distent

In

Into great Ingoes and to wedges ſquare,
Some in round plates without monument:
But ſome were ſtampt, and in their end all bare,
The Anticke ſhapes of Kings and *Keyſars*, ſtrange and (rare.
Ed. Spencer.

Mammon.

----I riches reade
And deeme them roote of all diſquietnes:
Firſt got with guile, and then preſeru'd with dread,
And after ſpent with pride and lauiſhnes:
Leauing behind them griefe and heauines.
Infinit miſchiefes of them do ariſe,
Strife and debate, blood-ſhead and bitternes,
Outragious wrong, and helliſh couetize,
That noble heart as great diſhonor doth deſpiſe.
Idem.

----It's but a little ſlide
That doth the houſe of riches from her mouth diuide.
Before the doore ſate ſelfe-conſuming care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward:
For feare leaſt force or fraud ſhould vnaware
Breake in and ſpoyle the treaſure there ingard.
Ne would he ſuffer ſleepe once thitherward
Approach, albe his drowſie den were next,
For next to death is ſleepe to be compar'd,
Therefore his houſe is vnto his annext,
Here ſleep, there riches, & hel gate them both betwixt.
Ed. Spencer. (not miſſe,

VVell may a rich mans hearſe want teares, but heires he ſhall
To whom that he is dead at length no little ioy it is.
vv. vvarner.

Good is no good, but if it be ſpend,
God giueth good for no other end.

Ed. Spencer.

Veſſels of braſſe, oft handled brightly ſhine,
What difference betweene the richeſt mine
And baſeſt earth, but vſe? for both not vſde
Are of little worth: then treaſure is abuſde
When miſers keepe it, being put to lone,
In time it will returne vs two for one.

Ch. Marlowe.

Gold is a ſutor, neuer tooke repulſe,
It carries Palme with it, (where e're it goes)
Reſpect, and obſeruation; it vncouers
The knottie heads of the moſt ſurly Groomes,
Enforcing yron doores to yeeld it way,
Were they as ſtrong ram'd vp as *Aetna* gates.
It bends the hams of Goſſip Vigilance,
And makes her ſupple feete, as ſwift as winde.
It thawes the froſtieſt, and moſt ſtiffe diſdaine:
Muffles the clearneſſe of Election,
Straines fancie vnto foule Apoſtacie.
And ſtrikes the quickeſt-ſighted Iudgement blinde.
Then why ſhould we diſpaire? diſpaire? Away:
Where Gold's the Motiue, women haue no Nay.

B. Iohnſon.

Wealth in this age will ſcarcely looke on merit.

Idem.

---Gentry doth ſmall auaile,
And vertue leſſe, if lands and riches faile. S. *I. H.*

Sacriledge.

The common text ſhall haue a common gloſſe, Re-

Receits in parcels, shall be paid in grosse.
This doctrine preach'd who from the church doth take
At last shall trebble restitution make. *M. Dray.*

Secrecie.

----Secrecie the crowne of a true Louer.
M. Drayton.

----Hard it is to proue
By sight or speech, what bides in secret brest.
S. I. H.

----What can so secret bee,
But out of it will when we do least suspect?
For posts haue eares, and walles haue eyes to see,
Dumbe beasts and birds haue toongs ill to detect.
Idem.

Silence.

Dumbe Silence, sworne attendant on black night,
Thou that hast power to close vp murmures iawe:
To stop the barking of the watchfull hound,
And charme the gagling of those waking fowle,
That sau'd *Ioues* Capitoll, milde Queene of rest.
Th. Dekkar.

Soft Silence, and submisse obedience,
Both linkt together neuer do depart:
Both gifts of God, nor gotten but from thence,
Both girlonds of his saints, against their foes offence.
Ed. Spencer.

----Silence wisedomes mother.
S. Phil. Sidney.

Silence doth seem the maske of base oppression. *Idem.*

Sences.

Although things sensible be numberlesse,
But only fiue the Sences organs bee:
And in those fiue all things their formes expresse,
Which we can touch, taste, feele, or heare or see.

I. Danies.

Mans eye makes what is seene to seeme so faire,
Mans eare makes what is heard to sound so sweete:
His touch by softnesse euery sence is meete
For his owne obiect.

Idem.

Sight.

---The two eyes which haue the seeing power,
Stand as one watchman, spie, or Sentinell:
Being plac'd aloft within the heads hie tower,
And though both seeing, yet both but one thing tell.

Idem.

----Nine things to sight required are,
The power to see, the light, the visible thing:
Being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too farre,
Cleare space; and time the forme distinct to bring.

Idem.

Like as a glasse is an inanimate eye,
And outward formes imbraceth outwardly,
So is the eye an animate glasse that showes
In formes without vs.

G. Chapman.

What we behold is censured by the eyes,
Where both deliberate the loue is slight:

Who

Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

Ch. Marlowe.

I trow that countenance cannot lye,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

M. Roydon.

Often the eye mistakes, the braine being troubled.

W. Sha.

All amorous eyes obseruing forme, thinks parts obscured (best.

vv. vvarner.

A greedy eye will haue a greedy hand.

D. Lodge.

----A monstrous rabblement
Of fowle mishapen wights, of which some were
Headed like Owles, with beakes vncomely bent:
Others like dogs, others like gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare.
And euery one of them had Linceus eies,
And euery one did bowes and arrowes beare.
All those were lawlesse lusts, corrupt enuie,
And couetous aspects, all cruell enemies.
Those same against the bulwarke of the sight
Did laie strange siege and battailous assault,
Ne once did yeeld it respit day or night,
But soone as *Titan* gan his head exault,
And soone againe as he his light withhault
Their wicked engines they against it bent:
That is each thing by which the eyes may fault.
But to them all more huge and violent,
Bewtie and money; they that bulwarke shroudly rent.

Ed. Spencer.

Hearing.

Eares office is the troubled aire to take,
Which in their mazes formes a ſound or noyſe,
Whereof her ſelfe doth true diſtinction make.
The wickets of the ſoule are plac'd on hie,
Becauſe all ſounds do lightly mount aloft:
And that they may not pierce too violently,
They are delaid with turnes and windings oft.

I. Dauies.

As ſtreames which with their winding bankes do play,
Stopt by their creekes runne ſoftly through the plaine:
So in the eares labyrinth the voyce doth ſtay,
And doth with eaſie notice touch the braine.

Idem.

It is the ſlow'ſt yet the daintieſt ſence,
For euen the eares of ſuch as haue no skill,
Perceiue a diſcord and conceiue offence,
And knowing not what's good, yet finde the ill.

Idem.

Theſe conduit pipes of knowledge the minde,
But th'other three attend the body ſtill:
For by their ſeruices the ſoule doth finde
What things are to the body good or ill.

I. Dauies.

The ſecond bulwarke was the hearing ſence,
Gainſt which the ſecond troupe deſignment makes
Deformed creatures, in ſtraunge difference,
Some hauing heads like harts, ſome like to ſnakes,
Some wild like boares, late rowz'd out of the brakes.
Slaunderous reproaches and foule infamies,

Leaſings

Leasings, backbitings, and vaine-glorious crake.
Bad counsels, praises and false flatteries,
All those against that first did send their batteries.

Ed. Spencer.

Smelling.

Next, in the nosthrils she doth vse the Smell,
As God the breath of life in them did giue:
So makes he now his power in them to dwell,
To iudge all aires whereby we breathe and liue.
This sence is also mistresse of an art,
Which to soft people sweet perfumes doth sell:
Through this deare art doth little good impart,
Since they smell best that doth of nothing smell.
And ye good sents do purifie the braine,
Awake the fancie, and the wittes refine:
Hence old deuotion in aduise did ordaine,
To make mens spirits more apt to thoughts diuine.

I. Danies.

Likewise that same third sort that is the smell,
Of that third troupe was cruelly assaide:
Whose hideous shapes were like to fiends of hell.
Some like to hounds, some like to apes dismaide.
Some like to puttocks all in plumes arraide,
All shapte according their conditions,
For by those ougly formes werren portraide
Foolish delights and fond abusions,
Which do that sence besiege with light illusiõs. *Ed. Sp.*

Tasting

The bodies life with meates and aire is fed,
Therefore the soule doth vse the tasting power,
In vaines which through the tong & pallat spred. Dis-

Distinguish euery relish sweet and sower.
This is the bodies nurse: but since mans wit
Found the Art of cookery to delight his sence,
More bodies are consumde and kild with it,
Then with the sword, famine, or pestilence.

I. Danies.

---That fourth band which cruell battery bent
Against the fourth bulwarke, that is the taste:
Was as the rest, a grisly rabblement,
Some mouth like greedy Estriges, some fac'st
Like loathly Toades, some fashioned in the waste
Like swine, for so deseru'd his luxurie,
Surfet, misdiet, and vnthriftie warke,
Vaine feasts, and idle superfluitie,
All those this sences fort assaile incessantly. *Ed. Sp.*

Feeling.

Lastly, the feeling power which is lifes roote,
Through euery liuing part it selfe doth shed,
By sinewes which extend from head to foote,
And like a net all ouer the body spred.
Much like a subtill spider which doth sit
In middle of her web which spreddeth wide:
If ought do touth the outmost thred of it,
She feeles it instantly on euery side.

I. Danies.

By touch the first pure qualities we learne,
Which quicken all things, hot, cold, moist, and drie:
By touch, hard, soft, rough, swoot, we do discerne,
By touch, sweet pleasure and sharpe paine we trie.
These are the outward instruments of sence.

These are the guardes which euery one must passe,
Ere it approach the mindes intelligence,
Or touch the phantasie, wits looking glasse.

Idem.

But the fift troupe most horrible of hue,
And fierce of force was dreadfull to report:
For some like snailes, some did like spiders shewe,
And some like ougly vrchins thicke and short,
Cruelly they assailed that fift sort.
Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
With strings of carnall lust and strong effect.
Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
Against the same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

Ed. Spencer.

Sinne.

First we do taste the fruite, then see our sin.

S. Daniell.

Shame followes sin, disgrace is daily giuen,
Impietie will out, neuer so closely donne,
No walles can hide vs from the eye of heauen,
For shame must end what wickednes begun,
Forth breakes reproach when we least thinke thereon.

Idem.

Like as diseases common cause of death,
Bring daunger most when least they pricke and smart:
Which is a signe they haue expulst the breath
Of liuely heate which doth defend the hart,
Euen so such sinnes as felt are on no part,
Haue conquered grace, and by their wicked vre,
So kild the soule that it can haue no cure.

Sinnes harueſt neuer failes, but grace hath death.

D. Lodge.

Couer thou fier neuer ſo cloſe within,
Yet out it will, and ſo will ſecret ſin.

M. of M.

It doubles ſinne if ſinely ſinne we practiſe to preuent.

W. W.

Man may ſecurely ſinne, but ſafely neuer.

B. Ihonſon.

What wight on earth can voyd of fault be found?
What Saint is that who doth not ſinne ſometime?
Tweene good and bad this difference ſole is found,
That good men ſinne but ſeld, and mend betime.
The bad man (making ſcruple none nor queſtion)
Yeelds willingly to euery leaud ſuggeſtion.

S. I. H.

Sinnes oft aſſaid, ere thought to be no ſin.
So ſoileth ſinne, the ſoule it ſinketh in.

M. of M.

Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at firſt comming,
For nature checks a new offence with loathing,
But vſe of ſinne doth make it ſeeme as nothing.

S. Daniell.

What though our ſinnes go braue and better clad?
They are as thoſe in rags, as baſe, as bad.

Idem.

The ſpot is foule, though by a Monarch made.
Kings cannot priuiledge a ſinne forbade.

Idem.

---- Sinne euer muſt
Be torturde with the racke of his owne frame,

or he that holds no faith, shall finde no truſt,
ut ſowing wrong, is ſure to reape the ſame.

Idem.

---- Cunning ſinne being clad in vertues ſhape,
lies much reproofe, and many ſtormes doth ſcape.

D. Lodge.

---*Place for people, people place, and all for ſinne decay.*

vv. vvarner.

o puniſh ſinne is good, it is no nay,
hey wrecke not ſinne, but merit wrecke for ſinne
he fathers fault that wreake vpon the kin.

M. of M.

he ſinne to which a man by loue is driuen,
o much the rather ought to be forgiuen.

S. I. H.

Slaunder.

er face was vgly, and her mouth diſtort,
oming with poyſon round about her gils,
n which her curſed tongue full ſharpe and ſhort,
Appeard like *Aſpes* ſting, that cloſely kils,
Or cruelly does wound, whom ſo ſhe wils,
A diſtaffe in her other hand ſhe had,
Vpon the which ſhe litle ſpins but ſpils,
And faine to weaue falſe tales and leaſings bad
To throw amongſt the gods which others had diſpred.

Ed. Sp.

Her nature is, all goodneſſe to abuſe,
And cauſeleſſe crimes continually to frame:
With which ſhe guiltleſſe perſons may abuſe,

And stole away the crowne of her good name,
Ne euer knight so bold, ne euer dame
So chaste and loyall liu'd, but she would striue
With forged cause, them falsly to defame.
Ne euer thing was done so well aliue,
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise de-
priu (*Idem.*
All like the stings of Asps, that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words do pierce and wound the inner
par (*Idem.*
Foule canker of faire vertuous action,
Vile blaster of the fresh bloomes here on earth,
Enuies abhorred child detraction.
I. Marston.
Happie is he that liues in such a sort,
That need not feare the tongues of false report.
E. of S.
The vulgar tongues are armed euermore
With slaunderous brute, to blemish the renowne
Of vertuous dames, which though at first it spring,
Of slender cause, yet doth it swell so fast,
As in short space it filleth euery eare
With swift report of vndeserued blame.
G. Gascoigne.
--- It euer hath bene knowne,
They other vertues scorne that doubt their owne.
S. Daniell.
No plaister heales a deadly poysoned sore,
No secret hid where slaunder keepes the dore.
M. Drayton.

Against

gainſt bad tongues goodneſſe cannot defend her,
hoſe be moſt free from faults, they leaſt will ſpare,
ıt prate of them whom they haue ſcantly knowne,
dging their humours to be like their owne.

S. I. H.

ınder once ſet on foot though falſe, is talkt in euery ſtreet.

VV. VVarner.

) wound with warlike hand of enemie
ſict with dint of ſword ſo ſore doth light,
doth the poyſonous ſting which infamie
ſuſeth in the name of noble wight.
neuer can recured be againe,
all the skill which that immortall ſpright
Podalyrius did in it retaine,
n remedie ſuch hurts: ſuch hurts are helliſh paine.

Ed. Sp.

ſprightly wit diſdaines detraction.

I. Marſton.

ckbiting pens, and pens that ſooth vp ſinne,
ıious the one, th'other clawbacks binne. *I. Syl.*

Sleepe.

ıidſt a darke thicke wood there is a caue,
ıoſe entrance is with Iuie ouerſpread,
ey haue no light within, nor none they craue,
re Sleepe doth couch her ouerdrowſie head,
d ſloath lies by that ſeemes the goute to haue,
d Idlenes not ſo well taught as fed,
ey point forgetfulnes the gate to keepe,
at none come out or in to hinder Sleepe.
knowes no meanes of men, ne none will learne,
eir meſſages ſhe liſt not vnderſtand: Shee

She knowes no busines doth her concerne,
Silence is Sentinell of all this band,
And vnto those he comming doth discerne
To come too neere, he beckens with his hand,
He treadeth soft, his shooes are made of felt,
His garment short, and girded with a belt.

S. I. H.

By care lay heauie sleepe, the couzen of death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone:
A very corps, saue yeelding forth a breath,
Small keepe tooke he whom fortune frownd on,
Or whom she lifted vp into the throne
Of high renowne: but as a liuing death,
So dead aliue, of life he drew the breath. *M. Sack*
A drowsie head to earth by dull desire
Draws downe the soule that should to heauen aspire
Writing these later lines, wearie well-nie
Of sacred *Pallas*, pleasing labour deare,
Mine humble chin saluteth oft my brest,
With an Ambrosian deawe mine eies possest
By peece-meale close; all moouing powers die still,
From my dull fingers drops my fainting quill.
Downe in my sloath-bound bed againe I shrinke,
And in darke *Læthe* all deepe cares I sinke. *I. S.*

Solitarinesse.

Sweete solitarie life thou true repose,
Wherein the wise contemplate heauen aright,
In thee no dread of warre or worldly foes,
In thee no pompe seduceth mortall sight.
In thee no wanton eares to winne with words,
Nor lurking toies which silly life affords. *D. L. S.*

Souldiers.

--- O Souldiers enuie neere ally to Kings
Maiesticke humour, carefull iealous thought:
Thou, which awak'st vs from ignoble things,
A passion neareſt to a godhead brought.
Onely indefinite: to whom none brings
Limit or bound, thou greater then our thought,
Who holds thee, holds a power to make him able,
Who looſes then, becomes moſt miſerable. *I. Mark.*
None is ſo poore of ſence and eine,
To whom a ſouldier doth not ſhine. *G. Chap.*
No elegancie can bewtifie
A ſhameleſſe lumpe of gluttonie:
His heart ſweete *Cupids* tents reiects,
That onely meate and drinke affects.
O *Flora* all mens intellects,
Know ſouldiers power ſuch reſpects,
Meere helpes for need his minde ſufficeth,
Dull ſleepe and ſurfets he deſpiſeth:
Loues trumpe his temples exerciſeth,
Courage and loue his life compriſeth. *Idem.*

Soule.

--- He that ſpread the skies
And fixt the earth, firſt form'd the ſoule in man,
This true *Prometheus* firſt made men of earth,
And ſhead in him a beame of heauenly fier,
Now in their mothers wombes before their birth,
Doth in all ſonnes of men their ſoules inſpire.
And as *Minerua* is in fables fainde
From *Ioue*, without an other to proceed,
So our true *Ioue* without an others aide, Doth

Doth daily millions of *Minernaes* breed.

I Dauies.

Like as the ſunne aboue the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the aire belowe,
So from the eternall light the ſoule doth ſpring,
Though in the body ſhe her powers do ſhowe.

Idem.

The ſoule a ſubſtance and a body is,
Which God himſelfe doth in the body make,
Which makes the man; or euery man from this
The nature of a man and name doth take.
And though the ſpirit be to the body knit,
As an apt meane her power to exerciſe:
Which are, life, motion, ſenſe, and will and wit,
Yet ſhe ſuruiues, although the body dies.
Shee is a ſubſtance and a reall thing,
Which hath it ſelfe an actuall working might,
Which neither from the ſenſes power doth ſpring,
Nor from the bodies humours tempered right.
She is a vine which doth no propping need,
To make her ſpread her ſelfe, or ſpring vpright,
She is a ſtarre whoſe beames do not proceed
From any ſinne, but from a natiue light.

Idem.

She is a ſpirit and an heauenly influence,
Which from the fountaine of Gods ſpirit doth flow
Shee's a ſpirit, yet not like aire nor winde,
Nor like the ſpirits about the heart or braine,
Nor like the ſpirits which Alchimiſts definde,
When they in euery thing ſeeke gold in vaine.

Idem.

An

——To shew her powerfull deitie,
Her sweete *Endimion* more to beautifie,
Into his soule the goddesse doth infuse,
The fierie Nature of an heauenly Muse:
Which the spirit labouring by the mind,
Partaketh of celestiall things by kind:
For why the soule being diuine alone,
Exempt from grosse and vild corruption,
Of heauenly secrets incomprehensible,
Of which the dull flesh is not sensible,
And by one onely powerfull facultie,
Yet gouerneth a multiplicitie,
Being essentiall, vniforme in all,
Not to be seuered or diuiduall:
But in her function holdeth her estate,
By powers diuine in her ingenerate:
And so by inspiration conceiueth,
What heauen to her by diuination breatheth.

M. Drayton.

Like as the soule doth rule the earthlie masse,
And all the seruice of the body frame,
So loue of soule doth loue of body passe, (brasse,
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest

Ed. Spencer.

Euerie good motion that the soule awakes,
A heauenly figure sees from whence it takes,
That sweetelesse bloome which by power of kinde,
Formes like it selfe an image of the mind,
And in our faith the operations be,
Of that diuinesse which by fayth wee see,

Which neuer erres but accidentally,
By our fraile fleshes imbecilitie,
By each temptation ouer-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our bodyes guide.
For as our bodyes prisons bee the towres,
So to our soules these bodyes be of ours,
Whose fleshly walles hinder that heauenly light,
As these stone walles depriue our wished sight.

Idem.

——— As Phœbus throwes
His beames abroade, though hee in clouds bee clos'd
Still glauncing by them till she finde oppos'd
A loose and rorid vapour, that is fit
To euent his searching beames, and vseth it
To forme a twentie coloured eie,
Cast in a circle round about the skie.
So when our fierie soule, our bodies starre,
(That euer is in motion circular)
Conceiues a form in seeking to display it,
Through all our cloudy parts it doth conuey it:
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.

Idem.

Like as the moysture which the thirstie earth
Sucks from the Sea to fill her emptie vaines,
From out her wombe at last doth take a birth,
And runnes a nymph along the grassie plainest
Long doth shee stay, as loth to leaue the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make,
She tasts all places, turnes to euerie hand,
Her flowing bankes vnwilling to forsake,

t nature so her streames doth leade and carrie,
that her course doth make no finall stay,
l shee her selfe vnto the Ocean marrie,
ithin whose watrie bosome first shee lay.
en so our soule within this earthly mould,
e spirit doth secretly infuse,
ause at first shee doth the earth behold,
d onely this materiall world shee viewes.
first our mother earth shee holdeth deere,
d doth imbrace the world and worldly things,
flies close to the ground and houers heere,
l mounts not vp with her celestiall wings.
vnder heauen shee cannot light on ought,
t with her heauenly nature doth agree,
cannot rest, shee cannot fixe her thought,
cannot in this world contented bee.

I. Danies.

en the soule findes heere no true content,
like *Noahs* Doue, can no sure footing take,
doth returne from whence shee first was sent,
flies to him that first her wings did make.

Idem.

ien waxeth old, and all the spheares aboue
l one day faynt, and their swift motion stay,
time it selfe shall cease in time to moouc,
y the soule suruiues and liues for aye.

Idem.

n as the soule is drowned once in vice,
sweete of sinne makes hell a Paradice,

M, Drayton.

the fable of the Lady faire,

VVhich for her luſt was turnde into a cow,
VVhen thirſtie to a ſtreame ſhe did repaire,
And ſaw her ſelfe transformde ſhe knew not how,
At firſt ſhe ſtartles, and ſhe ſtands amazd,
And loathes the watry glaſſe wherein ſhe gazd:
At laſt for terror ſhe from thence doth flie,
And ſhunnes it ſtill, though ſhe for thirſt doe die.
Euen ſo mans ſoule, which did Gods image beare,
And was at firſt faire, good, and ſpotleſſe pure,
Since with her ſinnes her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all ſights her owne ſight leaſt indure:
For euen at firſt reflecting ſhe eſpies
Such ſtrange *Chimeraes* and ſuch monſters there,
Such toyes, ſuch antickes, and ſuch vanities,
As ſhe retyres, and ſhrinks for ſhame and feare.

I. Dauis.

Euen as the man loues leaſt at home to bee,
That hath a ſluttiſh houſe haunted with ſpirits,
So ſhe impatient her owne faults to ſee,
Turnes from her ſelfe, and in ſtrange things deligl

Idem.

——— Tis a ſacred cure
To ſalue the ſoules dread wounds, omnipotent
That nature is, that cures the impotent
Euen in a moment, ſure grace is infuſde
By diuine fauour, nor by actions vſde:
Which is as permanent as heauens bliſſe,
To them that haue it, then no habit is.

I. Marſton.

That learned Father which ſo firmely prooues
The ſoule of man immortall and diuine,

nd doth the ſeuerall offices define.

Anima.

iues her that name as ſhe the body moues.

Amor.

hen is ſhee loue imbracing charitie.

Animus.

ouing a will in vs, it is the mind.

Mens.

etaining knowledge ſtill the ſame in kind.

Memoria.

s intellectuall it is the memorie.

Ratio.

iudging, Reaſon onely is her name.

Senſus.

ſpeedie apprehenſion it is Sence.

Conſcientia.

right or wrong men call her Conſcience.

Spiritus.

ne Spirit, when to Godward it doth inflame.

neſe of the ſoule the ſeuerall functions bee.

M. Drayton.

ke as two bellowes blowne turne by turne,
little and little make cold coles to burne,
nd then their fire inflamde with glowing heate,
n iron barre which on the Anuile beate,
emes no more yron, but flies almoſt all,
hiſsing ſparkles and quicke-bright cinders ſmall.
the worlds ſoule ſhould in our ſoule inſpire,
'eternall force of an eternall fire,
nd then our ſoule (as forme) breathe in our corſe,
r countleſſe numbers, and heauens turned force,

Wherewith our bodyes beautie beautified,
Should like our (deathlesse soule) haue neuer died.

I. Sylvester.

Of Sorrow.

In blacke all clad there fell before my face,
A pitteous wight whom woe had all forewast,
Forth on her eyes the cristall teares out brast,
And sighing sore her hands shee wrung and fold,
Tare all her hoire, that ruth was to behold;
Her body small, sore withered and fore spent,
As is the stalke that summers drought oppresst,
Her welked face with wofull teares besprent;
Her colour pale (as it seemed) her best,
In woe and plaint reposed was her rest;
And as the stone that drops of water weares,
So dented were her cheekes with fall of teares:
Her eyes swollen with flowing streames afloate,
Wherewith her lookes throwne vp full pitiously,
Her forceles handes together oft she smote,
With dolefull shrikes that ecchoed in the skie,
Whose plaints such sighs did strait accompanie,
That in my doome was neuer man did see
A wight but halfe so woe-begone as shee.
Sorrow I am, in endlesse sorrowes pained,
Among the furies in the infernall lake,
Where *Pluto* God of hell so grisly blacke,
Doth hold his throne and *Laches* deadly taste,
Doth riue remembrance of each thing tore-past.

M. Sackuile.

Sorrows first leader of this furious crowde,

Muse

Muffled all ouer in a sable clowde,
Olde before age, afflicted night and day,
Her face with wrinkles warped euerie way,
Creeping in corners, where shee sits and vies,
Sighs from her heart, teares for her blubbered eies,
Accompanied with selfe-consuming care,
With weeping pittie, thought, and mad dispayre,
That beares about her burning coles and cords,
Aspes, poysons, pistols, haulters, kniues, and swords,
Foule squinting enuie, that selfe-eating elfe,
Through others leanesse fatting vp her selfe,
Ioyning in mischiefe, feeding but with langour,
And bitter teares, her toad-like swelling anger,
And iealousie that neuer sleepes for feare,
(Suspitious flea still nibling in her eare)
That leaues repast and rest, neere pinde and blinde,
With seeking what shee would bee loth to finde.

I. Siluester.

Two inward vulturs, sorrow and disdaine.
Sorow missortunes sonne, dispayres foule sire.

Ed. Fairfax.

Sorrow breakes seasons and reposing howres,
Makes the night morning, and the noone tide night.

W. Shakespeare.

Sorrow is still vnwilling to giue ouer.

S. Daniell.

Sorrow grows senceless when too much she beares.

M. Dr.

Sad sorrow like a heauie ringing bell,
Once set in ringing, with his owne weight goes,
Then little strength rings out the dolefull knel.

It is some ease our sorrowes to reueale,
If they to whome we shall impart our woes,
Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele,
And meete vs with a sigh but at a close.

S. Daniell.

Sighes are the ease calamitie affoords,
Which serue for speech when sorrow wanteth words.

Idem.

Fell sorrowes tooth neuer ranckles more,
Then when it bites, but launcheth not the sore.

Idem.

——— Sorrow close shrouded in the heart
I know to keep, it is a wondrous smart,
Each thing imparted, is more ease to beare,
When the raine is fallen, the cloudes waxe cleere.

Ed. Spencer.

——— Sorrow ne neede be hastened on,
For he will come without calling anon.

Idem.

——— Snarling sorrow hath lesse powre to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Ed. Spencer.

He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
And his foe fettered would release againe,
Deserues to taste his follies fruit, repented paine.

Ed. Spencer.

——— Mirth doth search the bottom of annoy,
Sad soules are slaine in mirthie companie,
Greefe best is pleasde with griefes societie:
True sorrow then is feelingly suffizde,

VVhen

When with like sorrow it is sympathizde.
True sorrow hath not euer a wet eye.
Th. Dekker.

Sad sorrow euer ioyes to heare her worst.
S. D.

Suspition.

—— False suspition of another is
A sure condemning of our owne amis.
Edw. Gilpin.

Mistrust doth treason in the trueſt raise,
Suspitious *Romulus* stain'd his walles first rear'd
With brothers bloud, whom for light leape he feard,
The iealous cuckold weares th'infamous horne,
So not in brotherhood, iealousie may bee borne.
M. of M.

Riualles in loue will be suspitious quickly.
I. Weeuer.

The Marchant traffiking abroad, suspects his wife at (home
A youth wil play the wanton, & a wanton proue a mome.
W. Warner.

Teares.

—— These two parts belong
Vnto true knowledge, words and teares haue force,
To moeue compassion in the sauage minds
Of brutish people reason wanting kindes.
Tho. Middleton.

Teares, vows, and prayers gaine the hardest hearts.
S. Daniell.

Teares worke no truce, but where the heart is tender.
D. Lodge.

Teares harden luſt, though marble weare with raine.
W. Sh.

Seld ſpeaketh loue, but ſighes his ſecret paines, (ble.
Teares are his truch-men, words do make him trem-
R. Greene.

Teares cannot ſoften flint, nor vowes conuert,
S. D.

A dolefull caſe deſires a dolefull ſong,
Without vaine art, or curious complement,
And ſquallid fortune into baſeneſſe flung,
Doth ſcorne the pride of wonted ornament.
Ed. Spencer.

Temperance.

——Temperance which golden ſquire,
Betwixt theſe two can meaſure out a meane,
Neither to melt in pleaſures hot deſire,
Nor frie in heartleſſe greefe and dolefull teene,
Thriſe happie man who faires them both a tweene.
Ed. Spencer.

Who euer doth to Temperance applie
His ſtedfaſt life, and all his actions frame,
Truſt mee ſhall finde no greater enemie,
Then ſtubburne perturbation to the ſame:
To which right well the wiſe doe giue that name:
For it the goodly peace of ſtayed mindes
Does ouerthrow, and troublous warre proclaime,
His owne woes author, who ſo bound it finds,
As did *Pyrrhocles*, and it wilfully vnbinde.
Idem.

A harder leſſon to learne continence,

In

In ioyous pleasure then in greeuous paine,
For sweetenesse doth allure the weakest sence,
So strongly that vneath it can refraine,
Frоin that which feeble nature couers faine,
But greefe and wrath that bee her enemies
And foes of life shee better can restraine,
Yet vertue vaunts in both theyr victories.

Idem.

O in what safetie Temperance doth rest,
VVhen it findes harbour in a kingly brest.

M. Drayton.

Of all Gods works which do this world adorne,
There is none more fayre and excellent
Then is mans body, both for power and forme,
VVhilst it is kept in sober gouernement:
But none then it more foule and indecent,
Distempered through misrules, and passions base,
It growes a monster, and incontinent,
Doth loose his dignitie and natiue grace.

Ed. Spencer.

Thoughts.

Thoughts are the slaues of life, and life times foole,
And time that takes surucy of all the world
Must haue a stop. *W. Shakespeare.*
Thoughts are but dreames, till their effects be tried.

Idem.

Who so thinkes many things, brings few to a fortunate ending.

A. Fraunce.

The feeble eyes of our aspring thoughts,
Behold things present, and record things past,

But

But things to come exceede our humane reach.

G. Peele.

Vnfained thoughts do seldome dreame on euil.
Birdes neuer limde no secret bushes feare.

W. Sh.

If all mens thoughts were written in their face,
Some one that now the rest doth ouercrow,
Some others ebbe that wants his soueraignes grace,
VVhen as the Prince their inwarde thoughts should know
The meaner then should take the better place,
The greatest man might stoope and sit below.

S. I. Harrington.

Time.

Beauties great enemie, and to all the rest
That in the garden of *Adonis* springs,
Is wicked Time, who with his sithe addrest,
Does mow the flowing herbes and goodly things,
And all their glorie to the earth downe flings,
VVhere they do wither, and are souly marde,
He flies about, and with his flaggie wings,
Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard.
Ne euer pittie may relent his malice hard.

E. Spencer.

Mishapen Time, coapsmate of vgly might,
Swift subtill poast, carrier of grisslie care,
Eater of youth, false slaue to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sinnes packhorse, vertues snare,
Thou nurseſt all, and murthereſt all that are.

W. Shakespeare.

Stealing Time the subiect to delay.

S. Ph. Sydney.

——— Times

——— Times golden thigh
Vpholdes the flowrie body of the earth,
In sacred harmonie and euerie birth
Of men, audacious makes legitimate,
Being vsde aright, the vse of times is fate.
G. Chapman.

No mortall forme that vnder moone remaines,
Exempt from traiterons Time, continueth one. (strains
Now mountes the floud, and straight his waues re-
Now flowes the tyde, and strait the sourse is gone,
VVho toyles by Sea, must choose the fayrest gale,
For time abodes our good or badde auaile.
D. Lodge.

Al those that liue and thinke themselues but slime,
Must choose and thriue by fauour of the time.
Idem.

Swift speedie Time, feathered with flying howres,
Dissolues the beautie of the fayrest browe.
S. Daniell.

Time doth consume fame, honour, wit, & strength,
Time roots out youth and beauties looke at length.
Tho. Watson.

Time wanting bonds, still wanteth certaintie.
M. Dr.

To Fames rich treasure Time vnlocks the doore,
Which angrie sorrow had shut vp before.
Idem.

Time is a bondslaue to eternitie.
Tho. Kyd.

All that doth liue is subiect to his law.

All

All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.
Ed. Spencer.

What wrong hath not continuance out-worne,
Yeares makes that right that neuer was so borne.
S. Daniell.

Good time is blest, badde time wee hold accurst,
Time hurts them oft that he did helpe at first.
T. Churchyard.

Times glory is to calme contending kings,
To vnmaske falshood, and bring truth to light,
To stampe the seale of time in aged things,
To wake the morne, and sentinell the night,
To wrong the wronger till hee render right:
To ruinate proude buildings with his howres,
And smeare with dust their glittering golden towres,
To fill with worm holes stately monuments,
To feede obliuion with decay of things,
To blot old Bookes, and alter their contents,
To pull the quilles from annicient Rauens wings,
To dric the old okes sappe, and cherish springs
To spoyle antiquities of hammered steele,
And turne the giddie round of fortunes wheele,
To shew the Beldame daughters of her daughters,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tyger that doth liuely slaughter,
To tame the vnicorne and the lyon wilde,
To make the subtill in themselues beguild,
To cheere the plow-man with increasefull crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.
W. Shakespeare.

Truth

Truth.

The Truth doth doth dwell within the holy tables,
Of Gods liue word, not in our wanton braine,
Which dayly coyning some strange error vaine,
For gold takes lead, for truth electeth Fables.

I. Siluester.

Truth is no harauld, nor no sosophist sure,
She noteth not mens names, their sheelds or crests,
Though shee compare them vnto birds and beasts,
But whom shee doth fore-shew shall raigne by force,
Shee tearmes a woolfe, a dragon, or a beare,
A wilfull Prince, a raigneless raging horse,
A boare, a lion, a coward much in feare,
A hare or hart, a craftie pricked eare,
A lecherous, a bull, a goate, a foale,
An vnderminer, a mould-warpe, or a moale.

M. of M.

——— Tried truth
Doth best beseeme a simple naked tale,
Ne needes to bee with paynted processe prickt,
That in her selfe hath no diuersitie,
But alwayes shewes one vndisguised face,
VVhere deepe deceit and lies must seeke her shade,
And wrappe their words in guilefull eloquence,
As euer fraught with contrarietie.

G. Gascoigne.

The truth hath certaine bounds, but falshood none.

S. Daniell.

——— The naked truth is a well-clothed lie,
A nimble quicke pate mounts to dignitie

By force or fraud, that matters not a iot,
So massie wealth may fall vnto thy lot.

Io. Marston.

Treason.

Conspiracie gainst the person of a Prince,
Is treason gainst the deitie of heauen.

Th. Achellye.

——Treason is but trusted like the Foxe
Who nere so tamde, so cherisht, and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his auncetors.

W. Sh.

No vertue merits prayse once toucht with blot of treason.

S. Ph. Sydney.

VVho fayleth one is false, though trusty to another.

Idem.

There is no treason woundeth halfe so deepe,
As that which doth in Princes bosome sleepe.

M. Drayton.

VVho that resisteth his dread soueraigne Lord,
Doth damne his soule by Gods owne verie word,
A Christian subiect should with honour due,
Obey his soueraigne though he were a Iew,
VVhereby assured when subiects do rebell,
Gods wrath is kindled, threatning fire and hell.

M. of M.

Was neuer rebell before the world and since,
That could or should preuaile against his Prince.

Idem.

Reuolted subiects of themselues will quaile.

I. Sylvester.

Tyrannie.

Tyrannie.

——Next to Tyrannie
Comes warres, diſcention, ciuill mutinie.
Ch. Middl.

In greateſt wants t'inflict the greateſt woe,
This is the worſt that tyrannie can ſhow.
Idem.

Hell haleth tyrants downe to death amaine,
Was neuer yet, nor ſhall bee cruell deede
Vnquited left, but had as cruell meed.
M. of M.

——No tyrant commonly
Liuing ill can kindly die,
But either trayterouſly ſurprizde,
Doth coward poyſon quayle their breath,
Or their people haue deuizde,
Or theyr Guard to ſeeke their death.
Tho. Kyd.

It is an hell in hatefull vaſſallage,
Vnder a tyrant to conſume ones age,
A ſelfe-ſhaven *Dennis*, or an *Nero* fell,
Whoſe curſed Courts with bloud and inceſt ſwell.
An Owle that flyes the light of Parliaments
And ſtate aſſemblies, iealous of th'intents
Of Priuate tongues, who for a paſtime ſets
His Peeres at oddes, and on their furie whets,
Who neither fayth, honour, nor right reſpects.
Idem.

Vertue.

What one art thou thus in torne weede yclad?
Vertue, in price, whom auncient sages had:
Why poorely clad? for fading goods past care:
Why double fac'd? I marke each fortunes rare:
This bridle what? mindes rages to restraine:
VVhy beare you tooles? I loue to take great paine:
Why wings? I teach aboue the starres to flie:
Why treade you death? I onely cannot die.

S. *Th. Wiat.*

The path that leades to Vertues Court is narrow,
Thornie, and vp a hill, a bitter iourney:
But being gone through, you find al heauenly sweet:
Th'entrance is all flintie, but at th'end
Two Towres of pearles and cristall you ascend.

Th. Dekkar.

Vertue is fayrest in a poore art aye.

Idem.

Vertue abhorres too weare a borrowed face.

Idem.

The wisest scholler of the wight most wise,
By Phœbus doome, with sugred sentence saies,
That vertue If it once meete with our eyes,
Strange flames of loue it in our soules would raise.

S. Ph. Sydney.

That growes apace, that vertue helps t'aspire.

M. Roydon.

When vertue riseth, base affections fail.

Ed. Fairfax.

Like as the horse well mand abides the bit,

And learnes his ſtoppe by raine in riders hand,
Where mountaine colt that is not ſadled yet,
Runnes headlong on amidſt the fallowed land,
Whoſe fierce reſiſt ſcarce bendes with any band.
So men reclaim'd by vertue tread aright,
Where ledde by follies, miſchiefes on them light.

D. Lodge.

Vertue doth curb affection, and for conſcience flieth ſin,
To leaue for imperfection feare or ſhame no praiſe doth winne.

W. Warner.

Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice, being miſapplyed,
And vice ſometime by action dignified.

W. Shakeſpeare.

Vertue in greateſt daunger is moſt ſhowne,
And though oppreſt, yet nere is ouerthrowne.

S. Daniell.

In vertue it is ſaid, that men themſelues ſuruie.

W. W.

Honour indeede, and all things yeeld to death,
(Vertue excepted) which alone ſuruiues,
And liuing toyleth in an earthlie gaile,
At laſt to be extol'd in heauens high ioyes. *T. Kyd.*
All things decay, yet vertue ſhall not die,
This onely giues vs immortallitie.

M. Drayton.

Whence is it that the flower of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in winters bale,
Yet ſoon as ſpring his mantle doth diſplay,
It flowreth freſh, as it ſhould neuer faile,
But thing on earth that is of moſt auaile.
As vertues and beauties bud,

Releeuen not for any good,
The branch once dead, the bud needes eke must quaite.
Ed. Spencer.

All that wee had, or mortall men can haue,
Seemes onely but a shadow from the graue,
Vertue alone liues still.
Th. Dekkar.

Vertue is more amiable and more sweete,
When vertue and true maiestie doe meete.
E. Spencer.

——All the sorow in the world is lesse
Then vertues might and valures confidence,
For who will bide the burden of distresse,
Must not heere thinke to liue, for life is wretchedne
Idem.

Vertue makes honour, as the soule doth sence,
And merit, farre exceedes inheritance.
G. Chapman.

——Vertue of the auncient bloud and kin
Doth onely please the parties shee is in.
M. of M.

——Onely vertue nobleneſſe doth dignifie
And vicious life a linage base doth signifie.
S. I. Harrington.

The simple vertue may consist alone,
But better are two vertues ioynd in one.
D. Lodge.

What vertue gets, once got doth neuer waste,
And hauing this, this thou for-euer haste.
M. Dryaton.

Ioy grauen in sence, like snow in water wasts,

Without preserue of vertue nothings lasts.

G. Chapman.

Vertue obscurde yeeldes small and happie gaines,
But actiuely imployed, shee worth retaines.

D. Lodge.

VVhat vertue breedes, iniquitie deuours,
VVe haue no good at all that we can say is ours,
But ill annexed oportunitie,
Or killes his life or else his qualitie.

W. Sh.

Vertue dies not, her tomb we need not rayse, (praise.
Let them trust tombs which haue out-liu'd their

Th. Bastard.

Vice.

Vice rides a horseback, Vertue doth from out the saddle

W. Warner. (bouls.

What licour first the earthen pot doth take,
t keepeth still the sauour of the same,
ull hard it is a camocke straight to make,
Or crooked logges with wainscot fine to frame,
is hard to make the cruell Tyger tame:
nd so it fares with those haue vices caught,
ought (once they say) and euer after nought.

M. of M.

lthough that vertue oft wants due reward,
et seldome vice wants due deserued blame.

S. I. H.

Where vice is countenanc'd with Nobilitie,
rt cleane excluded, ignorance held in,
inding the world with meere hypocrisie,

Yet muſt bee ſooth'd in all their ſlauiſh ſinne,
Great malcontents to grow they then beginne,
Nurſing vild wittes to make their factious tooles,
Thus mightie men oft prooue the mightieſt fooles.
M. Drayton.

Victory.

*W*ith victorie reuenge doth euer ceaſe,
S. *I. H.*

*H*ee lineth long that liues victorious.
Th. Kyd.

The victor can no honour iuſtly claime,
*T*o looſe the men who ſhould aduaunce the fame.

——— That fiſher is not fine,
*W*ho for a frogge will looſe a golden line:
*T*he holy head-band ſeemes not to attyre
*T*he head of him, who in his furious ire,
Preferres the paine of thoſe that haue him teend,
Before the health and ſafetie of one friend.
Tho. Hudſon.

Vaine is the vaunt and victorie vniuſt, (tr
*T*hat more to mightie hands then rightful cauſe d
Edw. Spencer.

Loſſe is no ſhame, nor to bee leſſe then foe,
But to be leſſer then himſelfe, doth marre
Both looſers lotte, and victors prayſe alſo,
*V*aine others ouerthrowes, who ſelf doth ouerth
Idem.

Vn

Vnderstanding.

Most miserable creature vnder skie
Man, without vnderstanding doth appeare,
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And fortvnes freates is wisely taught to beare;
Of wretched life the onely ioy shee is,
And th'onely comfort in calamitie,
She armes the breast with constant patience,
Against the bitter throwes of dolours darts,
She solaceth with rules of sapience,
The gentle mindes in midst of worldly smarts;
When hee is sadde, she seekes to make him merie,
And doth refresh his spirits when they bee wearie.

Ed. Spencer.

Vowes.

Good vowes are neuer broken with good deedes,
For then good deedes were bad; vowes are but seeds;
And good deedes fruits.

G. Chapman.

Wee know not how to vow, till loue vnblind vs,
And vowes made ignorantly neuer binde vs.

Idem.

Our vowes must bee perform'd to God and King.

M. Drayton.

——— A promise made for feare is voyde.

S. I. H.

——— A man such promise must forsake,
As at the first vnlawfull was to make.

Idem.

Virginitie.

Like to the Rose I count the virgin pure,
That groweth on natiue stemme in garden fayre,
Which whiles it stands with walles enuiron'd sure,
VVhere herd-men with their herds cannot repayre
To sauour it, it seemeth to allure
The morning dew, the heate, the earthly ayre,
Gallant yong men and louely dames delight
By their sweete sent, and in their pleasing sight:
But when that once tis gathered and gone
From proper stalke, where late before it grew,
The loue the liking little is or none,
Fauour, and grace, beautie and all adue:
So when a virgin graunts to one alone,
The precious flower for which so many sue:
VVell hee that getteth it may loue her best,
But shee forgoes the loue of all the rest.

S. I. H.

Iewels being lost, are found againe, this neuer,
Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for euer.

Ch. Marlow.

Virginitie though prayſed is like a bird, for why,
As much the fleſh is frayle therein, as in the feare to die,
What was it ſayd to all but vs increaſe and multiplie?

W. Warner.

——— Virginitie
Is neither essence subiect to the eye,
No nor to any one exterior sence,
Nor hath it any place of residence,
Nor i'st of earth or mould celestiall,

Or capable of any forme at all.

Ch. Marlow.

I know not her that willingly with maiden-head would (die.

W. W.

Vse.

Vse make things nothing huge, and huge things no- (thing.

G. Chapman.

Foule cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold thats put to vse, more gold begets.

W. Sh.

Warre.

Lastly stood warre in glistering armes yclad,
With visage grimme, sterne lookes and gastly hood,
In his right hand a naked sword hee had,
That to the hilts was all with bloud imbrude,
And in his left that kings and kingdomes rued,
Famine and fire he had, and therewithall
Hee rased townes, and threw downe towres and all,
Cities hee sackt, and realmes that whilome flowred
In honour, glorie, and rule aboue the best,
Hee ouerwhhlm'd, and all their fame deuoured,
Consumde, destroyde, wasted, and neuer ceast,
Till hee therewith their name and all oppresst:
His face forhued with woundes, and by his side,
There hung his targe with gashes deepe and wide,
In midst of which depainted there wee finde
Deadly debate, all full of snakie hayre,
That with a bloudy fillet was ybound,

Out-

Out-breathing noght, but diſcord euerie where.

M. Sackuille.

The Poets old in their fond fables faind,
That mightie *Mars* is God of warre and ſtrife:
Th' Aſtronomers think that wheras *Mars* doth raign
That all debate and diſcord muſt bee rife:
Some thinke *Bellona*, Goddeſſe of that life.
Among the reſt that Painter had ſome skill,
Which thus in armes did once ſet out the ſame,
A field of gules, and on a golden hill,
A ſtately towne conſumed all with flame,
On chiefe of ſable taken from the dame,
A ſucking babe (*O*) borne to bide miſchance,
Begoard with bloud, and pierced with a launce.
On high the Helme, I beare it well in mind,
The wreath was ſiluer powdred all with ſhot,
About the which (*goutte du ſang*) did twind.
A rowle of ſable blacke, and foule beblot,
The creſt two hands, which may not bee forgot,
For in the right a trenchand blade did ſtand,
And in the left a fierie burning brand.

G. Gaſcoigne.

——— Warre the miſtreſſe of enormitie,
Mother of miſchiefe, monſter of deformitie, (chaces,
Lawes, manners, arts, ſhee breakes, ſhee marres, ſhee
Bloud, teares, bowres, towres, ſhe ſpils, ſmites, burns,
Her braſen teeth ſhake al the earth aſunder: (& races,
Her mouth a fire-brand, and her voyce a thunder,
Her lookes are lightning, enerie glaunce a flaſh,
Her fingers guns, that all to powder paſh,
Feare and diſpayre, flight and diſorder, coaſt

With

With haſtie march before her murderous hoaſt,
As burning, waſte, rape, wrong, impietie,
Rage, ruines, diſcord, horror, crueltie,
Sacke, ſacriledge, impunitie pride,
Are ſtill ſterne conſorts by her barbarous ſide,
And pouertie, ſorrow, and deſolation,
Follow her armies bloudie tranſmigration.

I. Silueſter.

O warre begot in pride and luxurie,
The child of wrath and of diſſention,
Horrible good, miſchiefe neceſſarie,
The foule reformer of confuſion:
Vniuſt iuſt, ſcourge for our iniquitie,
Cruell recurer of corruption.

S. *Daniell.*

O goodly vſage of thoſe anticke times,
In which the ſword was ſeruant vnto right,
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praiſe, and proofe of manly might,
The martiall broode accuſtomed to fight:
Then honour was the meede o victorie,
And yet the vanqniſhed had no diſpight,
Let later age, that now the vſe enuie,
Vild rancour ſo auoyd and cruell furquedry.

Ed. Spencer.

Warre rightly handled is moſt excellent,
And eaſie makes impoſsibilitie:
It mounts the Alps, and through the ſeas doth rent,
By it in bloud a way to heauen wee ſee.

I. Markham.

Vnder warres bazen feete ſtoopes all the earth,

His

His mouth a flaming brand, his voyce a thunder.

Idem.

No warre is right, but that which needfull is,

S. Daniell.

The God of warre hath many men in store,
Which wait alwaies to keepe his kingdome vp,
Of whom no one doth shew his seruice more,
Then lingring hope, which still doth beare the cup,
And flatteringly lendes euerie man a sup,
Which haunts his course, or in his progesse passe,
Hope brings the bowle wherin they all must quaffe.

G. Gascoigne.

Warre seemeth sweete to such as raunge it not.

Idem.

Men know not Warre, nor rightly how to deeme it,
That first by War haue not been taught t'esteeme it.

S. I. H.

——Wise men euer haue preferred farre,
Th'vniustest peace, before the iustest Warre.

S. Daniell.

——Time obseruing prouidence and Warre,
Still makes their foes farre stronger then they are.

Idem.

Sad be the fights and bitter fruits of Warre,
And thousande furies wait on wrathfull sword,
Ne ought the prayse of prowesse more doth marre,
Then foule reuenging rage and proud contentious iarre.

Ed. Spencer.

——Great reuenew
The chiefest sinew vnto Warre affoords.

D. Lodge.

Warre

——Warres that publike good pretend,
Worke most in iustice being doone for spight,
For th'agreeued euermore doe bend,
Against those whom they see of greatest might,
Who though themselues are wrongd and often forst,
Yet though they can doe most are thought the worst.

S. Daniell.

——*Mars* is Cupidoes friend
And is for *Venus* loue renouned more,
Then al the wars and spoiles the which he did before.

Ed. Spencer.

Will.

From idle witte, there springs a braine-sicke will,
With wise men lust, which foolish make a God,
This in the shape of vertue raigneth still.

D. Lodge.

Will puts in practise what the wit deuiseth,
Will euer acts, and wit contemplates still,
And as from witte the power of wisedome riseth,
All other vertues daughters are of will.

Idem.

Will is the Prince, and wit the counsellor,
Which doth for common good in councell sit,
And when witte is resolu'd, will lends her power,
To execute what is deuis'd by witte.

I. Danies.

Will is as free as any Emperour,
Nought can restraine her gentle libertie,
No tyrant nor no torrent hath the power

To

To make vs will when wee vnwilling bee.

Idem.

Euen as the will ſhould goodneſſe truely know,
We haue a will which that true good ſhould chooſe
Alhough will oft, when wit falſe formes doth ſhow,
Take ill for good, and good for ill refuſe.

Idem.

It liues not in our power to loue or hate,
For will in vs is ouer-rul'd by fate.

Ch. Marlow.

A ſtronger hand reſtraines our wilfull powers,
A will muſt rule aboue this will of ours,
Not following what our vaine deſires doe woe,
For vertues ſake, but what wee onely doe.

M. Dr.

——Headleſſe will true iudgement doth enſnare.

Idem.

Selfe-will doth frowne, when honeſt zeale reproues.

Idem.

*W*hereas our actions meaſure no regard,
Our lawleſſe will is made his owne reward.

M. Dra.

——*W*itha world of miſchiefes and offence,
*V*nbridled will rebelles againſt the ſence.

D. Lodge.

Hee leaſt ſhould liſt that may doe what he will.

S. Dan.

Wiſedome.

Our God himſelfe for wiſedome moſt is prayſed,

An

And men to God thereby are nigheſt rayſed.

Ed. Spencer.

Wiſedome doth warne, whilſt foe is in the gate,
To ſtay the ſtep, ere forced to retreate.

Idem.

VViſedome muſt iudge twixt men apt to amend,
And mindes incurable borne to offend.

S. D.

——In daunger wiſedome doth aduiſe,
In humble termes to reconcile our foes. *D. Lodge.*

——*W*iſedome and the ſight of heauenly things,
Shines not ſo cleere as earthly vanities.

G. Chapman.

Tis ſayd a wiſe man all miſhaps withſtands,
For though by ſtarres wee borne to miſchiefes are,
Yet prudence bailes vs quite from carefull bands.

M. of M.

Fore-ſight doth ſtill on all aduantage lie.
*W*iſe men muſt giue place to neceſsitie.

M. Dr.

——A wiſeman poore
Is like a ſacred Booke that's neuer read,
T'himſelfe hee liues, and to all elſe ſeemes dead:
This age thinkes better of a gilded foole,
Then of thred-bare ſaint in wiſedomes ſchoole.

Th. Dekkar.

*V*Viſe men let faults ore-paſſe, they cannot mend.

Ch. Middle.

VVho can themſelues beware by others coſts,
May bee accounted well among the wiſe.

S. I. H.

——VVhat

——*W*hatsoeuer Starres seeme to importune,
*W*isedome predominates both fate and fortune.
Ch. Fitz Griffon.

VVit.

The witte the pupill of the soules cleere eye,
And in mans world the onely shining starre,
Lookes in the mirror of the phantasie,
*W*here all the gathering of the sences ate,
From thence this power the shape of things abstracts
And them within her passiue part receiues,
*W*hich are inlightened by that part which acts,
And so the forme of single things receiues:
But after by discoursing to and fro,
Anticipating and comparing things
She doth all vniuersall natures know,
And all effects into their causes bring.
Our witte is giuen Almightie God to know,
Our will is giuen to loue him being knowne,
But God could not bee knowne to vs below,
But by his works, which through the sence are (knowne,
I. Dauis.

*W*it is the mindes cheefe iudge, which doth controle,
Of fancies Court the iudgements false and vaine,
*W*ill, holdes the royall scepter in the soule,
And on the passions of the heart doth raigne.
Idem.

Emulation the proud nurse of witte.
S. D.

——*W*it and learning are two Angelles wings,

By which meane men ſoare vp to mightie things.

Ch. Middl.

Wit is with boldneſſe prompt, with terror daunted,
And grace is ſooner got of dames then graunted.

Ed. Spencer.

Some looſe their wit with loue, ſome with ambition
Some running to the ſea great wealth to get,
Some following Lords and men of high condition,
Some in fayre iewelles, rich and coſtly ſet.
One hath deſire to prooue a rare magician,
Others with Poetrie their witte forget:
Another thinkes to bee an Alchimiſt,
Till all hee ſpent, and hee his number miſt.

S. *I. H.*

Mans wit is monſtrous, when the ſame from vertue doth decline.

W. Warner.

Mans witte doth build for time but to deuoure,
But Vertue's free from time and fortunes power.

M. Dr.

The wit not hurt, becauſe not vſed more,
Growes dull and farre leſſe toward then before.
——Wits ambition longeth to the beſt,
For it deſires in endleſſe bliſſe to dwell.

I. Danis.

Beſt loues are loſt for wit, when men blame fortune.

G. Chapman.

—— Careleſſe wit is wanton bewties page.

D. Lodge.

The fineſt wittes are ſooneſt ſnarde with loue.

Th. Achellye.

A ſetled braine is worth a world of witte.

Th. Storer.

*W*its want makes men deſirous to ſeeme wiſe.

Woe.

Woe all in blacke within her hands did beare,
The fatall torches of a funerall,
Her cheekes were wet, diſperſed was her hayre,
*H*er voyce was ſhrill (yet lothſome therewithal)

D. Lodge.

Short time ſeemes long in ſorrowes ſharp ſuſtaining,
*T*hough woe bee heauie, yet it ſeldome ſleepes,
And they that watch ſee time how ſlow it creepes.

W. Shakeſpeare.

——Fellowſhip in woe, doth woe aſſwage,
As palmers that make ſhort their pilgrimage.

Idem.

T is double death to drowne in ken of ſhore,
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food:
To ſee the ſalue doth make the wound ake more,
Great griefes greeue moſt at that would doe it good,
Deere woes rowle forwarde like a gentle flood:
Who being ſtopt, the bounden bankes ore flowes,
Greefe dallied with, nor law nor limmit knowes.

Idem.

Diſtreſſe likes dumps, when time is kept with teares.

Idem.

For ſtronger woe we hardly long may wreſt,
*T*he depth of griefe with words is ſounded leaſt.

M. Dra.

Who

——The Painter
Who thought his colours pale could not declare
The speciall woe King *Agamemnon* bare,
When sacrificed was his onely rage,
With bend of blacke he bound the fathers face.
Th. Hudson.

Words.

——*Words*
Findie atturnies of our clyent woes,
yery succeeders of intestate ioyes,
oore breathing Orators of miseries,
et them haue scope, though what it doth impart
elpe not at all, yet doth it ease the heart.
VV. Sh.
ords are the tennants of an itching toy.
D. Lodge.
lusion of words is no sure ground,
r one thereon a steddie worke to found.
ne word of woe another after traineth.
S. Ph. Sydney.
——Few words shall fit the trespasse best,
here no excuse can giue the fault amending.
W. Sh.
eepe sounds make better noyse then shallow fords,
d sorrow ebbes being blown with wind of words.
W. Sh.
ords are but winde, why cost they then so much,
e giltie kicke when they too smartly touch.
Idem.
rth irreturnable flies the spoken word,

Bee it in ſcoffe, in earneſt, or in bourd,
VVithout returne and vnreceiu'd it hangs,
And at the takers mercie or rigor ſtands:
Which if hee ſowrely wreſt, with wrathfull cheare,
The ſhiuering word turnes to the hearers feare:
If friendly courteſie doe the word expound,
To th'ſpeakers comfort quickly it doth redound.

Idem.

Smoothe words diſſolue hard ſtones, faire words inforce
Pittie in flintie hearts.

Ch. Middl.

Through the world if it were ſought,
Faire words enow a man ſhould finde,
They bee good cheape, they coſt right nought,
Their ſubſtance is but onely winde:
But well to ſay, and ſo to meane,
That ſweete accord is ſeldome ſeene.

S. Th. W.

—— Words well plac't moue things were neuer thought.

G. Chapman.

Euen as the vapour which the fire repelles,
Turnes not to earth, but in mid-ayre dwelles,
Where while it hangs, if Boreas froſtie flawes,
With rigor rattle it: not to raine it thawes,
But thunder, lightning, ratling, hayle, or ſnow,
Sends downe to earth, whence firſt it roſe below.
But if faire *Phebus* with his countenance ſweete
Reſolue it, downe the dew or Manna fleete:
The Manna dew that in the Eſterne lands,
Excelles the labour of the Bees ſmall hands,

Elſe

Ilse for her *Memnon*, gray *Auroraes* teares,
On the earth it stilleth the partner of her feares,
Or sendeth sweet showres to glad their mother earth
Whence first they tooke their first inconstant birth.
To those great greefes ill taken words do grow,
Of words well taken such delights do flow.

M. of M.

——— Men do fouleſt when they fineſt ſpeake.

S. *Daniell.*

They wash a Moore, they striue to drie the seas,
And plaine proude *Atlas*, that intend to please
By filthy woords, by rayling, and detraction,
Proper to Momus, and his hatefull faction:
For when they thinke they haue deserued most,
Alas sayth wisedome, all the toyle is lost.

D. Lodge.

Few words well coucht, doe most content the wise.

R. Greene.

Rash words flow from an vnaduised mind.
Who once hath past the boundes of honestie
In earnest deedes, may passe it well in words.

G. G. (*Speech be true*
Haue care to whom, of whom, and what to speake, though
That misse made Phœbus *contrarie his rauēs swan-like*

W. W. (*hue.*

If so the crow would feast him without prate,
More meate hee should receiue, lesse brawle and hate
A foole hee is that comes to preach and prate,
When men with swords their right & wrong debate.
——— Words well disposed,
Haue secret power t'appease inflamed rage. *Ed. Sp.*

Women.

——— *Women bee*
Framde with the ſame parts of the mind as we,
Nay nature trinmpht in their beauties birth,
And women made the glorie of the earth:
The life of bewtie, in whoſe ſupple breaſts,
And in her faireſt lodging vertue reſts,
VVhoſe towring thoughts attended with remorſe,
Do make their faireneſſe be of greater force.

I. Weeuer.

What art ſo deepe, what ſcience is ſo hie,
*V*nto the which women haue not attain'd,
Who liſt in ſtories old to looke, may trie
And find my ſpeech herein nor falſe nor fain'd,
And though of late they ſeeme not to come nie
The praiſe their ſex in former times haue gain'd,
Doubtleſſe the fault is either in back-biters,
Or want of skill or iudgement in their writers.

Idem.

Among the many rare and ſpeciall gifts,
That in the female ſexe are found to ſitte,
This one is chiefe, that they at meereſt ſhifts,
Giue beſt aduiſe, and ſhew moſt readie witte,
But man except hee chewes and thinks, and ſifts,
How euerie part may aunſwere to their fit,
By raſh aduiſe doth often ouer-ſhoote him,
And doth accept the things that doe not boote him.

Idem.

Thoſe vertues that in women merit prayſe,
Are ſober ſhowes without, chaſte thoughts within.

Truth

Truth sayth, and due obedience to their make,
And of their children honest care to take.

S. I. H.

Let woolues and beasts be cruel in their kind,
But women meeke, and haue relenting mindes.

M. Drayton.

Not women, but our wilfulnesse doth work our woe vnrest
Though beautie, loue, and they beare fault, we may abuse (the best.

W. W.

——— Men haue Marble, women waxen minds
And therefore are they form'd as Marble will,
The weake oppreſt, th'impreſsion of ſtrange kindes,
Is form'd in them by force, by fraude, or skill,
Then call not them the Authors of their ill,
No more then waxe ſhall bee accounted euill,
Wherein is ſtampt the ſemblance of the diuell.
Their ſmootheneſſe like a goodly champaine plaine,
Laies open all the little wormes that creepe,
In men as in a rough growen groue remaine,
Caue-keeping euilles, that obſcurely ſleepe,
Through criſtall walles each little moule will peepe.
Though men can couer minds with bold ſtern looks
Pale womens faces are their owne faults Bookes.
No man inueyes againſt the withered flower,
But chides rough winter that the flower hath kild,
Not that deuourd, but that which doth deuour,
Is woorthie blame, O let it not be hild,
Poore womens faults, that they are ſo fulfil'd,
With mens abuſes thoſe proude lores to blame,
Make weake-made women tenants to their ſhame.

W. Shakeſpeare.

Bee not therefore too proude and full of scorne,
O women-kind, that men come of your seede,
The fragrant Rose growes on the pricking thorne,
The Lillie fayre comes of a filthie weede,
In loathsome soyle men sow the wholsome corne,
The baseſt mould the faireſt flower doth breede,
Vngratefull, falſe, craftie you are, and cruell,
Borne of our burning hell to bee the fuell.

S. I. H.

Baſe bullion for the ſtampe ſake wee allow,
Euen ſo for mens impreſsion doe wee you,
By which alone our reuerend fathers ſay,
Women receiue perfection euerie way.

Ch. Marlow.

Their Vertues mount like billowes to the skies,
And vaniſh ſtraight out of the gazers eyes,
Hate and diſdaine is painted in theyr eyes,
Deceit and treaſon in their boſome lies,

G. Chapman.

Women were made for this intent, to put vs vnto (paine,
Yet ſure I thinke they are a pleaſure to the mind,
A ioy which man can neuer want, as nature hath aſ-

Idem. ſign'd,

Extreamely mad the man I ſurely deeme,
That weenes with watch and hand reſtraint to ſtay
A womans will, which is diſpoſed to goe aſtray.

Ed. Spencer.

In vaine hee feares that which hee cannot ſhunne,
For who wots not that womens ſubtilties
Can gnilen *Argus*, when ſhee liſt miſdoone,
It is not iron bands nor hundred eyes,

Nor brazen walles, nor mauy wakefull ſpyes,
That can with-hold her wilfull wandring feete,
But faſt good will with gentle curteſies,
And timely ſeruice to her pleaſures meeke,
May her perhaps containe that elſe would algates
fleete.

Idem.

Such is the crueltie of women-kind,
When they haue ſhaken off the ſhame fac't band,
With which wiſe nature did them ſtrongly bind,
T'obey the heſts of mans wel-ruling hand,
That then all rule and reaſon they withſtand,
To purchaſe a licencious libertie.
But vertuous women wiſely vnderſtand,
That they were borne to baſe humilitie,
Vnleſſe the heauens them lift to lawfull ſouerantie.

S. *Ph. Sydney.*

Why? what be women? women, geld the latter ſillable,
Then are they nothing more then woe, their names re-
(maine doth tell,

W. W.

Take away weakeneſſe, and take women too.

S. D.

Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.

W. Sh.

They melt with words, as waxe againſt the ſunne,
So weake is many womens modeſtie,
For what ſomtimes they moſt would ſeeme to ſheeld
Another time vnaskte poore ſoules they yeeld.

Ch. Middleton.

——— *A woman (woman*
Loues to be woed of a man, thou knowſt well Thirſis, a
Runs, and yet ſo runs, as though ſhe deſir'd to be out-run

Saies

Saies no, no, yet so as no no, seems to be no, no, (quisht,
Striues, & yet so striues, as though she desird to be van-
Woman's like to a shade, that flies, yet lies by the subiect,
Like to a Bee, that neuer striues if sting be remooued.

A. Fraunce.

In womens mouthes no is no negatiue. *I. W.* (*most,*
Their yea, or no, when as they sweare they loue or loue vs
Beleeue who list, soone be they got, as sodainely are lost.

W. W. (flow,

A womans loue is riuer-like, which stopt will ouer-
And when the current finds no let, it often falles too

Idem. (low.

Varietie of men to court a woman is her pride,
Then which the vanity of men is nothing lesse espide
What are to vs but common hurts,
Those common hopes they giue,
If then their loue doth die to vs,
VVhen ours to them doth liue. *Idem.*

——— *VV*omen neuer
Loue beautie in their sexe, but enuie euer.

G. Chapman.

There cannot bee a greater clogge to man,
Then to be wearie of a wanton woman.

S. I. H.

———*W*hat more spight can be a woman told,
Then one should say she looketh foule and old.

Idem.

———Bee shee base or hie,
A womans eye doth guide her wit, & not her wit her (eye,

W. W.

Women are most wonne, as when men merit least,

If merit looke not well, loue bids ſtand by,
Loues proper leſſon is to pleaſe the eye.

G. Ch.

He water plowes, and ſoweth in the ſand
And hopes the flickering wind with net to hold,
Who hath his hopes layd on a womans hand. *S.P.S*

——— *Women by kind are mutable euer,*
Soone hot, and ſoone cold, like, and miſlike in a moment,
Change as a weather-cocke, and all as light as a fether.

A. Fr.

Women haue tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,
They will, they will not, fooles that on them luſt,
For in their ſpeech is death, hell in their ſmile.

Ed. Fairfax.

One woman with another may do much. *Th. Ach.*
Like vntund golden ſtrings all women are,
Which long time lie vntoucht, will harſhly iarre.

Ch. Marlow.

Diſcurteous women natures faireſt ill,
The woe of man, that firſt createſt curſe,
Baſe female ſexe, ſprung from blacke *Ates* loynes,
Proude, diſdaineſull, cruell, and vniuſt,
Whoſe words are ſhaded with inchaunting wiles,
Worſe then *Meduſa*, mateth all our mindes,
And in their hearts ſits ſhameleſſe trecherie,
Turning a truthleſſe vile circumference,
O could my fury paint their furies forth,
For hell, no hell compared to their hearts,
Too ſimple diuelles, to conceiue their arts:
Borne to be plagues vnto the thoughts of men,
Brought for eternall peſtilence to the worlde.

R. Greene. VVith

with womē is too vsual now theirs & thēselues to sel,
For iointures by indēture with imperious mē to dwel
And hee doth her, and she doth him with his and her
W. VV. (vpbraid.

Women are kind by kind, and coy for fashion.
H. C.

Of Wrath.

——Fierce reuenging wrath
Rides on a Lyon, loth for to bee led,
And in his stand a burning brand hee had,
The which hee brandished about his head,
His eyes did hurle foorth sparkles fierie redde,
And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew, and seeming dead,
And on his dagger still his hand hee held,
Trembling through hastie rage when choller in him
Ed. Spencer. (sweld.

——Boyling wrath, sterne, cruell, swift, & rash,
That like a boare her teeth doth grinde and gnash,
Whose hayre dooth stare like bristled porcupine,
Who sometimes rowles her gastly glowing eyene,
And sometimes fixly on the ground doth glaunce,
Now bleake, then bloudy in her countenance,
Rauing and rayling with a hideous sound,
Clapping her hands, stamping against the ground,
Bearing *Bocconi*, fire, and sword, to slay
And murder all that for her pittie pray,
Banning her selfe to bane her enemie,
Disdaining death, prouided others die,
Like falling towres o're-turned by the wind,

That

That breake themselues on that they vndergrinde.

I. Sylvester.

Full many mischiefes follow cruell wrath,
As horrid bloud-shed, and tumultuous strife,
Vnmanly murther, and vnthriftie scath,
Bitter despight, and rancors rustie knife,
And fretting greefe, the enemie of life,
All these and many euilles more haunt ire,
The swelling spleene, and frenzie raging rife,
The shaking palsie, and Saint *Fraunces* fire.

Ed. Spencer.

When men with wrath and sudden paines of ire,
Suffer themselues to bee o're-whelm'd and drownd,
And hot reuenge that burnes like flaming fire,
Mooues hearts to hurt, or tongs or hands to wound,
Though after to amend, if they desire,
Yet place of pardon seldome can be found.

S. I. H.

What iron band, or what sharpe hard-mouth'd bitte,
What chaine of Diamond (if such might bee)
Can bridle wrathfulnesse, and conquer it,
And keepe him in his bounds and due degree.

Idem.

——Hastie wrath and heedlesse hazardie,
Doe breede repentance and lasting infamie.

Ed. Spencer.

Poore sillie lambes the Lion neuer teares,
The feeble Mouse may lie among great Beares,
But wrath of man his rancour to requite,
Forgets all reason, ruth, and mercie quite.

M. of M.

—— Hee

——— He is a mad man that doth ſecke
Occaſion to wrath and cauſe of ſtrife,
She comes vnſought, and ſhunned followes eke:
Happy, who can abſtaine when rancor riſe
Kindles reuenge and threates his cruell knife:
Woe neuer wants when euery cauſe is caught,
And raſh occaſion makes vnquiet life. *Ed. Spencer.*

Be not moody in thy wrath, but pawze ere fiſt be bent,
Oft Phillips ſonne did raſhly ſtrike and ſodenly repent.
W. Warner.

Achilles when with counterfaited creſt,
He ſaw *Patroclus* bleeding all the way,
To kill his killer was not ſatisfied,
Except he hald and tare him all beſide.
S. I. H.

If fortune helpe whome thou wouldſt hurt,
Fret not at it the more,
When Aiax *ſtormed them from him,*
The prize Vliſſes *bore.*
W. Warner.

Rage, wanne and pale vpon a Tygre ſat
Gnawing vpon the bones of mangled men,
Nought can he view but he repines thereat, (an den,
His locks were ſnakes bred forth in Stigi- T. Lodge.

World.

The antique world in his firſt flowring youth,
Found no defect in his creators grace,
But with glad thanks and vnreprooued truth,
The gifts of ſoueraigne bountie did embrace,
Like angelles life was then mans happie caſe:

But

But later ages pride like corne-fed ſteede,
Abvſde her plentie and fatſwoln increaſe,
To all licencious luſt, and gan exceede,
The meaſure of her meane and naturall firſt ſeede.
Ed. Spencer.

VVhen arked *Noah*, and ſeuen with him the emptie (worlds remaine,
Had left the inſtrumētall means of landing thē again
And that both mā beaſt & all did multiply with ſtore
To *Aſia Sem*, to *Affrick Chā*, to *Europe Iapheth* bore
Their families, thus triple wiſe the world diuided was
VV. VV.

I take this world to bee but as a ſtage,
VVhere net-maskt men do play their perſonages,
Tis but a murmur and a pleaſant ſhew,
Syth ouer all ſtrange vanities do flow.
I. Sylueſter.

The world to the circumference of heauen,
Is as a ſmall poynt in Geometrie,
VVhoſe greatneſſe is ſo little that a leſſe
Cannot bee made. *Th. Dekkar*

The firſt world bleſſed was with heauenly fauours,
Aud the laſt curſt with painefull helliſh labours.
Ch. Middl.

O vaine worlds glorie, and vncertaine ſtate,
Of all that liues on face of ſinfull earth,
VVhich frouı their firſt vntill their vtmoſt date,
Taſte no one howre of happineſſe or mirth,
But like as is the ingate of their birth.
They crying creepe out of their mothers wombe,
To wayling backe, goe to their carefull tombe.
Ed. Spencer.

Ah

Ah wretched world, the den of wretchednesse,
Deformd with filth and foule iniquitie,
Ah wretched world, the house of heauinesse,
Fild with the wreakes of mortall miserie,
Oh wretched world and all that is therein,
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaues to sinne.

Idem.

——— O worlds inconstancie,
That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting doth abide and stay. *Idem.*
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good and bad, and then from bad to worse,
From worst vnto that which is worst of all,
And then returne vnto his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormie time,
Where will hee liue vntill the lustie prime?

Idem.

This golden age to yron doth decline,
As summer vnto winter must resigne.

D. Lodge.

The first and riper world of men and skill,
Yeelds to our latter time for three inuentions,
Myraculously wee write, wee sayle, wee kill,
As neither auncient scrowle nor storie mentions.
Print. The first hath opened learnings old concealed
And obscurde arts restored to the light:
Loadst. The second hidden countries hath reueald,
And sent Christs Gospel to each liuing wight.
These we commend, but oh what needeth more,
Guns. To teach death more skill then he had before.

Th. Bastard.

Take

Take moyſture from the ſea, take colour frō his kind,
Before the world deuoyd of change thou finde.
——All that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapour vaniſh and decay.
Ed. Spencer.

This is the reſt the vaine world lendes,
To end in death, that all things ends.
S. Daniell.

All men are willing with the world to hault,
But no man takes delight to know his fault.
D. Lodge.

A die, a drab, and filthie broking Knaues,
Are the worlds wide mouthes, al-deuouring graues.
I. Marſton.

Nothing doth the world ſo full of miſchiefe fill,
But want of feeling one-anothers will.
G. Chapman.

——Not by that which is the world now deemeth,
(As it was woont) but by that fame that ſeemeth.
Ed. Spencer.

There neuer ſhall bee any age ſo cleere,
But in her ſmoothe face ſhall ſome faults appeare.
Th. Middl.

The world muſt end, for men are ſo accurſt,
Vnleſſe God end it ſooner, men will firſt.
Th. Baſtard.

Youth.

Youth is a bubble blowen vp with a breath,
VVhoſe wit is weaknes, and whoſe wage is death,
*W*hoſe way is wildnes, and whoſe Inne penance,

And ſtoope gallant age, the hoaſt of grecuance.

Ed. Spencer.

If crooked age accounteth youth his ſpring,
The ſpring the fayreſt ſeaſon of the yeere,
Enricht with flowers, and ſweetes, and many a thing
That fayre and glorious to the eye appeares:
It fits that youth the ſpring of man ſhould bee,
Richt with ſuch flowers as vertue getteth thee.

R. Greene.

For noble youth there is no thing ſo meete
As learning is, to know the good from ill,
To know the tongues, and perfectly endite,
And of the lawes to haue the perfect skill
Things to reforme as right and iuſtice will:
For honour is ordained for no cauſe,
But to ſee right maintained by the lawes.

M. of M.

The youth of Princes haue no boundes for ſinne,
Vnleſſe themſelues doe make the bounds within.

S. *Daniell.*

Moſt true it is, as veſſels of firſt licours euer taſte,
Loue ſeaſoned ſo with ſweetnes of youth, the ſame dooth
W. Warner. *(euer laſt.*

Like as the veſſell euer beares a taſte
Of the ſame iuice wherewith it firſt was fil'd,
And as in fruitfull ground the ſeede growes faſt,
That firſt is ſowen after the ground is till'd:
So looke what lore in youthfull yeeres is plaſt,
By that they grow the worſe or better willed,
When as they came to manly age and ſtature,
Sith education is another nature.

S. I. H.

The

The tunne retaineth long the taſte and ſent,
Of that pure licour which at firſt it hent,
And what impreſsion one in youth retaine,
In age our reaſon hardly will reſtraine,

D. Lodge.

——— What by vaine example youth conceiues,
The ſame for lawfull daily he receiues.

Idem.

Age is deformed, youth vnkind,
Nee ſcorne their bodyes, they our mindes.

Th. Baſtard.

The youth are fooliſh hardy, or leſſe hardy thē they ought
Effeminate, fantaſticke, in few not few, are nought.

W. Warner.

——Forward ſinne in raines of fooliſh rage,
eaues heedleſſe youth inchaind his captiue page.

D. Lodge.

———Youth doth deſerue by might,
ut old age by good counſell and fore-ſight.

Idem.

——— Youth may loue, and yongmen may admire,
old age cannot, yet it will deſire.

I. Weeuer.

grained habits died with often dips
e not ſo ſoone diſcoloured, yong ſlippes
ew ſet, are eaſily mou'd and pluckt away,
t elder-rootes clippe faſter in the clay.

I. Murſton.

e plow-man firſt his land doth dreſſe and turne,
d makes it apt or ere the ſeede he ſow,
hereby hee is full like to reape the corne,

VVhere otherwise no seede but weed should grow:
By which example men may easily know,
When youth haue wealth before they can well vse it,
It is no woonder though they doe abuse it.

M. of M.

Reform the eue to day, vnapt to day, least apt to morrow
Youth aptly offers vertues, such as yeares vnaptly borrow

VV. VV.

Looke what wee haue when youth is most in prime,
That shall wee want in age by course of time,

Th. Churchyard.

The diuision of the day naturall.

Mediæ noctis inclinatio.

Night was farre spent, and now in Ocean deepe,
Orion flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steepe. *Ed. Sp.*
By this th'eternall lamps wherewith high *Ioue*,
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
And the moyst daughters of huge *Atlas* stroue
Into th'ocean deep to driue their wearie droue. *Idē*

——— The gentle humorous night,
Implyes her middle course, and the sharpe east,
Breathes on my spirit with his fierie steedes.

G. Chapman.

The silent night that long had soiourned,
Now gan to cast her sable mantle off,
And now the sleepie waine-man softly droue

Hi

His slow-pac't teeme that long had trauailed.

Th. Kyd.

Gallicinium.

By this the Northerne Wagoner had set
His seuen-fold teeme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in Ocean waues, yet neuer wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre,
To all that in the wide deepe wandring are,
And cheereful chauntte cleere with his notes shrill,
Had warned once that *Phebus* fierie carre,
In haste was climing vp to Esterne hill,
Full enuious that the night so long his roome did fill.

Ed. Spencer.

What time the natiue Bel-man of the night,
The bird that warned *Peter* of his fall,
First rings his siluer bel to each sleeping wight,
That should their mindes vp to deuotion call. *Idem.*
The cheerefull cocke, the sad nights trumpeter,
Wayting vpon the rising of the sunne,
Doth sing to see how *Cynthia* shrinks her horne,
Where *Clitia* takes her progresse to the East,
VVhere wringing west with drops of siluer dew,
Her wonted teares of loue she doth renew,
The wandering swallow with her broken song,
The countrie wench vnto her worke awakes,
Whilst *Cytherea* sighing, walks to seeke,
Her murdered loue transformed to a rose,
Whom though she see, to croppe shee kindly feares
But kissing sighes, and dewes him with her teares.

Th. Kyd.

Now ere the purple dawning yet did ſpring,
The ioyfull Larke began to ſtretch her wing,
And now the cocke the mornings trumpeter,
Plaid hunts vp, for the day-ſtarre to appeare,
Downe ſlideth *Phebe* from her criſtall chayre,
S'daigning to lend her light vnto t heayre.

M. Drayton.

Diliculum.

At laſt fayre *Heſperus* in higheſt skie,
Had ſpent his lamp, & brought forth dawning light.

Ed. Spencer.

The night growen old, her blacke head waxen gray.
Sure ſhepheards ſigne that morn wil ſoon fetch day.

S. *Ph. Sydney.*

It was the time when gainſt the breaking day,
Rebellious night yet ſtroue and ſtill repined,
For in the eaſt appeares the morning gray,
And yet ſome lampes in *Ioues* high pallace ſhined.

Ed. Fairfax.

By this *Apolloes* golden harpe beganne
To ſend forth muſicke to the Ocean,
*W*hich watchfull Heſperus no ſooner heard,
But hee the day bright bearing carre prepar'd,
And ranne before, as harkenger of light,
And with his flaming beames mockt vgly night.

Ch. Marlow.

——— *Lycaons* ſonne,
The hardy plough-ſwaine vnto mightie *Ioue*,
Hath trac'd his ſiluer furrowes in the heauen,
And turning home his ouer-watched teeme,

Giue

Giues leaue vnto *Apolloes* chariot.

R. Greene.

*N*ights candles are burnt out, and iocond day,
Stands tiptoe on the miſtie mountaines top.

VV. Sh.

Loe now the gentle Larke wearie of reſt,
From his moyſt cabynet mounts vp on hie,
And wakes the morning from whoſe ſiluer breaſt,
*T*he ſunne ariſeth in his maieſtie:
*VV*ho doth the world ſo gloriouſly behold,
That *C*edar tops and hilles ſeem'd burniſht gold.

Idem.

Mane.

*T*he ioyous day gan earlie to appeare,
And fayre *Aurora* fro her dewy bed
Of aged *Tithon* gan her ſelfe to reare
With roſie cheekes, for ſhame as bluſhing red.

Ed. Spencer.

*N*ow when the roſie-fingred morning fayre,
Wearie of aged *Tithons* ſaffron bed,
Had ſpread her purple robe through dewie ayre,
And the high hilles *Titan* diſcouered,
*T*he royall Virgin ſhooke off drowſie bed.

Idem.

*N*ow ſullen night with ſlow ſad pace deſcended
*T*o vgly hell, when loe the bluſhing morrow
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.

W. Sh.

Soone as the morrow faire with purple beames,
Diſperſt the ſhadowes of the miſtie night,
And Titan playing on the eaſterne ſtreames,
Gan cleare the dewie ayre with ſpringing light.

Ed. Spencer.

The dewie Roſeat morne had with her hayres,
In ſundrie ſorts the Indian clime adornde,
And now her eyes apparelled in teares,
The loſſe of louely *Memnon* long had mornde.

D. Lodge.

The gaudie morne out of her golden ſleepe
Awakte, and little birdes vncagde gan ſing,
To welcome home the bride-groome of the ſea.

G. Peele.

The gray-eyde morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Cheering the eaſterne cloudes with ſtreams of light,
And darkeneſſe flected like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes path-way made by *Titans* wheels.

W. Sh.

Now had the morne eſpide her louers ſteedes,
VVhereat ſhee ſtarts, puts on her purple weede,
And red for anger that hee ſtayd ſo long,
All headlong throwes her ſelfe the cloudes among.

Ch. Marlow.

As ſoon as morning her ſhining haires fro the mountains
Had ſhewen forth & driuen all ſtar-light quite fro the
heauens. *A. Fraunce.* *(huſband*
Faire Aurora betimes by the daies break roſe from her
Husband, old & cold, & draue back clouds frō Olympas
Making way to the ſun, taking her way to the younker,
Braue yonker Cephalus whom faire Aurora deſired.

Idem.

Now

Now was the time when as *Aurora* faire,
Began to shew the world her golden head,
And looke abroade to take the coole fresh ayre,
Iealous *Tithono* lying still in bedde.

S. *I. H.*

The sable night dislodgd and now beganne,
Auroraes vsher with a windie fanne,
Sweetely to shake the woods on euerie side,
The whilst his mistresse like a stately bride,
With flowers, with gemmes, and Indian gold doth (spangle
Her louely locks her louers looks to tangle,
VVhen passing through the aire in mantle blue,
With siluer frindge she drops the pearlie dew,
With her goes *Abram* out.

I. Sylvester.

The rosie fringed morne with gladsome ray,
Rose to her taske from old *Tithonas* lap.

Ed. Fairfax.

The night beginnes bee angrie when shee sees
She can distill no sleepe in louers eyes,
Tossing her selfe among the cloudes now hath
Sent the red morne as harauld of her wrath,
VVhose louer *Phebus* rising from his bed,
VVith dewie mantle hath the world or'e-spread,
Shaking his tresses ouer *Neptunes* ebbe:
And giuing tincture to the spiders webbe,
These fayre nimphs rose, seeing the light did call.

I. Weeuer.

Aurora bright her cristall gates vnbatr'd,
And bridegroome like stept forth the glorious sunne

Ed. Fairfax.

The

The dewie tresie morning newly wake,
With golden tinsell scarse had crownd her brow,
Riding in triumph on the Ocean lake,
Embellishing the hony-fringed bowes.

M. Drayton.

The purple morning left her crimsin bed,
And dond her robes of pure vermillion hue,
Her amber locks shee crownd with roses red,
In Edens flowry gardens gathered new.

Ed. Fairfax.

Soles Ortus.

At last the golden Orientall gate
Of greatest heauen gan to open fayre,
And Phœbus fresh as bridegroome to her mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his dewie haire,
And hurles his glistering beames through gloomie (ayre

Ed. Spencer.

The fierie sunne was mounted vp on hight,
Vp to the heauenly towres, and shot each where
Out of his golden chariot glistering light:
And faire Aurora with her rosie hayre,
The hatefull darknesse now had put to flight.

Idem.

The golden sunne rose from the siluer waue,
And with his beames enameld euerie grene.

Ed. Fairfax.

The snoring snout of restlesse Phlegon blew,
Hot on the Indes, which did the day renew
With scarlet skie.

Th. Hadson.

Meridie.

Meridies.

Hyperion throwing forth his beames full oft,
Into the higheſt toppe of heauen gan clime,
And the world parting by an equall lot,
Did ſhed his whirling flames on either ſide,
As the great Ocean doth himſelfe diuide.

Ed. Spencer.

When as the ſunne towred in heauens head,
Downe from the ſiluer mouutaines of the skie,
Bent his bright chariot on the glaſsie bed,
Fayre Criſtall gilded with his glorious eye,
Fearing ſome vſurpation in his ſted,
Or leaſt his loue ſhould too long dalliance ſpie,
Tweene him and Virgo, whoſe attractiue face,
Had newly made him leaue the Lions chace,
In that ſame middayes hower &c.

I. Markham.

—— Golden Phœbus now that monnted hie
From fierie wheeles of his fayre chariot,
Hurled his beames ſo ſcorching cruell hot,
That liuing creature mote it not abide.

Ed. Spencer.

In higheſt way of heauen the ſunne did ryde,
Progreſsing from fayre twins in golden place,
Hauing no maske of cloudes before his face,
But ſtreaming forth his heate in cheefeſt pride.

S. Ph. Sydney.

Solis Occaſus.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to ſteepe,

His

His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint Steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whilst from their iournall labours they doe rest.

Ed. Spencer.

—— Loe the great Automedon of day,
In *Isis* streame his golden locks doth steepe,
Sad euen her dusky mantle doth display,
Light flying fouls the posts of night doe sport them,
And cheerefull looking Phœbe doth comfort them.

D. Lodge.

By this the welked Phœbus gan auaile,
His wearie waine and now the frostie night,
Her mantle blacke through heauen gan ouerhaile,

Ed. Spencer.

Such loue as Phœbus from the coloured skie,
Did headlong driue his horses toward the west,
To suffer horned *Luna* for to prye,
Amidst the dusky darke.

D. Lodge.

When as the Sun hales towards the westerne slade,
And the tree shadowes three times greater made.

M. Dr.

And now the Sunne was past his middleway,
Leaning more louely to his lemmon's bed,
And the Moones third howre had attacht the day.

I. Markham.

By this the sunne had spred his golden locks
Vpon the pale greene carpet of the sea,
And opened wide the scarlet doore which locks,
The easefull euening from the labouring day,
Now night beganne to leape from yron rocks,

And

And whippes her ruſtie waggon through the way.

Idem.

The bl ſhing ſunne plucks in his ſmiling beames,
Making his ſteedes to mend their woonted pace,
Till plunging downe into the ocean ſtreames,
There in the froathie waues hee hides his face,
Then raines them in more then his vſuall ſpace,
And leaues ſoule darkneſſe to poſſeſſe the skie,
A time moſt fit for ſouleſt tragedie.

M. D.

Now the ſunne is mounted vp on hie,
And pawſeth in the midſt of all the skie,
His fierie face vpon the earth doth beate,
And bakes it with intollerable heate.

I. Authoris.

Veſper.

——— Now the golden Heſperus
Was mounted hie in toppe of heauens ſheene,
And warned had his brethren ioyous,
To light their bleſſed lamps in *Ioues* eternall houſe,

Ed. Spencer.

By this the night from forth the darkſome bower
Of *Erebus*, her teemed ſteedes gan call,
And lazie *Veſper* in his timely howre,
From golden *Oeta* gan proceede withall.

R. Greene.

About the time when *Veſper* in the Weſt,
Gan ſet the euening watch, and ſilent night,
Richly attended by his twinckling traine,
Sent ſleepe and ſlumber to poſſeſſe the world.

And

And fantasie to hauzen idle heades,
Vnder the stately Canopie of heauen,
I layd me downe laden with many cares.

G. Peele.

Now the worlds comforter with wearie gate,
His dayes hot taske hath ended in the VVest,
The owle (nights harauld) shreekes, tis verie late,
The sheepe are gone to fold, the birds to nest,
The cole-blacke cloudes that shadow heauens light
Do summon vs to parte and bid good night,

W. Sh.

Noctis initium.

Now gan the hunni'd vapour shed the ground
With pearlie dew, and th'earths gloomie shade
Did dimme the brightnesse of the welkin round,
That euerie beast and bird awarned made,
To shrowde themselues, while sleep their senses did (inuade,

Ed. Spencer.

The silent shadowes with their mother vaile,
The bright lampe of heauen from Thetis hid,
Apolloes sister in her starry rayle,
Along her lower Sphere in triumpe led,

D. Lodge.

—— Cynthia companion of the night,
With shining brand lighting his eben carre,
Whose axeltree was iet auchact with starres,
And roofe with shining rauens feathers cealed,
Piercing my eye lids as I lie along,
Awaked me through,

G. Peele.

Thus

Thus whiles dumb sights their yeelding hearts entā-
The aire with sparks of liuing fire was spāgled, (gled
And night deepe drencht in mistie Acheron,
Heaued vp her head halfe the world vpon,
Breath'd darknes forth, darke night is Cupids daie.

Ch. Marlow.

—— From deepe of regions vnderneath
Nights vaile arose and sunnes bright luster chaede.

Ed. Fairfax.

nuested in her statcly vale the night
n her kind armes embraced all the round,
he siluer moone from Sea vprising bright,
pred frostie pearle vpon the canded ground.

Idem.

ow blacke-browde night plast in her chaire of iet,
at wrapt in cloudes within her cabinet,
nd with her duskie mantle ouer-spread
he path the sunnie Palfraies vsde to tread,
nd Cynthia sitting in her Cristall chayre,
all her pompe did ride along her Sphere,
he honyed dew descended in soft showres,
rizled in pearle vpon the tender flowers:
nd Zephire husht, who with a whispering gale,
emed to harken to the nightingale,
hich in the thornie brakes with her sweet song,
nto the silent night bewrayde her wrong.

M. Dra.

Noctis concubium.

ow was the heauenly vault depriude of light
th sunnes depart, and now the darknes of the night,

Did

Did light those beamy ſtars which greater lite did dark
Now each thing that inioyd that fierie quickning ſpark
(Which life is cald) were moud their ſpirits to repoſe,
And wanting vſe of eyes, their eies began to cloſe:
A ſilence ſweete, each where with one conſent imbraſt
A muſicke ſweete, to one in carefull muſing plaſt:
And mother earth, now clad in morning weed, did
A dull deſire to kiſſe th'image of our death. (breath

S. Ph. Sydney.

It was the time, when reſt ſoft ſliding downe
From heauens height, into mans heauie eyes,
In the forgetfulneſſe of ſleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miſeries.

Ed. Spencer.

——— The ſunne alreadie ſanke
Beyond our world, and ere I got my boothe,
Each wight with mãtle black the night doth ſcoot
Sauing the glow-worm, which would courteous b
Of that ſmall light oft watching ſleepers ſee.
The welkin had full niggardly incloſde
In coffer of dimme cloudes his ſiluer groates,
I cleped ſtarres, each thing to reſt diſpoſde,
The caues were full, the mountaines voyde of goat
The birds eyes cloſde, cloſed their chirping notes:
As for the nightingale, woods muſicke King,
It Auguſt was, hee daind not then to ſing.

S. *Ph.* Sydney.

——— Now the ſable ſhade
I cleped night had thicke enueloped
The ſunne, in vaile of double darknes made
Sleepe eaſed care, reſt brought complaint to bed.

Ed. Fairfax. No

Now from the freſh, the ſoft, and tender bed,
Of her ſtill mother gentle night out-flew
The fleeting balme on hilles and dales ſhee ſhed,
With honey drops of pure and precious dew,
And on the verdure of greene forreſts ſpred,
The virgin prime roſe, and the violet blew,
And ſweete-breath Zephire on his ſpreading wings
Sleepe, eaſe, repoſe, reſt, peace, and quiet brings,
The thoughts and troubles of broade waking day,
They ſoftly dip in mild de obliuions lake,

Idem.

Intempeſta nox.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hie,
Aboue the ſhinie Caſsiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly ſleepe did drowned lie,

Ed. Spencer.

Midnight was come, when euerie vitall thing,
With ſweete ſound ſleepe their wearie limbs did reſt,
The beaſts were ſtill, the little birds that ſing,
Now ſweetely ſlept beſides their mothers breſt,
The old and all were ſhrowded in their reſt,
The waters calme, the cruell ſeas did ceaſe,
The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace
The golden ſtarres were whirld amidſt theyr race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinckling light,
When each thing neſtled in his reſting place,
Forgat dayes payne with pleaſure of the night,
The hare had not the greedie hounds in ſight,
The fearefull Deare of death ſtood not in doubt,
The Partrich dreamd not of the falchens foot,

The vgly beare now minded not the stake,
Nor how the cruell mastiffes doe her teare,
The stagge lay still vnrousèd from the brake,
The foamie bore fear'd not the hunters speare,
All things were still in desart, bush and breere:
The quiet heart now from their trauailes rest,
Soundly they slept in most of all their rest.

M. Sackuile.

——— The midnights waking starre,
Sad *Cassiopeia* with a heauie cheere
Pusht forth her forehead to make knowne from farre,
What time the deadly dole of earth drewe neere.

I. Markham.

With falling mists the darkesome night extended
Her sable wings, and gently ouer-spread
Heauens gloomie vaile, whence Phœbus lampe was fled,
Dead time of rest to euerie mortall wight,
To cheerefull mindes that bringeth wanton sleepe,
With many a phantasie and deluding toy,
And pensiue heart it doth delaie and keepe
From tedious companie, that would annoy,
Dull Saturnists that haue abiurdall ioy.

Th. Storer.

Now spread the night her spangled canopie,
And summond euerie restlesse soule to sleepe,
On beds of tender grasse the beasts doe lie,
The fishes slumbred in the silent deepe,
Vnheard was Serpents hisse and Dragons crie,
Birds left to sing, and Philomele to weepe:
Onely that noyse heauens rolling circle kest,
Sung lullaby to bring the world to rest.

Ed. Fairfax.

Nottis

Noctis initium.

When low the night with mistie mantle spread,
Gan darke the day, and dimme the azure skies,
And *Venus* in her message *Hermes* sped
To bloudy *Mars*, to will him not to rise,
While shee her selfe approacht in speedie wise,
And *Virgo* hiding her disdainfull breast,
With *Thetis* now had layd her downe to rest,
While *Scorpio* dreading *Sagitarius* dart,
Whose bow prest bent, in fight the string had slipt,
Downe slid into the Ocean floud a part,
The beare that in the irish seas had dipt
His grisly-feete, with speede from thence he whipt,
For *Thetis* hasting from the virgins bed,
Purfude the beare that ere she came was fled,
And *Phaethon* now neere reaching to his race,
With glistering beames gold streaming where they
Was prest to enter in his resting place, (bent
Arcturus that in the carte first went,
Had euen now attain'd his iourneyes stent,
And fast declining hid away his head,
Where *Titan* coucht him in his purple bed,
And now pale *Cynthia* with her borrowed light,
Beginning to supplie her brothers place,
Was past the noone-sted sixe degrees in sight,
When sparkling starres amidst the heauens face,
With twinckling light shone on the earth apace,
And while they brought about the nights chaire,
Ere dark had dimd the day ere I was ware. *M. Sac.*
Such time as from her mothers tender lap
The night arose, garded with gentle winds,

And with her precious dew refresht the sappe,
Of bloome and darke, (whilst that her mantle blinds
The vaile of heauen) and euery birde was still,
Saue Philomele that did bemone her ill:
When in the *West* Orion lift aloft
His stately crest, and smilde vpon the twins,
And Cynthia seemely bright (whose eye full oft
Had watcht her loue) with radiant light begins,
To pierce the vaile of silence with her beames,
Sporting with wanton cleere in Ocean streames,
When little winds in beating of their wings,
Did woe the eyes to leaue their constant walke,
And all was husht saue Zephirus that sings,
With louely breathings for the sea nymphs sake,
My wrathfull greefes perplexe my mind so sore,
That forth I walkt, my sorrowes to deplore.

D. Lodge.

Poeticall Descriptions.

Of Theologie.

In chariot framed of celestiall mould,
And simple pureneſſe of the pureſt skie,
A more then heauenly nymph I did behold,
Who glauncing on mee with her gracious eye,
So gaue mee leaue her beautie to espie,
For sure no sence such sight can comprehend,
Except her beames theyr fayre reflection lend

*H*er beautie with eternitie beganne,
And onely vnto God was euer ſeene,
When *Eden* was poſſeſt with ſinfull man,
She came to him, and gladly would hauebeene,
The long ſucceedings worlds eternall Queene,
But they refuſed her (O hainous deede)
And from that garden baniſht was that ſeede,
Since when at ſundrie times and ſundry wayes,
Atheiſme, and blinded ignorance conſpire,
*H*ow to obſcure thoſe holy burning rayes,
And quench that zeale of heart-inflaming fire,
As makes our ſoules to heauenly things aſpire:
But all in vaine, for maugre all their might,
She neuer loſt one ſparkle of her light.
Pearles may bee foyld, and gold bee turn'd to droſſe,
The ſunne obſcur'd, the moone bee turn'd to bloud,
The world may ſorrow for *Aſtreas* loſſe,
The heauens darkened like a duskie wood,
Waſt deſerts lie where wattrie fountaines ſtood;
But fayre *Theologie* (for ſo ſhee hight)
Shall neuer looſe one ſparkle of her light.
Such one ſhe was, as in his Hebrew ſong,
The wiſeſt king for faireſt creature prooues,
Embracing her the Cedar trees among,
Comparing her to roſes and to Doues,
Preferring her before all other loues,
Such one ſhe was, and euerie whit as fayre,
Beſides theſe two was neuer ſuch a payre.

T. Storer.

Astrologie.

Her hand-maides in *Amazon*-like attire,
Went chaste and modest like *Dianaes* traine,
One by her gazing lookes seemes to aspire
Beyond the Moone, and in a high disdaine,
To deeme the world and worldly treasures vaine.
She hight Astrologie, on whose bright lawne,
Spheres Astrolabes and skilfull globes are drawn.

Retoricke.

The next, fayre smiling with a pleasing cheeke,
Had power to rauish and inchaunt mens eares,
Hight Rhetorick, whose shadowed vaile showen
With siluer tongues, and ouer it she weares, (cleere
A wimpled scarfe, bedewd with hearers teares,
Whose captiue hearts she should detaine long while,
With pleasance of her vnaffected stile.

Of Logicke.

The third a quicke-eyde dame of piercing sight,
That reasons worth in equall ballance wayed,
The truth shee lou'd aboue all earthly wight,
Yet could not tell her loue, but what shee sayd
Was certaine true, and shee a perfect maide,
Her garments short, tuckt vp to earth preparde,
And shee calld *Logicke* without welt or gard.

Th. Storer.

Arith.

Arith. Muſicke. Geometrie.

Next theſe, whoſe outward lookes I knew aright,
And had ſome portion of their endleſſe treaſure,
Fayre *Algebra* with fingers richly dight,
Sweete Muſicke founder of delightſome pleaſure,
Earth-ſcanning nymph, directreſſe of all meaſure.
These humbly did her ſoueraigne highnes greet,
And meekely layd their garlands at her feete.
From euerie one ſhee pluckt a ſpeciall flower,
And layd each flower vpon a ſeuerall part,
Then from her one a ſtemme of wondrous power,
Whoſe leaues were beames, whoſe ſtalke a fiery dart.
And that ſhe layd vpon my trembling heart,
These were the buds of art, this plant of bliſſe,
This gaue them life, they yeelded grace to this.

Th. Storer.

Of Battaile.

Two greater kings were neuer ſeene before.
Then camped was in Ragan field at morne,
With haughtie hearts enarmed all on ire,
Each ſouldiour ſet another ſo on fire,
Thar ſcarcely they could keepe them in their bounde
Till pipe or Cymball, or the Trumpet ſound,
Denounce the chocke, but with their furious faces,
They threate their foes with fell menaces,
And ſtroks at hand, two thouſand lads forlorne
(To blunt the ſword) were downe in battaile borne,
Vpon their flames flew feruently their ſtones,

That bet theyr bucklers to their bruſed bones,
The Squadron then ſteps ſternely to the ſtroke,
With hearts inhumane all the battaile yoakes,
And are ſupplyde with many mightie bands,
Some counters them, and ſternely them withſtands,
With foote to foote each other ouerpries,
Both Medes and Caldes claſpe with gaſtly cryes,
Like Nylus ſtreames that from the rocke do rumble,
Or *Encelade* when he in tombe doth tumble.

Tho. Hudſon.

Of a kiſſe.

Beſt charge, and braueſt retrait in *Cupids* fight,
A double key which opens to the heart,
Moſt rich, when moſt his riches it impart,
Neaſt of yong ioyes, ſchoole-maſter of delight,
Teaching the meane at once to take and giue,
The friendly ſtay, where blows both wound & heale,
The pettie death, where each in other liue,
Poore hopes firſt wealth, hoſtage of promiſe weake,
Breakefaſt of loue.

S. Ph. Sydney.

Of People.

People, leſſe ſetled then the ſliding ſand,
More mutable then Proteus or the Moone,
Turnd and returnd in turning of a hand,
Like Euripus ebbe flowing euery noone:
Thou thouſand headed headleſſe monſter moſt,
Oft ſlaine like *Antheus*, and as oft new riſing,
Who hard as ſteele, as light as wingd art toſt,

Camelion

Canielion like, each obiects colour prising.

I. Sylueſter.

Diſdaine.

A ſturdie villaine ſtirring ſtrife and bold,
As though the higheſt God defie he would:
In his right hand an iron clubbe hee held,
But hee himſelfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and ſence, and well could weilde
That curſed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld,
Diſdaine he called was, and did diſdaine
So to be calde, and who ſo him did call.

Ed. Spencer.

Of the ſame.

——— Loe a knight vnto his ſocour went
All arm'd in ſhining ſteele, and on his ſhield,
He bare a yoake in ſundrie peeces rent,
And flames of fire all in a yellow field:
So weaponed he was, as if hee ment
To make all that incountred him to yeeld:
A ſword and ſpeare hee had, and to the ſame
A mace, from whence he threw continuall flame.
His mace was ſtorde with euerlaſting fire,
That euer burned and did neuer waſte,
No other wagon needed one deſire
To make good way which way ſoere he paſt,
And ſure Rinaldoes danger did require,
Quicke remedie, wherefore the knight did haſte,
And when hee ſaw this monſter and did vew her,

He

VVith his stiffe speare forthwith hee ouerthrew her:
But this same fall did her no whit annoy,
Wherefore to vse his speare he now misliketh,
Onely hee will his fierie face imploy,
And with that same the monster foule hee striketh,
Then shee no longer could her force inioy.

S. I. H.

Of Dearth.

——— Dearth the liuely forme of death
Still yawning wide with lothsome stinking breath,
VVith hollow eyes, with meger cheekes and chinne
VVith sharpe leane bones, piercing her sable skinne
Her emptie bowels may bee plainely spide,
Cleane through the wrinckles of her withered hide
Shee hath no bellie, but the bellies seate,
Her knees and knuckles swelling very great,
Insatiate Orque, that euen at one repaste,
Almost all creatures in the world with waste,
VVhose greedie gorge dish after dish doth draw,
Seekes meate in meate, for still her monstrous maw
Voydes in deuouring, and sometimes she eates
Her owne deere babes, for lacke of other meates,
Nay more sometimes (O strangest gluttonie,)
Shee eates her selfe, her selfe to satisfie,
Lesning her selfe, her selfe so to inlarge,
And cruell thus, shee doth our grandsire charge,
And brings beside from Limbo to assist her,
Rage, feeblenesse, and thirst her ruthlesse sister.

I. Siluester.

O

Of Thirst.

——Cruell thirst came out of *Cyren* land,
Where shee was fostered on the burning sand,
With hote intracted tongue, and sunken eine,
With stomacke worne, and wrinckled visage keene
With light and meagre, corse, and pailed vaines,
In steede of bloud, that brimstone hot retaines,
Her poysoned mouth blew through that holy towne,
Such hellish aire, that stiffled vp and down. *Th. Had.*

Old Woman.

Her eyes were sunk into her head,
Her cheeks were leane and lanke,
Out stood her chin,
Into her mouth her bloudlesse lips they sanke,
Her toothlesse chappes
Disgraste her tongue in telling of a tale,
And sucke she might
A teat for teeth and spoonage too did faile,
Her haire since sixtie yeeres
Not blacke, was now, nor white, or none,
The substance of her wrinckled face
Were onely skinne and bone,
Dimme were her eyes,
Deafe were her eares, ranke smelt, if she could sent,
A palsie made her feeling cease,
Downe tastlesse foode it went. *W. Warner.*

Of a Combate.

Sometime they proffer, then they pause a while,
Sometime strike out, like masters of the play,
Now stand vpright, now stoope, another while,
Now open lie, now couer all they may.

Now

Now ward then with a ſlippe the blow beguilde,
Now forward ſtep, now backe a little way,
Now round about, and where the tone giues place,
There ſtill the other preſſeth in his place.

S. I. H.

Of Albion.

—— Faire Albion glorie of the North,
Neptunes beſt darling held betweene his armes,
Diuided from the world, as better worth,
Kept from himſelfe, defended from all harmes.

S. Daniell.

This royall throne of Kings, this ſceptred yle,
This earth of maieſtie, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, this demi-paradiſe,
This fortreſſe built by nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt inteſtion and the hand of warre,
This happie breede of man, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſette in the ſiluer ſea,
Which ſerues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuie of leſſe happier lands,
This nurſe, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,
Feard by their breede, and famous by their byrth,
Renowned in their deedes as farre from home,
For charitie, ſeruice, and true chiualrie,
As is the Sepulchre in ſtubburne Iewrie.

M. Dr.

Of Ægipt.

The faireſt flower that glories Affrica,
Whoſe beautie Phebus dare not daſh with ſhowres,
Ouer whoſe climate neuer hung a cloude,
But ſmiling Titan lights the Horizon.

R. Greene.

Hieruſalem.

Hieruſalem is ſeated on two hilles,
Of height vnlike, and turned ſide to ſide,
The ſpace betweene a gentle vallie filles,
From mount to mount exſpanſed faire and wide,
Three ſides are ſure imbarde with crags and hilles,
The reſt is eaſie ſcant to riſe eſpide,
But mightie bulwarks fence that plainer part,
So art helps nature, nature ſtrengthneth art.
The towne is ſtorde of troughs and ceſternes made,
To keepe freſh water, but the countrey ſeemes
Deuoyde of graſſe, vnfit for plowmens trade,
Not fertill, moyſt, with riuers, welles, and ſtreames,
There grow few trees, to make the ſummers ſhade,
To ſhield the parched land from ſcorching beames,
Saue that a wood ſtands ſixe miles from the towne,
With aged Cedars, darke and ſhadowes browne:
By eaſt among the duskie vallies glide,
The ſiluer ſtreames of Iordanes ſiler floud,
By weſt the mid-land ſea with bounders tyde,
Ot ſandie ſhowres, where Ioppa whilom ſtood,
By North Samaria ſtands, and on that ſide,
The golden Calfe was reard in Bethell wood,

Bethlem

Bethlem by South, where Christ incarnate was,
A pearle in steele, a diamond sette in brasse.

Ed. Fairfax.

Of Deluge.

Heauens Cristall windowes with one hand God opes
Where on the world a thousand seas hee droppes,
With th'other hand hee gripes and wringeth forth,
The spungie globe of the execrable earth,
So straightly prest that it doth strait restore,
All liquid flouds that it had drunke before,
In euerie rocke new riuers doe beginne,
And to his aide the snowes came tumbling in.
The Pines and Cedars haue but bowes to shew,
The shoares do shrinke, the swelling waters grow.

I. Sylueſter.

Of a Courtier effeminate.

About his necke a carknet rich hee ware
Of precious stones all sette in gold well tried,
His armes that earst all warlike weapons bare,
In golden bracelets wantonly were tied,
Into his eares two rings conuayed are,
Of golden wire, at which on either side,
Two Indian pearles, in making, like two peares
Of passing price, were pendant at his eares,
His locks bedewd with waters of sweete sauour,
Stood curled round in order on his head,
He had such wanton womanish behauiour,
As though in *Valence* he had long beene bred,
So changd in speech, in manners, and in fauour,

So

from himselfe beyond all reason ledde,
these inchauntments of this amorous dame,
e was himselfe in nothing but in name.

S. I. H.

Of Eden.

r *Adam* God chose out an happie seate,
climate temperate both for cold and heate,
hich daintie *Flora* paueth sumptuously,
ith flowrie *Vers* inameld tapistrie,
mona prancks with fruits, whose taste excelles,
d Zephir filles with muske and amber smelles,
here God himselfe (as gardiner) treades the allies,
ith trees and corne couers the hilles and vallies,
mmons sweet sleep with noyse of hundred brooks,
d sunne-proofe arbors makes in sundrie nookes,
e plants, hee proines, he pares, he trimmeth round,
e euer-greene bewties of a fruitfull ground:
ere, there, the course of th'holy lakes he leades,
ith thousand dies he motleth all the meade.

I. Sylueſter.

Of Vvinds.

——— O heauens fresh flames quoth hee,
ths sweeping broomes, O forrests enmitie,
ou my haraulds, and my harbengers,
nimble posts, and speedie messengers,
armes, my sinewes, and my Eagles swift,
at through the ayre my rowling chariot lift.

I. Sylueſter.

Of

Of a drunken man.

His head growes giddie, and his foote indents,
A mightie fume his troubled braine torments,
His idle prattle from their purpose quite,
Is abrupt, fluttering, all confusde, and light,
His wine stuft stomacke wrung with wind he feele
His trembling tent all topsi-turuie wheeles,
At last not able on his legges to stand,
More like a foule swine then a sober man,
Oppresst with sleepe hee wallowes on the ground,
His shameleſſe snorting trounke so deepely drown
In selfe-obliuion, that he did not hide,
Those parts that Cæsar couerèd when hee died.

Idem.

A Palmer.

A sillie man in simple weede forworne,
And soyld with dust of the long dryed way,
His sandales were with toylsome trauell torne,
And face all rand with scorching sunnie ray,
As hee had trauaild many a summers day,
Through boyling sands of Africa and Inde,
And in his hand a Iacobs staffe to stay
His wearie limbs vpon, and eke behind,
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bin

Ed. Spencer.

Of Harpies.

Seuen of them came together in a knot,
With womens faces, wanne, with deadly cold,

S

o hunger-ſtaru'd, as death it ſelfe might not
e at firſt ſight more hidious to behold:
heir wings were great, but foule black wings god wot,
heyr tallents ſharp to gripe, and ſtrong to hold,
large foule panch, a filthy tayle and long,
rom whence there came a mighty odour ſtrong.

S. I. Harr.

Of Cyprus.

--- With filled ſayles, in little while,
hey came as farre as Cyprus, *Venus* Ile:
eere euery place was full of odours ſweet,
f gardens fayre, of ſpyce of pleaſant taſt,
he people luſtfull, (for dame *Venus* meete)
rom tender yeeres to doating age doe laſt,
ith wanton damſels walking in each ſtreet,
uiting men to pleaſure and repaſt.

S. I. Harr.

Of the Rainebow.

Ioah lookes vp, and in the ayre he viewes
ſemicircle of an hundred hewes;
vhich bright aſcending toward th'ætheriall thrones,
ath a line drawne betweene two Horizons
or iuſt Diameter: an euen bent bow
ontriu'd of three: whereof the one doth ſhow
o be all painted of a golden hew;
he ſecond greene, the third an orient blew:
et ſo, that in this pure blew-golden greene,
till (ô pall-like) ſome changeable is ſeene;
bow bright ſhining in th'archers hand,

Whoſe ſubtile ſtring ſeemes leueſt with the land,
Halfe parting heauen, and ouer vs it bends,
vvithin two ſeas wetting his horned ends;
A temporall beautie of the lampfull skyes,
vvhere powerfull Nature ſhewes her freſh-red dies.
And if you onely blew and red perceaue,
The ſame as ſignes of ſea and fire conceaue,
Of both the flowing and the flaming doome,
The iudgement paſt, and iudgement yet to come.

I. Silueſter.

Of Paradice.

Soone after he a chriſtall ſtreame eſpying,
From foote to head he waſht himſelfe therein,
Then vp he gets him on his courſer flying,
And of the ayre he more and more doth win:
Aſcending heauen, all earthly thoughts defying.
As fiſhes cut the liquid ſtreame with fin,
So cutteth he the ayre and doth not ſtop
Till he was come vnto the mountaine top.
This hill nie toucht the circle of the Moone,
The top was all a fruitefull pleaſant fielde,
And light at night, as ours is heere at noone,
The ſweeteſt place that euer man beheld,
(There would I dwell if God gaue me my boone)
The ſoyle thereof moſt fragrant flowers doth yeeld,
Like Rubies, gold, Saphire, pearles, Topaze ſtones,
Chriſolites, Diamonds, Iacinths for the nonce.
The trees that there did grow, were euer greene,
The fruite that thereon grew were neuer fading,
The ſundry coloured birds did ſit betweene

(Sing

Singing moſt ſweet) the fruitfull boughes thē ſhading,
Riuers more cleere then Chriſtall to be ſeene,
The fragrant ſmell, the ſence and ſoule inuading;
With ayre ſo temperate and ſo delightſome,
As all the place beſide was cleere and lightſome.

Of Diana.

The firſt with cloths tuckt vp as Nimphs in woods doe (range,
Tuckt vp euē to the knees, with bowes & arrowes preſt
Her right arme naked was, diſcouered was her breſt:
But heauy was her pace, & ſuch a megre cheere,
As little hunting mind (God knows) did there appeere.

S. *Phil. Sidney.*

--- Now great *Phœbe* in her tryumph came,
With all the titles of her glorious name,
Diana, Delia, Luna, Cynthia,
Virago, Hecate, and *Elythia*,
Dorothyria, Dictinna, Proſerpine,
Patona, and *Lucina* moſt diuine.

M. Drayton.

Cynthia.

The ſiluer Moone, dread ſoueraigne of the deepe
That with the floods fills vp her horned head,
And by her waine, the waining ebs doth keepe.

Iar. Markham.

--- VVith a braſe of ſiluer hindes,
Iuorie Chariot ſwifter then the windes,
Great *Hyperions* horned daughter drawne,
In chauntreſſe like, deckt in diſparent Lawne.

Circled with charmes and incantations,
That ride huge ſpirits and ouragious paſsions;
Muſicke and moode ſhe loues, but loue ſhe hates,
As curious Ladies doe their publique cates.

G. Chapman.

Natures bright eye-ſight, and the nights faire ſoule,
That with thy triple forhead dooſt controule
Earth, ſeas, and hell, and art in dignitie.
The great'ſt and ſwifteſt Planet in the skie.

Idem.

Venus.

--- Mounting in the Eaſt
Faire *Venus* in her Iuorie coach did haſt,
And towards thoſe penſiue Dames her courſe addreſ
Her Doues ſo plied theyr wauing wings with flight,
That ſtraight the ſacred Goddeſſe came in ſight.
Vpon her head ſhe bare that gorgious crowne
vvherein the poore *Amintas* is a ſtarre,
Her louely locks her boſome hanging downe,
Thoſe nets that firſt inſnard the God of warre:
Delicious-louely ſhine her louely eyes,
And on her cheekes Carnation clowdes ariſe.

D. Lodge.

Of Venus,

This goddeſſe had with art (more thē our womē knc
As ſtuffe meant for the ſale, ſet out to glaring ſhow)
A wanton womans face, & with curld knots had twir
Her haire, which by the help of painters cunning ſhin

S. Phil. Sidney.

Of Cupid.

Amongſt this gameſome crue is ſeene,
The iſſue of the *Cyprian* Queene,
Whoſe head and ſhoulders fethered beene;
And as the ſtarres his countenaunce ſheene.
In his left hand his bow he bare,
And by his ſide his quiuer ware,
In power he ſits paſt all compare,
And with his flames the world doth dare;
A ſcepter in his hand he held,
With *Chloris* natiue flowers vntild,
And *Nectars* deathleſſe odours ſtild
From his bright locks the Sun digild.
The triple Graces there aſsiſt,
Suſtaining with theyr breſts commiſt
And knees that *Thetis* boſome kiſt
The challice of this Amoriſt.

G. Chapman. tranſl.

--- Him the greateſt of the Gods we deeme,
Borne without ſinne or couples of one kind,
For *Venus* ſelfe doth ſolie couples ſeeme,
Both male and female through commixture ioynd,
So pure and ſpotleſſe *Cupid* forth ſhe brought,
And in the gardens of *Adonis* nurſt:
Where growing, he his owne perfection wrought,
And ſhortly was of all the Gods the firſt.
Then got he bow and ſhafts of gold and lead,
In which ſo fell and puiſſant he grew,
That *Ioue* himſelfe his power began to dread,
And taking vp to heauen, him godded new.

From thence he ſhoots his arrowes euery where
Into the vvorld at random as he will,
On vs frayle men.

S. Daniell.

Venus.

--- Now in ire,
Shee mounts her chariot ſwifter then the winde
Or ſubtill comprehenſion of the minde,
vvhich by two nimble Cock-ſparrowes was drawne
Capariſond but lightly with the lawne
Tooke from the Flowre-deluces inner skin,
Trapt and imboſt with Marigolds: within
Sits *Venus* naked, holding in her hand
A tumbling ſhelfiſh with a Mirtle wand;
Wearing a garland on her wimpled head,
Compacted of the white Roſe, and the red.
None but the blinde boy *Cupid* durſt approch
For to be whurried with her in her Coach,
The ſnow-white Graces running by theyr ſides,
Were through the heauens theyr wagoners & guides,
Laſhing the Sparrowes vnder quiuering wings,
With whyps of twiſted gold, and ſiluer ſtrings,
A beauie of white Doues ſtill fluttring ouer,
From the ſunnes ſight ſuch beautie ſeem'd to couer;
And thus ſhee rode in tryumph in her throne,
Whoſe radiant luſtre like the ſunne-beames ſhone.

I. Weeuer.

Calme

Calme weather.

As then no winde at all there blew,
No swelling clowde accloyd the ayre,
The skye like grasse of watched hue
Reflected *Phœbus* golden haire:
The garnisht trees no pendant stird,
Nor voyce was heard of any bird.

Mat. Roydon.

The King of windes calls home his posts againe,
And *Amphitrite* smooth's her watry plaine,
The ayre his clowdes hath chang'd to christall cleere,
And now the lamps of light from heauen appeare.

T. Sylvester.

Of Tempests.

On *Neptune* war was made by *Æolus* and his traine,
Who letting loose the vvinds, tost & tormented the ayre,
So that on euery coast, men shipwracke did abide,
Or els were swallowed vp in open sea with waues,
And such as came to shore, were beaten with dispayre.

Edm. Spen.

--- VVithin a little season,
The vvinde discouered his deceite and treason,
First from the poope, it changed to the side,
Then to the prore, at last it whirled round,
Long in a place it neuer would abide,
Which doth the Pilots wit and skill confound;
The surging waues swell still in higher pride,
Proteus white flocke, did more and more abound,
And seem'd to them as many deaths to threaten,

As

As the shyps sides with diuers waues are beaten,
Now in theyr face the winde, straight on theyr back,
And forward this, and backward that it blowes,
Then on the side it makes the shyp to crack,
Among the Marriners confusion growes,
The Maister doubts ruine and presēt wrack,
For none his will, nor none his meaning knowes.
To whistle, becken, cry, it nought auailes,
Sometime to strike, sometime to turne theyr sailes,
But none there was could heare, nor see, nor marke:
Theyr eares so stopt, so dazeled were theyr eyes,
With weather so tempestuous, and so darke,
And black thick clowdes, that with the storme did rise,
From whence sometimes great ghastly flames did spark
And thunder claps that seem'd to rent the skies;
Which made them in a manner deafe and blind,
That no man vnderstoode the Maisters minde:
Nor lesse, nor much lesse fearefull is the sound
The cruell tempest in the tackle makes,
Yet each one for himselfe some busines found,
And so some speciall office him betakes:
One this vntide, another this fast bound,
He the maine bowling now restraines, now slakes,
Some take an oare, some at the pumpe take paine,
And powre the sea, into the Sea againe.
Behold a horrible and hideous blast,
That *Boreas* from his frozen lips doth send,
Doth backward force the saile against the mast,
And makes the waues vnto the skies ascend,
Then brake theyr oares and rudder eke at last,
Nothing was left from tempest to defend.

S

So that the ſhip as ſwai'd now quite a-ſide,
Vnto the vvaues laid ope her naked ſide,
Then all a-ſide the ſtaggering ſhip did reele,
For one ſide quite beneath the water lay,
And on the tother ſide the very keele,
Aboue the water plaine diſcerne you may;
Then thought they all hope paſt, & down they kneele,
And vnto God to take their ſoules they pray;
Worſe danger grew then this, when this was paſt,
By meanes the ſhip gan after leake ſo faſt,
The winde, the waues to them no reſpite gaue,
But ready euery houre to ouer-throw them;
Oft they were hoiſt ſo high vpon the waue,
They thought the middle region was below them:
Oft-times ſo low the ſand their veſſell draue,
As though that *Charon* there his boat wold ſhow them.
Scant had they time, or power to fetch their breath,
All things did threaten them ſo preſent death.

S. I. Harr.

--- An hoaſt of blacke and ſable clouds
Gan to ecclipſe *Lucinaes* ſiluer face,
And with a hurling noyſe from forth the South,
A guſt of winde did raiſe the billowes vp,
Then ſcantled we our ſailes with ſpeedy hands,
And tooke our drablers from our bonners ſtraine,
And ſeuered our bonnets from our courſes:
Our top ſailes vp we truſſe, our ſprite ſailes in,
But vainely ſtriue they that reſiſt the heauens,
For loe the waues incenſe then more and more,
Mounting with hideous rorings from the depth;
Our Barke is battered by encountring ſtormes,

And welnie steemd by breaking of the clouds:
The steeres-man pale, and carefull holds the helme,
Wherein the trust of life and safety lay,
Till all at once, a mortall tale to tell,
Our sailes were split by *Bisas* bitter blast;
Our middle broke, and we bereft of hope;
There might you see with pale and ghastly lookes,
The dead in thought, and dolefull Marchant lifts
Their eyes and hands vnto their Country Gods,
The goods we cast in bowels of the Sea,
A sacrifice to swage proud *Neptunes* ire.

D. Lodge.

Now *Nerrus* foames, and now the wrathfull waue,
Tost and turmoild by angry *Neptunes* slaues,
Doe mount and rowle, gainst *Thetis* heauen doth fight,
And she (inrag'd) vsurpt on *Rheas* right,
An ayre, black, sable, sad, ore-spread the skies,
And reaues all light from wofull Saylers eyes:
Or if some beames breake through their pitchy night,
This naught, but lighning flashes full of fright.

I. Sylvester.

The Easterne winds driues on the roring traine
Of white blew billowes, and the clouds againe
With fresh seas crosse the seas, and she doth send
In counter-change a raine with salt yblend
The heauens, doe seeme in *Thetis* lap to fall,
The Sea-starre, skies, and God to arme this all:
Against one ship that skips from starres to ground,
From waue to waue (like windy ballances bound)
The whilst the Pylot on a foamy mount,
Thinks from the pole to see hells pit profound;

And

And then caſt downe vnto the ſandy ſhore,
eemes from low hell to ſee the lofty pole,
And feeling foes within and eke without,
As many waues ſo many deaths doth doubt:
The Sea ſharp-ſurging round about the ſhip,
Incaulks their keele, and doth her ſeames vnrip,
Whereby the waters entring vncontrold,
bbing abroad, yet flow a-pace in hold,
or euery tun the plied pump doth free,
A flood breakes in, the amazed maiſter he
His cunning conquered by the perils plaine,
Doubts what to ſay, or where to turne his raines,
Which waue to meete, or which ſalt ſurge to flie,
o yeelds his charge in ſea to liue or die.
trike ſaile the Maiſter cries, ſtrike ſaile amaine,
aile miſme, and ſprite ſaile, but the winds conſtraine
Vith boiſtrous blaſts that beate vpon his face,
His ſea-ſhapt ſpeech to fly before their chace:
Of men diſmay'd, the ſad confuſed cries,
Vroath *Neptunes* noyſe, and bellowing winds likewiſe;
eauens thunder-claps, the tacklings whiſtling,
trange Minſtrells) doe dire dreadfull deſcant ſing.

Ioſuah Syluester.

he day with cloud was ſuddaine ouer-caſt,
nd angry *Ioue* an hideous ſtorme of raine,
id poure into his Lemmons lap ſo faſt,
hat euery wight to ſhroud it did conſtraine.

Ed. Spencer.

he ayre doth on the ſuddaine grow obſcure,
ightened ſometimes with lightnings dreadfull light,

And

And saue their houre-glasse, kept the reckning sure,
Twas hard for to discerne the day from night;
The desperate Marriners doe all indure
As men inured to the waters spight;
The heauens aboue, the waues beneath vs roare,
Yet are they not dismai'd one whit therefore;
One with a whistle, hang'd about his necke,
Shewes by the sound which cord must be vndone,
And straite the ship-boy ready at a becke,
Vnto the tops with nimble sleight doth runne:
The other Mariners vpon the decke;
Or at the steere the comming vvaues doe shunne,
And then by turnes they pump the water out,
By paine and care preuenting euery doubt.

S. I. Harrington,

The heauens on euery side inclosed be,
Black stormes and foggs are blowen vp from farre,
That now the Pilot can no Load-starre see,
But skies and Seas doe make most dreadfull warre:
The billowes striuing to the heauens to reach,
And th'heauens striuing them for to impeach.

R. Greene.

Of the Spring

The soote seasons that blood, & bloome foorth bring
With greene hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The Nightingale with feathers new she sings,
The Turtle to her mate hath told her tale:
Sommer is come, for euery spray now springs;
The Hart hath hung his old head on the pale:
The Bucke in brake his Winter-coate he flings:

Th

The Fiſhes fleete with new-repared ſcale:
The Adder all her ſloth away ſhe flings:
The ſwift Swallow purſueth the flies ſmall:
The buſie Bee her honey now ſhe mings:
Winter is worne that was the flowers bale.

E. of Surrey.

The Winters wrath begins to quell,
And pleaſant Spring appeareth;
The graſſe now gins to be refreſht,
The Swallow peepes out of her neſt,
And cloudy welkin cleareth.

E. Spenſer.

Flora now calleth for each flower,
And bid's make ready *Maias* bower,
That new is vp riſe from bed.

Idem.

The earth late choakt with ſhowres,
Is now arai'd in greene,
Her boſome ſprings with flowers,
The ayre diſſolues her teene;
The vvoods are deckt with leaues,
And trees are cloathed gay,
And *Flora* crown'd with ſheaues,
With oaken boughs doth play,
The birds vpon the trees
Doe ſing with pleaſant voyces,
And chaunt in their degrees,
Their loues and luckie choyces.

D. Lodge.

The tenth of March when *Aries* receau'd,
Dan-Phœbus rayes into his horned head.

In flowry ſeaſon of the yeare,
And when the firmament was cleare,
When *Tellus* her balls painted were,
With iſſue of diſparent cheere;
When the Vſher to the morne did riſe,
Sleepe gaue their vituall liberties
To *Phillis* and to *Floraes* eyes.

G. Chapman.

The ayre was calme, the day was cleare,
Loues wanton winds with wooing breathe,
Gan greete the ſweeteſt of the yeare,
The flower forgot his Winters death;
The earth reuiued by the ſunne,
To iet in gay attire begunne.
The leafe allied vnto the tree,
By helpe of ſpring in coate of greene,
Stole forth my wandring eye to ſee,
The beauties of the Sommers Queene.

D. Lodge.

The Winter with his griſly ſtormes no longer dare abide,
The pleaſant graſſe with luſty greene the earth hath newly died,
The trees hath leaues, the boughs do ſpred, new changed is the yeare
The water brooks are clean ſunk down, the pleſant boughs appeare
The Spring is come, the goodly Nimphs now dance in euery place
Thus hath the yeare moſt pleaſantly of lately chang'd her face.

E. of Surrey.

Now each creature ioyes the other,
Paſſing happy dayes and howers,
One bird reports vnto an other,
In the fall of ſiluer ſhowers:

vvhilſ

vvhilst the earth our common mother,
Hath her bosome deckt with flowers.
Whilst the neareſt torch of heauen,
vvith bright rayes warmes *Floraes* lap,
Making nights and dayes both euen.
Chearing plants with freshnes sap.

S. *Daniell.*

Of VVinter.

The wrathfull Winter proching on a pace,
vvith blustring blasts had all ybard the treene,
And old *Saturnus* with his frosty face,
vvith chilling cold had pearst the tender greene;
The mantles rent wherein inwrapped beene;
The gladsome Groues that now lay ouer-throwne,
The Tapers torne, and euery tree downe blowne;
The soyle that erst so seemely was to seeme,
vvas all dispoiled of her beauties hewe,
And stole fresh flowers (wher-with the somers Queene
Had clad the earth) now *Boreas* blast downe blew,
And small fowles flocking in their songs did rew
The vvinters wrath, where-with each thing defast,
In wofull wise bewayl'd the Sommer past:
Hawthorne had lost his motly liuerie:
The naked twigs were shiuering all for cold,
And dropping downe the teares aboundantlie;
Each thing (me thought) with weeping eye me told,
The cruell season, bidding me with-hold
My selfe within, for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walkt about.

M. Sackuille.

vvhen

--- When ye count ye free from feare,
Comes the breame Winter with chamfered browes,
Full of wrinkles and frosty furrowes,
Shooting his grisly dart,
Which cruddles the blood and pricks the hart.
Ed. Spenser.

Ianuarie.

--- Now sad Winter welked hath the day,
And *Phœbus* weary of his yearely taske,
Yshackled hath his steeds in lowly lay,
And taken vp his Inne in fishes haske.
Idem.

Autumnus.

The wearied nights approached on a pace,
With darksome shades which somwhat breedeth care,
The sunne hath take more neere the earth his race.
In *Libra* then his greatest sway he bare,
For pardy then the dayes more colder are,
Then fades the greene fruite, liuely hearbs are done,
And Winter gins to wast that Sommer wone.
I. H. Mir. of Mag.

Sommer. Iulie.

Now the sunne hath reared vp
his siluer footed teame,
Making his wayte betweene the cup
and golden Diademe.
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with doggs of noysome breath,

Whos

VVhose balefull barking brings in haſt,
pine, plague, and drery death.

Edm. Spencer.

Auguſt.

That time of yeere when the inamoured ſunne,
Clad in the richeſt roabes of liuing fires,
Courted the Virgin ſigne, great Natures Nunne,
vvhich barraines earth, of all that earth deſires:
Euen in the month that from *Auguſtus* wone
His ſacred name, which vnto heauen aſpires,
And on the laſt of his tentrebled dayes

W. Shakeſpeare.

It was the month in which the righteous mayde,
That for diſdaine of ſinfull worlds vpbraid,
Fled backe to heauen where ſhe was firſt conceiu'd
Into her ſiluer bower the ſunne receiu'd,
And the hote Syrian dog on him awayting
After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had the ayre with noyſome breath,
And powrd on earth, plague, peſtilence & dearth.

Rob. Greene.

Now was the month that old *Sextilis* name
Changd by the Romaine Senates ſage degree,
And glorying ſo to innouate the ſame,
To haue himſelfe new chriſtned did agree,
Proude that *Auguſtus* God-father ſhould be,
whilſt *Ceres* clad him in a mantle fayre
Of bearded Corne, ſtill quauering with the ayre.

Char. Fitz Ieffrey.

Iulie.

VVhat time sleepes Nurse the silent night begun
To steale by minutes on the long-liu'd dayes,
The furious dog-starre chasing of the sunne,
Whose scorching breath adds flames vnto his raies,
At whose approch the angry Lyon braies,
The earth now warm'd in her celestiall fire,
To coole her heate, puts off her rich attire.

M. Drayton.

Of Morpheus.

Morpheus the liuelie sonne of deadly sleepe,
VVitnes of life to them that liuing die,
A prophet oft, and oft an historie;
A Poet eke, as humors flie or creepe.

S. *Phil. Sid.*

Hee making speedy way through persed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To *Morpheus* house doth hastily repaire,
Amid the bowels of the earth full sleepe,
And lowe where dawning day doth neuer peepe
His dwelling is; there *Thetis* her wet bed
Doth euer wash, and *Cynthia* still doth steepe
In siluer dew her euer-dropping head,
vvhile sad night ouer him her mantle black doth sprea

Edm. Spencer.

VVhose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnish'd Iuorie,
The other, all with siluer ouer-cast,
And wakefull dogs before them faire doe lie.

Watchir

atching to baniſh Care, theyr enemie,
no oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
Idem.

Of Neptune.

ſt came great *Neptune* with his three-forkt mace,
at rules the ſeas, and makes them riſe or fall;
; dewey locks did drop with brine a pace
der his diademe imperiall,
d by his ſide his Queene with Coronall,
re *Amphitrite*, moſt diuinely fayre,
oſe Iuory ſhoulders were couered all
with a robe, with her owne ſiluer hayre,
d deckt with pearles, which the Indian ſeas for her (prepare.
Edm. Spencer.

Of Proteus.

eus is ſhepheard of the Seas of yore,
l hath the charge of *Neptunes* mightie heard
aged Sire, with head all frothy hoare,
l ſprinckled froſt vpon his dewie beard.
Idem.

Of Thetis.

is the Mother of the pleaſant ſprings,
ndome of all the Riuers in the world,
vhome earths vaines a moyſtning tribute brings,
e with a mad diſturbed paſſion hurl'd
ut her Caue (the worlds great treaſure) flings,
with wreath'd armes, & long wet haire vncurl'd,

Within herſelfe laments a loſſe vnloſt,
And mones her wrongs, before her ioyes be croſt.
I. Markham.

Of Phœbus.

The golden ofspring of *Latona* pure,
And ornament of great *Ioues* progenie,
Phœbus.
Edm. Spencer.

—Dayes King, God of vndaunted verſe.
G. Chapman.

Of Neptune.

O *Neptune*, never like thy ſelfe in ſhew,
Inconſtant, variable, mutable,
How dooſt thou *Proteus* like thy forme renewe,
O whereto is thy change impurable?
Or whereunto art thou bent ſutable?
Rightly the Moone predominateth thee,
For thou art all as changeable as ſhee.
Ch. Fitz Ieffray.

Of Apollo.

Sacred *Apollo*, God of Archerie,
Of Arts, of pleaſure, and of Poetrie,
Ioues faire haird ſonne, whoſe yellow treſſes ſhine,
Like curled flames; hurling a moſt diuine
And dazeling ſplendour, in thoſe leſſer fires
Which from thy guilt beames (when thy Car retires,)
Kindle thoſe Tapers that lend eyes to night,
O thou that art the Land-lord of all light,
Birdegroome of morning, dayes eternall King,

o whom nine Muſes (in a ſacred ring)
daunces ſpherical trip hand in hand,
hilſt thy ſeauen-ſtringed Lute theyr feete cõmaund,
hoſe motion ſuch proportioned meaſure beares,
hat to the muſicke da nce nine heauenly ſpheares.
reat *Delian* Prieſt, we to adore thy name,
aue burnt fat thighes of Bulls in hallowed flame,
hoſe ſauour wrapt in ſmoake and clowdes of fire
thy ſtarre-ſpangled Pallace did aſpire.

Tho. Dekkar.

Of Rome.

thou worlds Queene, ô towne that didſt extend
y conquering armes beyond the Ocean,
nd throngdſt thy conqueſts from the Libian ſhore,
wne to the Scythian ſwift-foote feareleſſe porters,
ou art debaſd, and at this inſtant yeelds
y proude necke to a miſerable yoke.

Tho. Kyd.

Of Heate.

hen *Phœbus* roſe he left his golden weede,
nd dond attire in deepeſt pulple dyed,
ſanguine beames about his forhead ſpred,
ſad preſage of ill that ſhould betide,
h vermile drops at euen his treſſes bleed
ſhewes of future heate from th'Ocean wide.
ilſt thus he bent gainſt earth his ſcorching raies,
burnt the flowers, and burnt his *Clitia* deare,
leaues grew wan vpon the withered ſpraies,
graſſe and growing hearbes all parched were,

Earth cleft in rifts, in floods theyr ſtreames decaies,
The barren clowdes with lightning bright appeare,
And mankind feard leaſt (*Iymens* child againe
Had driuen away his Syers ill-guided vvaine.
As from a fornace flew the ſmoake to skies,
Such ſmoake as that when damned Sodome brent:
Within his Caue ſweete *Zephyre* ſilent lyes,
Still was the ayre, the racke nor came nor went,
But ore the lands with luke-warme breathing flies
The Southerne winde, from ſun-bright Affrique ſent
vvith thicke and warme, his interrupted blaſts,
Vpon theyr boſoms, throates, and faces caſts.
Nor yet more comfort brought the gloomy night,
In her thicke ſhade was burning heate vprold,
Her ſable mantle was imbrodered bright
vvith blazing ſtarres and gliding fires of gold.
Nor to refreſh ſad earth thy thirſty ſpirit,
The niggard Moone let fall her May-dewes cold,
And dried vp the vitall moiſture was
In trees, in plants, in hearbs, in flowers, in graſſe.

Ed. Fairefax.

Of Thirſt.

VVhen wells grew dry, the Commons ran in rage
And ſought out euery ſincke, their thirſt t'aſſwage:
And dranke with lothſome draught the pooles in h
To quench theyr thirſt with ill-contented taſt,
vvhich poyſoned ayre infect theyr pureſt breath,
vvhereby the drinker dranke his preſent death:
O wretched folke, who felt ſo hard a ſtrife,
Drinke or not drinke, both waies muſt loſe theyr life

For he that dranke, and he that did refraine,
Had of theyr enemies both an equall paine:
For why? the water vile ſlew them throughout
No leſſe, then did theyr enemies them about.
That wretched towne had neuer a ſtreet nor vew
But *Parcæs* there had fram'd ſome faſhions new
To murder men, or martyr them with feares,
As mou'd the moſt indurate hart to teares,
If ſo much water in theyr braines had beene
As might forbeare a drop to wet theyr eyne.
One while he ſpake his hart (for thirſt) did faint:
And life him left, which fruſtrate his complaint.
The ſouldiour braue, (oh hart-breake for to tell)
His proper vrine dranke, thirſt to expell:
The woful mother with her ſpettle fed
Her little child halfe dead in cradle-bed:
The Lady with her Lord at poynt of death,
Embracing falls, and yeelds theyr lateſt breath.

Thom. Hudſon.

Of an Aſſault.

--- They no leſſe prouided are within
With rampires, bulwarks, and with doubled dikes:
And where theyr foes to clime doe once begin,
They puſh thē down with bills, with ſtaues, with pikes.
Some be kild, another ſteppeth in,
So man his place for feare of hurt miſlikes,
Some throw downe blocks, ſome ſtones, ſome ſcalding water,
Greeuing them much with all, moſt with the latter,
Some throw among them newly ſlaked Lime,

That

That burneth moſt, when moſt it ſeemes to quench,
vvith pots of Brimſtone, Pitch and Turpentime,
Annoying them with heate, with ſmoake, & ſtench.
The reſt are ſtill imployd, and looſe no time
vvith wreathed ſtakes to fortifie the Trench:
Thus all within are buſie, all without,
Fortune on both ſides ſtanding ſtill in doubt.

S. I. Harr.

Of an Hoaſt.

Their hoaſt with arrowes, pykes, and ſtandards ſtood
As briſtle-poynted as a thornie wood,
Theyr multitude of men the riuers died,
vvhich through the wealthy Iuda ſwift did ſlide,
So that flood Iordan finding dry his banke,
For ſhame he bluſht, and downe his head he ſhrank,
For woe that he his credite could not keepe,
To pay one waue for tribute to the deepe.

Tho. Hudſon.

Of a Skirmish.

Then grew the fight on both ſides firme and ſtable,
Both ſides defend, both ſides alike inuade;
They caſt on both ſides dartes innumerable
Making therewith a darke vnpleaſing ſhade,
An endleſſe worke it were to write the rable
The Chriſtians kild with bow, with bill, with blade.
Sometime the ſway goeth hether, ſomtime thether,
Like waters driuen with doubtfull tydes and wether:
VVhen one is ſlaine, his roome another fills,
VVhen one is hurt, another takes his place,

An

And he that now another ſmites and kills,
Falls dead him ſelfe within a little ſpace,
Great heapes of bodies dead make little hills:
The earth it ſelfe lookes with a bloody face;
The greene where-with it erſt was ſtored,
Turneth to ſanguine and vermillion red.

S. I. Harrington.

Of Diſcontent.

Diſquiet thoughts the minutes of her watch,
Forth from her Caue the fiend full oft doth flie,
To Kings ſhe goes, and troubles them with warres,
Setting thoſe high aſpiring bonds on fire;
That flame from earth vnto the ſeate of *Ioue:*
To ſuch as *Midas*, men that dote on wealth,
And rent the bowels of the middle earth
For coine; who gape as did faire *Danae*
For ſhowres of gold there diſcontent in blacke,
Throwes forth the violls of her reſtleſſe cares,
To ſuch as ſit at *Paphos* for releefe:
And offer *Venus* many ſolemne vowes,
To ſuch as *Hymen* in his ſaffron robe,
Hath knit a gordian knot of paſſions,
To theſe, to all, parting the gloomy ayre,
Blacke diſcontent doth make her bad repaire.

R. Greene.

Obſcure and darke is all the gloomy aire,
The curtaine of the night is ouer-ſpread;
The ſilent miſtreſſe of the lowry ſpheare,
Sit on her ſable coloured vale and lower,
Nor ſtarre, nor milk-white circle of the skie,

Appeares

*A*ppeares where Diſcontent doth hold her lodge,
She ſits ſhrin'd in a canapy of clouds,
vvhoſe maſſie darknes mazeth euery ſence,
vvan is her lookes, her cheekes of azure hue,
Her haire as *Gorgons* foule retorting ſnakes;
Enuie the glaſſe, wherein the hag doth gaze,
Reſtleſſe the clocke that chimes her faſt a ſleepe.

Of Adams feare after his Tranſgreſsion.

At this ſad ſummons, wofull man reſembles,
A bearded ruſh that in a riuer trembles,
His roſie cheekes are chang'd to earthen hue,
His dying body drops an icie dewe;
His teare-drown'd-eyes a night of clouds bedims,
*A*bout his eares a burning horror ſwims,
His fainting knees with feeblenes are humble,
His faultring feete doe ſlide away and ſtumble;
He hath not now his free, bold, ſtately port,
But downward lookes in fearefull ſlauiſh ſort;
Now naught of *Adam* doth in *Adam* reſt,
He feeles his ſences pain'd, his ſoule oppreſt,
A confuſ'd hoaſt of violent paſſions iarre,
His fleſh and ſpirit are in continuall warre.
And now no more through conſcience of his error:
He heares or ſees, th'almighty but with terror,
*A*nd loth he aunſweres (as with tongue diſtraught)
Confeſſing (thus) his feare, but not his fault.

I Syluester.

Of the Vacation.

--- At such times when Lawyers walk the streetes
Without long rowles of papers in their hands,
When friendly neighbour with his neighbour meetes,
Without false challenge to each others lands,
The Counsellour without his Clyent stands:
When that large Capitall lies void and wast
Where Senatours and Iudges late were plast.

Th. Storer.

Ceremonie.

All sodainly a light of twenty hewes
Brake through the roofe, and like rainebow viewes
Amaz'd *Leander*; in whose beames came downe
The Goddesse *Ceremonie*, with a crowne
Of all the starres, and heauen with her descended
Her flaming haire to her bright feete extended,
By which, hung all the bench of deities;
And in a chaine compact of eares and eyes,
She led Religion; all her body was
Cleare and transparent as the purest glasse,
For she was all presented to the sence,
Deuotion, order, state, and reuerence
Her shadowes were, society, memorie;
All which her sight made liue, her absence die,
A rich disparent pinnacle she weares,
Drawne full of circles and strange characters:
Her face was changeable to euery eye,
One way lookt ill, an other graciously,
Which while men view'd they cheerefull were & holy,

But

But looking of, vicious and melanchollie;
The ſnakie paths to each obſerued law,
Did pollicie in her broade boſome draw,
One hand a mathematique chriſtall ſwayes,
Which gathering in one line a thouſand rayes;
From her bright eyes confuſion burnes to death,
And all eſtates of men diſtinguiſheth,
By it mortality and comlineſſe,
Them ſelues in all their ſightly figures dreſſe.
Her other hand a Laurell rod applies,
To beate back barbariſme and Auarice:
That followed eating earth and excrement,
And humaine limbs, and would make proud aſcent,
To ſeates of Gods were *Ceremonie* ſlaine,
The houres and graces bore her glorious traine,
And all the ſweets of our ſocietie,
Were ſpheard and treaſur'd in her bounteous eyes.

G. Chapman.

Of Louers.

VVho with a mayden voyce, and mincing pace,
Quaint lookes, curl'd locks, perfumes, and painted face
Baſe coward hart, and wanton ſoft aray,
Their manhood onely by their beard bewray,
Are cleanly call'd, who likelieſt greedy Goates
Brothell from bed to bed; whoſe Syren notes
Inchaunt chaſt *Suſans*, and like hungry Kite
Fly at all game, they Louers are behight.

I. Syluester.

Who beare vpon their French-ſick-backs about,
Farmes, Caſtels, fees in golden ſhields cut out,

Whoſe

Whose hand had at one Priincroreſt:
One pompous Turney, or on pampering feaſt.
Spends themſelues, ſcrapt by the vſurie and care
Of miſer parents, liberall counted are.

Idem.

Who by falſe bargaines and vnlawfull meaſures,
Robbing the world, haue heaped kingly treaſures:
Who cheat the ſimple, lend for fifty, fifty
Hundred, for hundred are eſteemed thrifty.

Idem.

Renowne.

A trump more ſhrill then Tritons on the Sea,
The ſaid *Renowne* precurſour of the traine,
Did found (for who rings louder then Renowne:)
He mounted was vpon a flying horſe,
And cloath'd in Faulcons feathers to the ground,
By his Eſcochion iuſtly might you geſſe,
He was the Herauld of Eternity,
And Purſeuant at Armes to mighte *Ioue.*

G. Peele.

Of Doubt.

--- Doubt had a double face,
Th'one forward looking, the other backward bent,
Wherein reſembling *Ianus* auncient,
Which hath in charge the in-gate of the yeare,
And euermore his eyes about him went,
As if ſome prooued perill he did feare,
Or did miſdoubt ſome ill whoſe cauſe did not appeare.

Ed. Spenſer.

Of

Of a Gunne.

Vulcan begot me, *Minerua* me taught,
Nature my mother, Craft nouriſht me yeare by yeare,
Three bodies are my foode, my ſtrength is naught,
Anger, Wrath, Waſt, and Noiſe my children deere,
Geſſe friend what I am, and how I am wrought:
Monſter of ſea, or land, or of elſe-where
Knowe and vſe me, and I may thee defend,
And I be thy enemy I may thy life end.

S. Th. W.

Of an Hargabush.

He hath his other weapons ſtrange among
A trunke of iron hollow made within,
And there he puts powder and pellets in,
All cloſed ſaue a little hole behind,
Whereat no ſooner taken is the flame,
The bullet flies with ſuch a furious wind,
As though from clouds a bolt of thunder came:
And what-ſo-euer in the way it finde,
It burnes it, breakes it, teares it, ſpoiles the ſame;
No doubt ſome fiend of hell or deuilliſh wight
Deuiſed it, to doe mankind a ſpight.

S. I. Harrington.

Of an Horſe.

Round hoof'd, ſhort ioynted, fetlocks ſhag and long,
Broad breaſt, full eye, ſmall head, and noſthrils wide,
High creſt, ſhort eares, ſtraite leggs, and paſſing ſtrong
Thin maine, thick taile, broad buttock, tender hide;

Looke

Looke what an horſe ſhould haue he did not lacke,
Saue a proud rider on ſo proud a backe.

W. Shakeſpeare.

mong a hundred braue, light, luſty horſes,
Vith curious eye marking their comly forces)
e chooſeth one for his induſtrious proofe,
Vith round, high, hollow, ſmooth, browne, ielly hooſe,
ith paſternes ſhort, vpright, but yet in meane,
ry ſinewie ſhanks, ſtrong fleſhleſſe knees and leane,
ith hart-like leggs, broad breaſt, and large behinde,
ith body large, ſmooth flanks, and double chinde:
creſted necke bowed like a halfe bent bowe,
hereon a long thin curled maine doth flowe;
firme full taile touching the lowly ground,
ith dock betweene two faire fat buttocks drownd;
pricked eare, that reſts as little ſpace
his light foote; a leane bare bony face,
in iowle, and head but of a middling ſize
ll liuely flaming, quickly rowling eyes,
eat foaming mouth, hote fuming noſthrill wide,
cheſt-nut haire, his forehead ſtarrified;
ree milky feete, a feather on his breſt,
nom ſeauen yeares old at the next graſſe he geſt.

I. Syluester.

Of a ſtarued man.

s ſad dull eyes deepe ſunke in hollow pits,
uld not endure the vnwonted ſunne to view,
s bare thin cheekes for want of belly-bits,
d empty ſides deceaued of their due,
uld make a ſtony hart his hap to rue;

His

His raw bone armes whose mighty brawnie bowres,
Were wont to riue steele plates and helmets hewe,
Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall parts
Decai'd, & all his flesh shrunk vp like withered flowers.
Ed. Spenser.

Of the confusion of languages.

This said, as soone confusedly did bound,
Through all the work, I wote not what strange sound,
A iangling noyse, not much vnlike the rumors
Of *Bacchus* Swaines, amid their drunken humors:
Some speake betweene the teeth, some in the nose:
Some in the throate their words doe ill dispose:
Some howle and cry, and some stut and straine,
Each hath his gibberish, and all striue in vaine.
To finde againe their knowne beloued tong,
That with their milk they suckt in cradle yong:
Arise betimes while th'opal-coloured morne,
In golden pompe dooth May dayes doore adorne;
And patient, heare th'all differing voyces sweet
Of painted singers, that in Groues doe greete:
There loue Bon-iours each in his phrase and fashion,
From trembling pearch, vttering his earnest passion,
And so thou mayest conceite what mingle mangle
Among this people euery where did iangle.
Bring me (quoth one) a trowell, quickly, quicke,
One brings him vp a hammer; hew this bricke
Another bids, and then they cleaue a tree:
Make fast this rope, and then they let it flee,
One calls for planks, another morter lacks:
They beare the first a stone, the last an axe,

One would haue ſpikes, and him a ſpade they gaue,
Another askes a ſawe, and gets a ſiue;
Thus croſly croſt, they prate and poynt in vaine,
What one hath made, another marrs againe,
High breathleſſe all, with theyr confuſed yawling
In booteleſſe labour, now begins appawling.

I. Syluester.

Of Poſteritie.

Daughter of Time, ſincere Poſteritie,
Wayes new borne, yet no man knowes thy birth,
The arbitreſſe of pure Sinceritie,
Art, changeable, (like *Proteus*) on the earth,
Sometime in plenty, ſometime ioynd with dearth.
Alwayes to come, yet alwayes preſent heere,
Whom all runne after, none come after neere.
Impartiall Iudge of all ſaue preſent ſtate,
Truth's *Idioma* of the things are paſt,
Still purſuing preſent things with hate,
And more iniurious at the firſt then laſt,
Seruing others, while thine owne do waſt:
True treaſurer of all antiquitie,
Whom all deſire, yet neuer one could ſee.

Char. Fitz Ieffrey.

Diſcriptions of Beautie & perſonage.

What tongue can her perfections tell
That each part all pennes may dwell?
Hayre fine threds of fineſt gold
Curled knots, mens thoughts to hold,
That her forehead ſaies, in mee,

A whiter beautie you may see.
vvhiter indeed: more white then snow
vvhich on cold winters face doth grow:
That doth present those euen browes,
vvhose equall line their angles bowes
Like to the Moone, when after change
Her horned head abroade doth range;
And arches be to heauenly lids,
vvhose wincke each bold attempt forbids.
For the black starres those spheres containe,
The matchlesse paire euen praise doth staine.
No lampe whose light by art is got,
No sunne which shines and setteth not,
Can liken them without all peere,
Saue one as much as other cleere,
vvhich onely thus vnhappy bee,
Because themselues they cannot see.
Her cheekes which kindly claret spred,
Aurora like new out of bed,
Or like the fresh Queene apples side,
Blushing at sight of *Phœbus* pride.
Her nose her chin, pure Iuory weares
No purer then the prety eares:
So that therein appeares some blood
Like wine and milke that mingled stood:
In whose incircles if yee gaze
Your eyes may tread a Louers maze:
But with such turnes the voyce to stray;
No talke vntaught can finde the way,
The lippe no iewell needes to weare,
The lippe is iewell of the eare.

But who thoſe ruddy lips can miſſe?
which bleſſed ſtill themſelues doe kiſſe,
Rubies, cherries, and roſes new,
n worth, in taſt, in perfect hew:
vhich neuer part but that they ſhow
Of precious pearles the double row:
The ſecond ſweetly fenced ward,
Ier heauenly dewed tongue to gard,
vhence neuer word in vaine did flow:
aire vnder theſe doth ſtately grow
he handle of this precious work,
he necke in which ſtrange graces lurke.
ich be I thinke the ſumptuous Towres
hich skill doth make in Princes bowres:
good a ſay inuites the eye
little downeward to eſpie
he liuely cluſters of her breſts,
f *Venus* babe the wanton neſts.
ke pommels rounde of marble cleere,
here azurde vaines well mixt appeare,
ith deareſt tops of Porphirie
twixt theſe two away doe lie:
vay more worthy beauties fame,
en that which beares the milkie name,
is leades vnto the ioyous field
iich onely ſtill doth Lillies yeeld,
Lillies ſuch whoſe natiue ſmell
e Indian odours doth excell:
ſt it is calld, for it doth waſt
ns liues vntill it be imbraſt.
ere may one ſee, and yet not ſee

Her ribs in white all armed be,
More white then *Neptunes* foamy face
vvhen ſtrugling, rocks he would imbrace.
In thoſe delights the wandring thought
Might of each ſide aſtray be brought,
But that her nauell doth vnite
In curious circle, buſie ſight:
A daintie ſeale of Virgine waxe,
vvhere nothing but impreſsion lacks.
Her belly there glad ſight doth fill,
Iuſtly intituled *Cupids* hill:
A hill moſt fit for ſuch a maiſter,
A ſpotleſſe Mine of *A*labaſter.
Like *A*labaſter fayre and ſleeke,
But ſoft and ſubtile, Satten like:
In that ſweete ſea the boy doth ſport,
Loth I muſt leaue his cheefe reſort,
For ſuch a vſe the world hath gotten,
The beſt things ſtill muſt be forgotten.
Yet neuer ſhall my ſong omit
Her thighes, for *Ouids* ſong more fit,
Which flanked with two ſugred flancks
Lift vp theyr ſtately ſwelling banks,
That *Albion* cliffes in whitenes paſſe,
vvith hanches ſmooth as looking-glaſſe.
But bow all knees, now of her knees
My tongue doth tell what fancie ſees,
The knots of ioy, the iems of loue,
Whoſe motion makes all graces moue:
vvhoſe bought incau'd doth yeeld ſuch ſight,
Like cunning painter ſhadowing white.

The gartring place with child-like signe
Shewes easie print in mettall fine:
But then againe the flesh doth rise
In her braue calues, like christall skies,
Whose *Atlas* is a smallest small,
More white then whitest bone of all.
Thereout steales out that round cleane foote,
This noble Cedars precious roote,
In shew and sent, pale Violets,
Whose steppe on earth all beauty sets.
But backe vnto her backe my Muse,
Where *Ledas* swan his feathers mewes,
Along whose ridge such bones are met
Like Comfets round in Marchpane set.
Her shoulders be like two white Doues
Searching in square royall rooues,
Which leaded are with siluer skin
Passing the hate-spot Ermelin.
And thence those armes deriued are,
The Phenixe wings are not so rare
For faultlesse length and staineless hue;
Ah woe is mee, my woes renew.
How course doth leade me to her hand,
Of my first loue the fatall band,
Where whitenes doth for euer sit,
Nature her selfe inameld it:
Or there, with strange compact doth lie
Warme snow, moist pearle, soft Iuorie.
There fall those Saphire coloured brookes,
Which conduit like with curious crookes
Sweete Ilands make in that sweet land.

As for he fingers of the hand,
The bloody ſhafts of *Cupids* war,
vvith Amathiſts they headed are.
Thus hath each part his beauties part.
But now the Graces doe impart
To all her limms a ſpeciall grace,
Becomming euery time and place.
vvhich doth euen beauty beautifie,
And moſt bewitch the wretched eye.
Now all this is but a faire Inne,
Of fayreſt gueſts which dwell therein:
Of whoſe high praiſe, and praiſefull bliſſe,
Goodnes the pen, heauen paper is,
The Incke immortall fame doth lend.
As I began, ſo muſt I end:
No tongue can her perfections tell,
In whoſe each part all pens may dwell.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Her face ſo faire, as fleſh it ſeemed not,
But heauenly pourtrait of bright Angels hue,
Cleere as the skie, without en blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions due,
And in her cheekes the vermell red did ſhow,
Like roſes in a bed of Lillies ſhed,
The which Ambroſiall odours from her threw,
And gazers ſence with double pleaſure fed,
Able to heale the ſick, and to reuiue the dead.
In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,
Kindled aboue, at th'heauenly Makers light,
And darted fiery beames about the ſame
So paſſing perſant, and ſo wondrous bright,

That quite bereau'd the raſh beholders ſight.
In them the blinded God his luſtfull fire
To kindle oft aſſaide but had no might,
For with dread maieſtie and awful ire
Shee broke his wanton ſhafts & quencht his baſe deſire.
Her Iuory forhead, ful of bounty braue
Like a broade table did it ſelfe diſpréad,
For loue his loftie tryumphs to ingraue,
And write the battailes of his great god-head,
All good and honour might therein be read,
For there their dwelling was. And when ſhe ſpake,
Sweet words like dropping honney ſhe did ſhed,
And twixt the pearles and Rubies ſoftly broke
A ſiluer ſound that heauenly muſick ſeemd to make.
Vpon her eye-lids many graces ſate
Vnder the ſhadow of her euen browes,
Working belgards and amorous retrate,
And euery one her with a grace endowes,
And euery one with meekenes to her bowes:
So glorious mirror of celeſtiall grace,
And ſoueraigne monument of mortal vowes,
How ſhal fraile pen deſcribe her heauenly face,
For feare through want of skil her beauty to diſgrace?
So faire, and thouſand thouſand times more faire
She ſeem'd, when ſhe preſented was to ſight,
And was yclad for heate of ſcorching ayre
All in a ſilken Camous, lilly white,
Purfled vpon with many a folded plight:
Which al aboue beſprinckled was throughout
With golden aygulets that gliſtered bright
Like twinckling ſtarres: and al the skyrt about

vvas hemd about with golden frindge.
Below her hamme her weede did somewhat traine,
And her straite leggs most brauely were embaild
In gilden Buskins of costly Cordwaine,
All bard with golden bends which were entaild
vvith curious antiques, and full fayre aumaild.
Before they fastned were vnder her knee
In a rich Iewell, and therein intrailde
The ends of all theyr knots, that none might see
How they within theyr foldings close enwrapped bee:
Like two fayre Marble pillers they were seene,
vvhich doe the temple of the Gods support,
vvhom all the people deck with garlands greene:
Those same with stately grace and princely port
Shee taught to tread when she herselfe would grace.
But with the wooddy Nimphs when she did play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
Shee could then nimbly mooue, and after flie a pace.
V Vithin her hand a sharp Bore-speare she held,
And at her back a bow and quiuer gay,
Shaft with steele-headed darts, wherewith she queld
The sauage beasts in her victorious play:
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forlay
Athwart the snowy breast, and did deuide
Her dainty paps, which like young fruite in May
Now little gan to swell; and beeing tyde,
Through her thin weede theyr places signified.
Her yellow locks crisped, like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the winde amongst them did inspyre,
They waued like a Penon wide despred,

And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And whether art it were, or heedelesse hap,
As through the flowring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude haires sweete flowers did wrap
Such as *Diana* by the sandy shore
Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene;
vvhere all the Nimphs haue her vnwares forlore,
Wandreth alone, with bowes and arrowes keene
To seeke her game: or as that famous Queene
Of Amazons, whom *Pyrhus* did destroy
The day that first of *Priam* shee was seene,
Did shew herselfe in great tryumphant ioy,
To succour the weake state of sad-afflicted Troy.

Edm. Spencer.

Her yellow locks exceede the beaten gold,
Her sparkling eyes in heauen a place deserue,
Her forhead high and faire, of comely mold:
her words are musicall, of siluer sound,
her wit so sharp, as like can scarce be found.
Each eye-brow hangs like *Iris* in the skyes,
Her Eagles nose is straite, of stately frame,
On eyther cheeke a Rose and Lilly lyes,
Her breath is sweet perfume, or holy flame:
her lips more red then any Corrall stone,
her necke more white then aged Swans that mone.
Her breast transparent is, like christall rock,
Her fingers long, fit for *Apollos* Lute,
Her slipper such as *Momus* dare not mock,
Her vertues are so great, as make me mute.
vvhat other parts she hath, I neede not say,
vvhose fairest face alone is my decay.

Tho. Watson.

Like

Like to the cleere in higheſt ſpheare
vvhere al imperious glory ſhines,
Of ſelfe ſame colour is her hayre
vvhether vnfolded or in twines:
Her eyes are Saphyres ſet in ſnow,
Refyning heauen by euery winke,
The Gods doe feare when as they glow,
And I doe tremble when I thinke.
Her cheekes are like the bluſhing clowde
That beautifies *Auroras* face,
Or like the ſiluer crimſon ſhrowde
That *Phœbus* ſmiling locks doe grace:
Her lips are like two budded Roſes
Whom ranks of Lillies neighbour nie,
vvhich with bounds ſhe ſtil incloſes,
Apt to intice a deitie.
Her necke is like a ſtately towre,
vvhere Loue himſelfe in pleaſure lies,
To watch for glaunces euery howre
From her diuine and ſacred eyes.
Her paps are centers of delight,
Her paps are rocks of heauenly flame,
vvhere Nature moulds the dew of light
To feede perfection with the ſame:
With orient pearle, with Rubie red,
vvith Marble white, with azure blew,
Her body euery way is fed,
Yet ſoft in touch, and ſweet in view:
Nature herſelfe her ſhape admires,
The Gods are wounded in her ſight,
And Loue forſakes his heauenly fires,

And at her eyes his brands doth light.

D. Lodge.

She lay and ſeemd a flood of Diamant
Bounded in fleſh: as ſtil as *Veſpers* haire
When not an Aſpen leafe is ſtird with ayre:
She lay at length, like an immortal ſoule
At endleſſe reſt in bleſt Elizium,
And then did true felicitie inroule
So faire a Lady, figure of her kingdom.
Now as ſhe lay attirde in nakednes
His eye did carue him on that feaſt of feaſts,
Sweet fieldes of life which deaths foote dare not preſſe,
Flowrd with th'vnbroken waues of my loues breaſts,
See where with bent of gold curld into knots.
In her heads groue the ſpring-bird *Lameat* neſts,
Her body doth preſent thoſe fields of peace
vvhere ſoules are feaſted with the ſoule of eaſe.
To proue which Paradice that nurſeth theſe,
See ſee the golden riuers that renowne it,
Rich *Gyhon, Tigris, Phiſon, Euphrates,*
Two from her bright Pelopian ſhoulders crowne it,
And two out of her ſnowy hills doe glide,
That with a deluge of delight doe drowne it:
Theſe higheſt two their precious ſtreames deuide
To tenne pure floods that do the body dutie,
Bounding themſelues in length, but not in beauty.
Theſe wind theyr courſes through the paynted bowers,
And raiſe ſuch ſounds in theyr inflection
As ceaſeleſſe ſtart from earth freſh ſorts of flowers,
And bound that booke of life with euery ſection.
In theſe the Muſes dare not ſwim for drowning,

Theyr

Theyr ſweetnes poyſons with ſuch ſweet infection,
And leaues the onely lookers on them ſwouning,
These formes and colour makes them ſo to ſhine,
That Gods for them, would ceaſe to be diuine.
G. Chapman.

Her Lilly hand her roſie cheekes lie vnder,
Cooſning the pillow of a lawfull kiſſe,
Who therefore angry, ſeemes to part in ſunder,
Swelling on eyther ſide to want his bliſſe,
Betweene whoſe hills her head entombed is;
Where, like a vertuous monument ſhe lyes,
To be admirde of lewd vnhallowed eyes.
VVithout the bed her other fayre hand was
On the greene Couerlet, whoſe perfect white
Shewd like an Aprill daiſie on the graſſe,
vvith pearlie ſweat, reſembling dewe of night;
Her eyes like Marigolds had ſheath'd theyr light:
And canopied in darknes, ſweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.
Her haire like golden threds, playd with her breath,
(O modeſt wantons, wanton modeſtie)
Shewing lifes tryumph in the Map of death,
And deaths dim lookes in lifes mortalitie:
Each in her ſleepe themſelues ſo beautifie
As if betweene them twaine there were no ſtrife,
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.
Her breaſts like Iuory globes circled with blew,
A payre of mayden worlds vnconquered,
Saue of theyr Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured:
These worlds in *Tarquin* new ambition bred:

vvho

vvho like a foule vſurper went about
From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

W. Shakeſpeare.

Starres fall to fetch freſh light from her rich eyes,
Her bright brow driues the ſunne to clowdes beneath,
Her haires reflexe, with red ſtrakes paint the skies,
Sweet morne and euening dew falls from her breath.

T. Naſh.

Fayrer then Iſaacks louer at the vvell,
Brighter then inſide barke of new hewen Cedar,
Sweeter then flames of fire-perfumed Mirrhe,
And comlier then the ſiluer clowdes that daunce
On *Zephyrus* wings before the King of heauen.

G. Peele.

Her lookes were like beames of the morning ſunne
Forth-looking through the windowes of the Eaſt,
When firſt the fleecie cattell haue begunne
Vpon the pearled graſſe to make theyr feaſt:
Her thoughts are like the fume of Francenſence,
Which from a golden Cenſor forth did riſe:
And throwing forth ſweet odours, mounts from thence
In rolling globes vp to the vaulted skies:
There ſhe beholds with hie aſpyring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation:
Among the ſeates of Angels, heauenly wrought,
Much like an Angell in all forme and faſhion.

S. Daniell.

Her locks are pleighted like the fleece of wooll
That *Iaſon* with his Grecian mates atchiu'd,
As pure as gold, yet not from gold deriu'd,
As full of ſweets, as ſweet of ſweetes is full:

Her

Her browes are prety tables of conceate,
Where Loue his records of delight doth quote,
On them her dallying locks doe daily floate,
As loue ful oft doth feede vpon the baite.
Her eyes, faire eyes, like to the pureſt lights
That animate the ſunne, or cheere the day,
In whom the ſhining ſun-beames brightly play
vvhilſt fancie doth on them deuine delights.
Her cheekes like ripened Lillies ſleept in wine,
Or fayre Pomegranate kirnels waſht in milke,
Or ſnow-white threds in nets of Crimſon ſilke,
Or gorgeous clowdes vpon the ſunnes decline.
Her lips like Roſes ouer-waſht with dew,
Or like the Purple of *Narciſſus* flowre,
No froſt theyr faire, no wind doth wreſt theyr powre,
But by her breath theyr beauties do renew.
Her chriſtal chin like to the pureſt mould
Enchaſt with dainties, Daiſies ſoft and white,
Where *F*airies faire pauilion once is pight,
Whereas embraſd his beauties he doth hold.
Her necke like to an Iuory ſhining towre,
Where through with azure vaines ſweet Nectar runnes,
Or like the downe of ſwanns,
Or like delight that doth it ſelfe deuoure.
*H*er paps are like fayre apples in the prime,
As round as orient pearles, as ſoft as downe,
They neuer vaile theyr faire through winters frowne,
But from theſe ſweets Loue ſuckt his ſommer time:
Her bodies beauties beſt eſteemed bowre,
Delicious, comely, dainty, without ſtaine,
The thought whereof (not toucht) hath wrought my (paine.

Whoſe

Whose face so faire all beauties doth distaine,
Her maiden wombe the dwelling house of pleasure,
Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder:
O blest is he may bring such beauties vnder,
Or search by suite the secrets of that treasure.

R. Greene.

Like to *Diana* in her sommer weede
Girt with a Crimson robe of brightest die
goes fayre *Samela*,
As fayre *Aurora* in her morning gray,
Deckt with the ruddy lustre of her loue
is fayre *Samela*,
Like louely *Thetis* on a calmed day,
When as her brightnes *Neptunes* fancie moues,
Shines faire *Samela*.
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassie streames,
Her teeth are pearle, the breasts are Iuory
of faire *Samela*.
Her cheekes like rosie-lillies yeeld forth gleames,
Her browes bright arches, framde of Ebonie,
thus faire *Samela*.
Passeth faire *Venus* in her brauest hue,
And *Iuno* in the shew of maiestie,
for she is *Samela*.
Pallas in wit, all three if you will view,
For beauty wit, and matchlesse dignitie,
yeeldes faire *Samela*.

D. Lodge.

Their soft young cheeke-balls to the eye,
Are of the fresh vermilion die,
O Lillies out of Scarlet peere,

So Roſes bloomd in Lady Vere:
So ſhot two wanton ſtarres yfere,
In the eternall burning Sphere.
G. Chapman.

Her eyes like *Gemini* attend on *Ioue*,
Her ſtately front was figured from aboue:
Her dainty noſe of Iuory faire and ſheene,
Bepurfurate with ruddy Roſes beene.
Her cherry lips doth daunt the morning dew,
From whence a breath ſo pleaſant doth enſue
As that which layd fayre *Pſyches* in the vale,
Whom *Cupid* woed, and woed to his auaile:
Within the compaſſe of which hollow ſweet,
Thoſe orient rancks of ſiluer perles do meet,
Prefixing like prefixion to the eye,
As ſiluer clowd amidſt the ſommers skie,
From whence ſuch words in wiſedome couched be,
As Gods from thence fetch theyr Phyloſophie.
Her dimpled chin of Alablaſter white,
Her ſtately necke, where nature did acquite
Her ſelfe ſo well, as that at ſuddaine ſight
Shee wiſht the worke were ſpent vpon herſelfe,
Her cunning thus was ſhowed vpon the ſhelfe;
For in this hand was fancie painted faire,
In eyther hand an azure hand ſhe bare.
By one, repeating many a ſweete conſent,
By th'other, comfort to the hart ſhe ſent:
From which a ſeemely paſſage there doth flow
To ſtrangers pleaſures that are placſt below;
Like to the furrow *Phaeton* did leaue
Amidſt the Welkin, when he did receaue

His Fathers charge, and ſet the world on fire.
In this fayre path oft paced ſweet deſire,
At euery turne beholding with delight
That marble mount that did affect the ſight.
Of Virgine waxe the ſweet impreſſion was,
The cunning compaſſe thereof did ſurpaſſe,
For arte concluding all perfections there,
Writ this report, all graces dwelleth heere.
Which *Cupid* ſpying, built his manſion ſo,
As ſcorning thoſe ſweet graces to beſtow
On mortall man, with bow ybent doth waite
Leaſt *Ioue* ſhould ſteale impreſſions by deceit,
And wondring at the criſped Comet faire,
In thought concludes it meeter for the ayre
Then mortall mould: next with the ſtately thighes,
Like two fayre compaſt marble pillars riſe,
Whoſe white doth ſtaine the dainty driuen ſnow;
Next which the knees with luſtie bent below
Conioynd with nerues and cordes of Amber ſweet,
Theſe ſtately piles with gladſome honour greet:
Such ſtately knees as when they bend alite,
All knees doe bend and bow with ſtrange delight.
Her calues with ſtranger compaſſe doe ſucceede,
In which the azure ſtreames a wonder breede,
Both arte and nature therein laboured haue
To paint perfection in her colours braue.
Next which, the prety ground-worke of the pyle
Doth ſhow it ſelfe, and wonder doth beguile;
The ioynts whereof combinde of Amber ſweet,
With Corrall cords yeeld bent to ſeemely feete,
From which who liſt to lift his gazing eye,

Shall greater cauſe of wonder ſoone eſpy:
When on the backe he bends his wauering looke
In which the worke and taske *Diana* tooke
vvhen with *Arachne* for the prize ſhe ſtraue,
Both arte and nature there excellence haue;
Where from *Pigmalions* image ſeemelie white,
vvhoſe cloſe conueyance paſſing *Gordians* plight,
vvhere louely Nectar, drinke for all the Gods,
vvhere euery Grace is ſtained there by ods,
vvill not content which gazing looke for more,
And ſpy thoſe armes that ſtand his ſight before
vvhich for their mould th'Egyptian wonders paſſe,
Which for their beauty ſtaine the chriſtall glaſſe,
vvhich in theyr boſome couer natures ſweet,
vvhere bluſhing ſtreames preſent a ſecret meet,
vvill now amazde, conclude at laſt of this,
That in the hands all grace concluded is:
vvhere nature limits euer fatall time,
vvhere fortune figures pleaſure in her prime,
vvhence ſpread thoſe fingers typt with Iuory,
vvhoſe touch *Meduſas* turne may well ſupply:
vvhere to conclude, now all the ſhepheards deeme
All grace, all beauty, all perfections ſeeme.

D. Lodge.

Yet neuer eye to *Cupids* ſeruice vowde
Beheld a face of ſuch a louely pride:
A Tynſill vale her golden locks did ſhrowde,
That ſtroue to couer what it could not hide:
The golden ſunne behind a ſiluer clowde,
So ſtreameth out his beames on euery ſide,
The marble goddeſſe ſet at *Cnidos* naked

Shee seemd; were she vncloth'd, or that awaked.
The gamesome winde among her tresses plaies,
And curleth vp those growing riches short,
Her sparefull eye to spread his beames denaies,
But keepes his shot where *Cupid* keepes his fort.

F. G.

Shee was a woman in her freshest age
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
vith goodly grace and comly personage
That was on earth not easie to compare,
ull of great loue, but *Cupids* wanton snare
As hell she hated: chast in word and will,
Her necke and breasts were euer open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might suck theyr fill,
he rest was all in yellow robes araied still.

Edm. Spencer.

shape whose like in waxe was hard to fraime,
r to expresse by skill of Painters rare;
er hayre was long and yellow to the same,
s might with wyer of beaten gold compare:
er louely cheekes with shew of modest shame,
ith Roses and with Lillyes painted are.
er forhead faire, and full of seemely cheere,
s smooth as pollisht Iuory doth appeare:
nder two arches of most curious fashion
and two black eyes, that like two cleere suns shind,
eddy in looke, but apt to take compassion,
nid which lights the naked boy and blind
steth his darts that cause so many a passion,
quing a sweet and cureless wound behind,
om whence the nose in such good sort descended,

As enuy knowes not how it may be mended.
Vnder the which, in due and comly space
Standeth the mouth, staynde with vermilion hew,
Two rowes of pearles serue in theyr place,
Hence come the courteous words and full of grace
That mollifie hard harts and make them new:
From hence proceed those smilings sweet and nice,
That seeme to make an earthly Paradice.
Her brests as milke, her necke as white as snow,
Round was her necke, most plum and large her breast,
Two Iuory apples seemed there to grow,
Tender and smooth, and fittest to be prest,
Wauing like seas when wind most calme doth blow.
Argos himselfe might not discerne the rest,
Yet by presumption well it might be gest
That that which was concealed was the best.
Her armes due measure of proportion bare,
Her fayre white hand was to be viewed plaine,
The fingers long, the ioynts so curious are
As neyther knot appeard nor swelling vaine,
And full to perfect all those features rare,
The foote that to be seene doth sole remaine,
Slender and short, little it was and round,
A finer foote might no where well be found.

S. I. Harr.

Apollo when my mistris first was borne
Cut off his locks, and left them on her head,
And sayd, I plant these wyres in natures scorne,
Whose lustre shall appeare when time is dead:
From forth the christall heauen when she was made,
The puritie thereof did taint her brow,

On which the gliſtering that ſought the ſhade
Gan ſet, and there his glories doth avow.
Thoſe eyes, fayre eyes, too faire to be deſcrib'd,
Were thoſe that erſt the Chaos did reforme,
To whom the heauens theyr beauties haue aſcribd,
That faſhion life in man, in beaſt, in worme;
When firſt her fayre delicious cheekes were wrought,
Aurora brought her bluſh, the Moone her white,
Both ſo combinde as paſſed natures thought,
Compild thoſe prety orbes of ſweet delight:
When loue and nature once were proud with play,
From forth theyr lips, her lips their colour drew,
On them doth fancie ſleepe, and euery day
Doth ſwallow ioy ſuch ſweet delights to view.
While one while *Venus* ſonne did ſeeke a bowre
To ſport with *Pſyches* his deſired deere,
He choſe her chin, and from that happy ſtowre
He neuer ſtints in glory to appeare.
Deſires and ioyes that long had ſerued loue,
Deſought a hold where prety eyes might wooe them,
Loue made her neck, and for her beſt behoue
Hath ſhut them there where no man can vndoe them.
Once *Venus* dreamd vpon two prety things,
Her thoughts, they were affections cheefeſt neſts,
She ſuckt and ſigh'd, and bath'd her in the ſprings,
And when ſhe wakt, they were my miſtres breaſts.
Once *Cupid* ſought a hold to couch his kiſſes,
And found the body of my beſt belou'd,
Wherein he cloyd the beauty of his bliſſes,
And from that bower can neuer be remou'd.
The Graces erſt when *Acidalian* ſprings

vvere wexen dry, perhaps did finde her fountaine
Within the bale of bliſſe, where *Cupids* wings
Doe ſhield the Nectar fleeting from the fountaine.

R. Greene.

Her curious locks of gold like Tagus ſands,
*H*er forhead ſmooth and white as Iuory,
vvhere glory, ſtate, and baſhfulnes held hands:
Her eyes, one making peace, the other wars,
By *Venus* one, the other ruld by *Mars*.
Her Eagles noſe, her ſcarlet cheeke halfe white,
Her teeth of orient pearle, her gracious ſmile,
*H*er dimpled chin, her breaſt as cleere as light,
*H*er hand like hers whom *Titan* did beguile.

Tho. Watſon.

Queene Vertues caue which ſome call *Stellas* face
Repaird by natures cheefeſt furniture,
Hath his forfront of Alablaſter pure,
Gold is the couering of that ſtately place:
The doore by which ſometimes runnes forth her grac
Red Porphirie which lock of pearle makes ſure,
Whoſe porches rich which name of cheekes endure,
Marble-mixt red and white doe interlace.
The windowes now through which this heauenly gu
Lookes on the world, and can finde nothing ſuch
vvhich dare claime from thoſe ſights the name of beſ
Of touch they are that without touch do touch,
vvhich *Cupids* ſelfe from beauties mine did draw,
Of touch they are, and poore I, am theyr ſtraw.

S. Phil. Sidney.

T

Two ſunnes at once from one faire heauen there ſhind,
Ten branches from two boughes tipt all with roſes,
Pure locks, more golden then is gold refinde,
Two pearled rowes that natures pride inc'oſes;
Two mounts faire marble, white downe, ſoft & dainty,
Full wofull makes my hart, and body fainty.

D. Lodge.

O ſhee doth teach the torches to burne bright,
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewell in an Ethiops eare,
Beauty too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhowes a ſnowy Doue trooping with crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhowes.

W. Shakeſpeare.

To make the wondrous power of heauen appeare
In nothing more then her perfections found,
Cloſe to her nauill ſhe her mantle wreſts,
Slacking it vpwards, and the folds vnwound,
Showing *Latonas* twins, her plenteous breſts:
The Sunne and *Cynthia* in their tryumph robes
Of Lady skin more rich then both theyr globes.

G. Chapman.

Vpon a bed of Roſes ſhe was layd,
As faint through heate, or dight to pleaſant ſin,
And was araide, or rather diſaraid
All in a vaile of ſilke and ſiluer thin,
That hid no whit her Alablaſter skin,
But rather ſhowd more white, if more might be;
More ſubtile web *Arachne* cannot ſpin,
Nor the fine nets which oft we wouen ſee
Of ſcorched dew, do not in th'ayre more lightly flie.

Her

Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eyes, which not therewith be fild,
And yet through languor of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops more cleere then Nectar forth distild,
That like pure orient pearles adowne it thrild,
Fraile harts yet quenched not, like starry light,
which sparkling on the silent waues, doe seeme more (bright.

Edm. Spen.

Her Iuory necke, her Alablaster breast,
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were,
For loue in soft delight thereon to rest:
Her tender sides, her belly white and cleere,
Which like an Altar did it selfe vpreare,
To offer sacrifice deuine thereon:
Her goodly thighes, whose glory did appeare
Like a triumphall arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of Princes hangd, which were in battaile (wone

Idem.

--- Her sparkling eyes
Doe lighten forth sweet loues alluring fire,
And in her tresses she doth fold the lookes
Of such as gaze vpon her golden hayre.
Her bashfull white, mixt with the mornings red,
Luna doth boast vpon her louely cheekes:
Her front is Beauties table, where she paints
The glories of her gorgeous excellence:
Her teeth are shelues of precious Margarite,
Richly inclosd with ruddy Currall cleeues.

R. Greene.

My mistres is a paragon, the fayrest fayre aliue,
Alcides *and* Æacides *for faireleſſe faire did striue,*

He

Her colour fresh as damaske rose, her breath as violet,
Her body white as Iuory, as smooth as pollisht Iet, (kisse
As soft as down, & were she downe, Ioue *might com down &*
A Ioue so fresh, so sweet, so white, so smooth, so soft as this.

W. Warner.

Then cast she off her roabe and stoode vpright,
As lightning breakes out of the labouring clowde,
Or as the morning heauen casts off her night,
Or as that heauen cast off it selfe, and showde
Heauens vpper light, to which the brightest day
Is but a black and melancholy shrowde:
Or as when *Venus* striu'd for soueraigne sway
Of choisefull beauty in young *Troyes* desire,
So stoode *Corinna* varnishing her tyre.

G. Chapman.

Herewith she rose, like the Autumnall starre
Fresh burnisht in the lofty Ocean flood,
That darts his glorious influence more farre
Then any lampe of bright Olympus broode:
Shee lifts her lightning armes aboue her head
And stretcheth a Meridian, from her blood
That slept awakt in her Elizian bed:
Then knit shee vp, least loosd, her glowing haire
Should scorch the centre, and incense the ayre.

Idem.

Sweete mouth that sendst a muskie-rosied breath
Fountaine of Nectar and delightfull balme,
Eyes clowdy-cleere, smile-frowning, stormie-calme,
Whose euery glaunce darts me a lyuing death:
Browes, bending quaintly, your round Eben arkes,
Smile, that then *Venus* sooner *Mars* besets,

Locks

Locks more then golden, curld in curious knots,
vvhere in close ambush wanton *Cupid* lurkes,
Grace Angel-like, faire forhead, smooth and hie,
Pure white that dimst the Lilies of the vale,
Vermilion rose that mak'st *Aurora* pale.

I. Siluester.

Such colour had her face as when the sunne
Shines in a watry clowde in pleasant spring;
And euen as when the Sommer is begunne
The Nightingales in boughes doe sit and sing,
So the blind God, whose force can no man shunne
Sits in her eyes, and thence his darts doth fling:
Bathing his wings in her bright christal streames,
And sunning them in her rare beauties beames.
In these he heads his golden-headed dart,
In those he cooleth it, and tempereth so,
He leuels thence at good *Obertos* hart,
And to the head he drawes it in his bow.

S. I. Harr.

— *Olympias* beauty was so rare
As well might moue a man the same to note:
Her hayre, her cheekes, her eyes, most amorous are,
Her nose, her mouth, her shoulders, and her throat,
As for her other parts that then were bare,
Which she was wont to couer with her coate,
Were made in such a mould as might haue moued
The chast *Hippolitus* her to haue loued:
A man would thinke them framd by *Phidias* arts,
Theyr colour and proportion good was such:
And vnto them her shamefastnes imparts
A greater grace to that before was much.

I ceaſe to praiſe thoſe other ſecret parts,
Nothing ſo fit to talke of as to touch:
In generall, all was as white as milk,
As ſmooth as Iuory, and as ſoft as ſilke.
Had ſhee in vally of *Idea* beene
vvhen Paſtor *Paris* hap did ſo befall
To be a Iudge three goddeſſes betweene,
She ſhould haue got, and they forgone the ball:
Had ſhe but once of him beene naked ſeene,
For *Helena* he had not card at all,
Nor broke the bonds of ſacred hoſpitalitie,
That bred his country wars and great mortalitie.
Had ſhe but then been in *Crotona* towne,
When *Zeuxis* for the Goddeſſe *Iunos* ſake
To paint a picture of moſt rare renowne
Did many of the fayreſt damſels make
To ſtand before him bare from foote to crowne,
A patterne of theyr perfect parts to take,
No doubt he would haue all the reſt refuſed,
And her alone in ſted of all haue chuſed.

S. I. Harr.

Faire is my loue for Aprill in her face,
Her louely breaſts September claimes his part,
And lordly Iuly in her eyes hath place,
But cold December dwelleth in her hart,
Bleſt be the months that ſets my hart on fire,
Accurſt that month that hindreth my deſire.
Like *Phœbus* fire, ſo ſparkles both her eyes,
As ayre perfum'd with Amber is her breath,
Like ſwelling waues her louely teates doe riſe,
As earth her hart cold, dateth me to death.

In

In pompe ſits mercy ſeated in her face,
Loue twixt her breaſts his trophies doth imprint,
Her eyes ſhines fauour, curteſie, and grace,
But touch her hart, oh that is made of flint.

R. Greene.

Her havre not truſt, but ſcattered on her brow,
Surpaſſing *Hyblaes* honney for the view,
Or ſoftened golden wyers.
Within theſe ſnares firſt was my hart intrapped,
Till through thoſe golden ſhrouds mine eye did ſee
An Iuory ſhadowed front, wherein was wrapped
Thoſe prety bowers where graces couched be:
Next which, her cheekes appeard like Crimſon ſilke
Or ruddy roſe beſpred in whiteſt milke.
Twixt which, the noſe in louely tenor bends
Two traces prety for a louers view:
Next which her lips like violets commends
By true proportion that which doth enſue;
Which when they ſmile, preſent vnto the eyes
The Oceans pride, and Iuory paradize.
Her polliſht necke of milke, where ſnows doe ſhine
As when the Moone in winter night beholds them,
Her breaſt of *Ala*blaſter cleere and fine,
vvhereon two riſing apples fayre vnfold them,
Like *Cynthias* face when in her full ſhe ſhineth,
*An*d bluſhing, to her loue-mates bower declineth.
From whence in length her armes doe ſweetly ſpread,
Like two rare branchie Saples in the ſpring,
Yeelding fiue louely ſprigs from euery head,
Proportioned alike in euery thing;

Whic

which featly ſprout in length like ſpring borne friends
vvhoſe prety tops, with fiue ſweet roſes ends.
But why alas ſhould I that marble hide
That doth adorne that one and other flanck,
From whence a mount of quickned ſnow doth glide,
Or elſe the vaile that bounds this milk-white banke,
vvhere *Venus* and her ſiſters hide the fount,
vvhoſe loucly Nectar doth all ſweetes ſurmount.

D. Lodge.

Whilſt thus ſhe meant vnſeene away to ſlide,
Her pearles and iewels cauſde her to be ſpide,
The muske and ciuet amber as ſhe paſt,
Long after her a ſweet perfume did caſt:
A Carbuncle on her chriſtall brow ſhe pight,
vvhoſe fierie gleames expeld the ſhady night:
Vpon her head a ſiluer criſpe ſhe pind,
Looſe wauing on her ſhoulders with the wind.
Gold band her golden hayre, her Iuory neck,
The Rubies rich, and Saphires blew did deck,
And at her eare, a pearle of greater valew
There hung, then that the Egyptian Queene did ſwal-
And through her coller ſhowd her ſnowy breſt, (low
Her vtmoſt robe was colour blew celeſt,
Benetted all with twiſt of perfect gold,
Beſeeming well her comly corps t'enfold.
What els ſhe ware, might wel be ſeene vpon
That Queene who built the towers of Babylon.
Her wauering hayre diſparpling flew apart,
In ſeemely ſhed, the reſt with reckleſſe art,
vvith many a curling ring decord her face,
*A*nd gaue her ghaſtly browes a greater grace.

Two

Two bending bowes of Eben coupled right,
Two lucent ſtarres that were of heauenly light,
Two ietty ſparks where *Cupid* chaſtly hides
His ſubtile ſhafts that from his quiuer glides:
Tweene thoſe two ſunnes and front of equall ſize,
A comly figure formally did riſe,
vvhich draught vnleuell to her lip deſcend,
vvhere *Momus* ſelfe could nothing diſcommend.
Her pittid cheekes appeard to bee depaint
vvith mixed roſe and lillies, ſweet and faint:
Her dulcet mouth with precious breath repleat,
Exceld the Saben Queene in ſauour ſweet:
Her corrall lips diſcouered as it were
Two ranks of orient pearles with ſmyling cheere:
Her Iuory necke, and breaſt of Alablaſter,
Made heathen men of her more Idolaſtre.
Vpon her hand no wrinckled knot was ſeene,
But as each nayle of Mother of pearle had beene:
In ſhort, this *Iuduth* was ſo paſſing faire,
As if the learned *Zeuxis* had beene there
And ſeene this dame when he with penſill drew
The *Croton* dames, to forme the picture true
Of her for whom both Greece and Aſia fought,
This onely patterne chiefe he would haue ſought.

Tho. Hudſon.

Her words were like a ſtreame of honny fleeting,
The which doth ſoftly trickle from the hiue,
Able to melt the hearers hart vnweeting,
And eke to make the dead againe to liue:
Her deedes were like great cluſters of ripe grapes
Which loade the bunches of the fruitfull Vine,

Offering

Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely wine.
Her breast two hills ore-spread with purest snow,
Sweet, smooth, and supple, soft and gently swelling,
Betweene them lyes a milkie dale below,
Where loue, youth, gladnes, whitenes make their dwelling,
Her enuious vesture greedy sight expelling:
So was the wanton clad, as if thus much
Should please the eye, the rest vnseene they touch:
As when the sunne-beames diue through *Tagus* waue
To spy the store-house of his springing gold,
Loue persing thought so through her mantle draue,
And in their gentle bosome wandred bold:
It viewd the wondrous beautie Virgins haue,
And all to finde desire (with vantage) bold.
Alas what hope is left to quench this fire,
That kindled is by sight, blowne by desire.

D. Lodge.

Fayrer then was the Nymph of *Mercurie*,
Who when bright *Phœbus* mounteth vp his coach,
And tracks *Aurora* in her siluer steps,
And sprinckling from the folding of her lap,
White Lillies, Roses, and sweet Violets.

R. Greene.

— Her Angels face
As the great eye of heauen shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place,
Did neuer mortall eye behold such heauenly grace.

Edm. Spencer.

Not

Not that night-wandring pale and watry ſtarre,
(vvhen yawning dragons draw her thirſting carre
From *Latmus* mount vp to the gloomie skie,
vvhere crownd with blazing light and maieſtie
She proudly ſits) more ouer-rules the flood,
Then ſhe the harts of thoſe that neere her ſtood.

Ch. Marlow.

--- O *Daphne* is more fayre
Then Angels ſwimming in the fluxiuyce ayre.
Could Loues rich bed-chamber her two bright eyes,
Lodge but two gueſts at once, Beautie and Mercy?
Beauty lyes alwayes there, did Mercy too
Phœbus were then *Daphne* ſhould be
Transformd into a ſtately dignitie.

Th. Dekkar.

Her ſtature comly tall, her gate well graced, and her wit,
To maruaile at, not medle with, as matchleſſe I omit:
A globe-like head, a gold-like haire, a forhead ſmooth & hie
An euen noſe, on eyther ſide ſtoode out a grayiſh eye,
Two roſie cheeks, round ruddy lips, white iuſt ſet teeth within
A mouth in mean, & vnderneath, a round & dimpled chin:
Her ſnowiſh neck with blewiſh vaines ſtood bolt vpright upo
Her portly ſhoulders, beating balls her vained breſts anon
Ad more to beauty: wand-like was her middle, falling ſtill,
And riſing whereas women riſe, imagine nothing ill, (wriſt
And more, her long & limber arms had white and azurd
And ſlender fingers anſwer to her ſmooth & lilly fists,
A leg in print, a prety foote, coniecture of the reſt,
For amorous eyes obſeruing forme, think parts obſcured beſ

W. Warner.

Se

See where she issues in her beauties pompe,
As *Flora* to salute the morning sunne:
vvho when she shakes her tresses in the ayre,
Raines on the earth dissolued pearle in showres,
vvhich with his beames the sunne exhales to heauen:
She holdes the spring and sommer in her armes,
And euery plant puts on his freshest robes
To daunce attendance on her princely steps,
Springing and fading as she comes and goes.

G. Chapman.

Her hayre was loose, & bout her shoulders hung,
Vpon her browes did *Venus* naked lye,
And in her eyes did all the Graces swim.
Her cheekes that showd the temper of the mind,
Were beauties mornings where she euer rose,
Her lyps were loues rich altars where she makes
Her hart a neuer-ceasing sacrifice:
Her teeth stoode like a ranke of *Dians* maydes
vvhen naked in a secrete bower they bathe;
Her long round necke was *Cupids* quiuer calld,
And her sweet words that flew from her, his shafts,
Her soft round brests were his sole trauaild Alpes,
vvhere snow that thawed with sunne did euer lye,
Her fingers bounds to her rich deitie.

Idem.

In Paradise of late a Dame begun
To peepe out of her bed with such a grace,
As matcht the rising of the morning sunne,
vith drops of honney falling from her face,
Brighter then *Phœbus* fierie-pointed beames,
Or ycie crust of christall frozen streames.

Her hayre like Amber twiſted vp in gold,
Paſſing the pride or riches of the Eaſt,
With curious knots were into traimmels rould,
As ſnary nettings for a wandring gueſt;
The feathers deckt her with a quaint diſdaine
Like *Iunos* byrd in pompe of ſpotted traine.
*H*er ſhining forhead doth ſuppreſſe the ſtarres,
New lightning ſparkles from her louely cheekes,
Her percing ſight the ſtroake of beauties warres,
Wherewith the conqueſt of the world ſhe ſeekes:
Braue be the darts that from her eyes ſhe throwes,
When *Cupid* lurkes betweene her louely browes,
*A*rabian odours breathe out of her talke,
Which ſhe betweene the peaile and Ruby breaketh,
So ſmooth a compaſſe hath her tongue to walke,
As makes both heauen & earth bluſh whē ſhe ſpeaketh
No ſinging bird in all the ayre but doates,
And lay theyr eares attentiue to her notes.
Her necke, her ſhoulders, and her breaſts were bare,
Diana-like aboue the water ſmiling:
No ſnow, Iuory, or Alablaſter there,
No ſtatue of white Marble, me beguiling,
But the ſweet ſeaſon of the yeere I found
When Lillies peepe out of the graſſie ground.
Her other parts vnto my view denide,
Much like the lampe that burnt at *Pſyches* bed,
Made ſuch a fire into my hart to glide
That loue awaked, and my body bled:
O had ſhe not ſo great a force to pleaſe,
Deſire had ſlept, and I had liu'd at eaſe.

S. G.

Aſtron

Astronomers the heauens doe deuide
Into eyght houses, where the Gods remaine,
All which in thy perfections doe abide,
For in thy feete the Queene of silence raignes,
About thy wast *Ioues* messenger doth dwell,
Inchaunting me, as I thereat admire,
And on thy duggs the Queene of loue doth tell
Her godheads power in scroules of my desire:
Thy beautie is the worlds eternall sunne,
Thy fauours force a cowards hart to darres,
And in thy hayres, *Ioue* and his riches wonne,
Thy frownes hold *Saturne*, thine eyes the fixed starres.

H. C.

What length of verse braue Mopsus *good to show? (know.*
Those vertues strange, & beauties such, as no man may them
Thus shrewdly burdned thē, how can my Muse escape? (shape
The gods must help, & precious things must serue to show her
Like great god Saturne *faire, & like faire* Venus *chast,*
As smooth as Pan, *as* Iuno *mild, like goddesse* Iris *gracst,*
With Cupid *she foresees, and goes Gods* Vulcans *pace,*
And for a tast of all these gifts, she steales god Momus *grace*
Her forhead Iacinth like, her cheekes of opall hue, (blew,
Her twinckling eyes bedeckt with pearle, her lyps as Saphires
Her haire like crapal stone, her mouth ô heauenly wide,
Her skin like burnisht gold, her hands like siluer-ore vntride:
Is for her parts vnknowne, which hidden sure are best,
Happy be they which wil beleeue, and neuer seeke the rest.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Words which fall like Sommer dew on me,
Breath more sweet then is the growing beane,
Tongue in which all honnied licours be,

O voyce that doth the Thruſh in ſhrilnes ſtaine,
Gay haire, more gay then ſtraw when harueſt lies,
Lips red and plum, as cherries ruddy ſide,
Eyes fayre and great, like fayre great Oxes eyes,
O breaſts in which two white ſheepe ſwell in pride.
But thou white skin, as white as curds well preſt,
So ſmooth as Sleeke-ſtone like, it ſmooths each part,
And thou deere fleſh, as ſoft as wooll new dreſt,
And yet as hard as Brawne made hard by art.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Poeticall compariſons.

Beautie.

As that fayre ſtarre the meſſenger of morne
His dewy face out of the ſea doth reare,
Or as the *Ciprian* Goddeſſe newly borne
Of the Oceans fruitfull froth did firſt appeare,
Such ſeemed they, and ſo theyr yellow haire,
Chriſtalline humour dropped downe apace.

Edm. Spencer.

As when faire *Cinthia* in a darkſome night
Is in a noyous clowde enuoloped,
vvhere ſhe may finde the ſubſtance thin and light,
Breakes forth her ſiluer beames, and her bright head
Diſcouers to the world diſcomfited:
Of the poore trauailer that went aſtray,
vvith thouſand bleſſings ſhe is hurried,
Such was the beauty and the ſhining ray
With which fayre *Britomart* gaue light vnto the day

Idem.

Lo

Looke how the crowne which *Ariadne* wore
Vpon her Iuory forhead that ſame day
That *Theſeus* her vnto his bridall bore,
vvhen the bold Centaures made that bloody fray
vvith the fierce Lapiths that did them diſmay,
Beeing now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heauen doth her beames diſplay,
And is vnto the ſtarres an ornament
vvhich round about her moue in order excellent,
Such was the beauty of this goodly band.

Idem.

Euen as a ſtage ſet forth with pompe and pride,
Where men doe cunning and theyr arte beſtow,
When curtaines be remoou'd that all did hide,
Maketh by light of torch a gliſtering ſhow:
Or as the ſunne that in a clowde did bide,
vhen that is gone, doth cleerer ſeeme to grow:
o *Bradamant* when as her head was bareſt,
Her colour and her beautie ſeemed rareſt.

S. I. Harr. tranſl.

s when fayre *Ver* dight in her flowrie raile,
her new coloured liuerie decks the earth,
nd glorious *Titan* ſpreds his ſun-ſhine vaile
o bring to paſſe her tender infants birth:
Such was her beauty which I then poſſeſt,
With whoſe imbracings all my youth was bleſt.

M. Drayton.

ooke how a Comet at the firſt appearing
rawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it,
r as the ſaddeſt tale at ſuddaine hearing,
akes ſilent liſtning vnto him that told it,

So did the blazing of my bluſh appeare,
To maze the world, that holds ſuch ſights ſo deere.

S. Daniell.

Euen as when gaudie Nimphs purſue the chace,
vvretched *Ixions* ſhaggy-footed race
Incenſt with ſauage heate gallop a maine
From ſteeppine-bearing mountaines to the plaine,
So ran the people forth to gaze vpon her,
And all that viewd her, were inamourd on her.

C. Marlow.

Like as an horſe when he is barded haile,
And feathered pannache ſet vpon his head,
Will make him ſeeme more braue for to aſſaile
The enemie, he that the troope dois lead,
And pannach on his helme will ſet indeid:
Euen ſo had nature to decore her face,
Giuen her one top for to augment her grace.

Rex. Sco.

Like as a Taper burning in the darke,
(As if it threatned euery watchfull eye
That burning viewes it) makes that eye his marke,
And hurles guild darts at it continually:
Or as it enuyed any eye but it
Should ſee in darknes: ſo my miſtres beautie,
From forth her ſecret ſtand my hart doth hit,
And like the dart of *Cephalus* doth kill
Her perfect louer, though ſhe meane no ill.

G. Chapman.

Now as when heauen is muſled with the vapours,
His long ſince iuſt diuorced wife the earth
In enuy breaths, to maske his ſpurry tapers

From the vnrich aboundance of her birth,
When ſtraight the Weſterne iſſue of the ayre
Beats with his floury wings thoſe brats of dearth,
And giues Olympus leaue to ſhow his fayre,
So fled the offended ſhadowes of her cheere,
And ſhewd her pleaſant countenaunce ful as cleere.

Idem.

Dalliance.

Euen as an emptie Eagle ſharpe by faſt,
Tires with her beake on feather, fleſh and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in haſt,
Till eyther gorge be ſtuft, or pray be gone,
Euen ſo ſhe kiſt his brow, his cheeke, his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

W. Shakeſpeare.

--- Looke how cloſe the Iuy doth embrace
The tree or branch about the which it growes,
So cloſe the louers couched in that place,
Each drawing in the breath the other blowes:
But how great ioyes they found that little ſpace,
Well we may geſſe, but none for certaine knowes,
Such was theyr ſport, ſo well theyr leere they couth,
That oft they had two tongues within one mouth.

S. I. Harr.

Like as the wanton Iuie with his twine,
When as the Oake his rootleſſe body warmes,
The ſtraighteſt ſaplings ſtrictly doe combine,
Clipping the wood with his laſciuious armes:
Such our imbraces when our ſport begins,
Lapt in our armes like *Ledaes* louely twins.

M. Drayton.

Euen

Euen as faire *Castor* when a calme begins,
Beholding then his starry-tressed brother,
With mirth and glee these swan-begotten twins,
Presaging ioy the one imbrace the other:
Thus one the other in our armes we fold,
Our breasts for ioy our harts could scarcely hold.

Idem.

--- As when *Ioue* at once from East to West
Cast off two Eagles to discerne the sight
Of this worlds centre, both his birds ioynd brest
In Cynthian *Delphos*, since Earths nauill height:
So casting off my ceaseless thoughts to see
My harts true centre, all doe meete in thee.

G. Chapman.

Like as a well-tunde Lute that's tucht with skill
In musicks language sweetly speaking plaine,
When euery string it selfe with sound doth fill,
Taking theyr times, and giuing them againe,
A diapazon heard in euery straine;
So theyr affections set in keyes so like,
Still fall in consort as theyr humors strike.

M. Drayton.

Sorrow.

Adowne his cheekes the teares so flowes
As doth the streame of many springs:
So thunder rends the clowdes in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

M. Roydon.

As through an arch the violent roring tide
Out-runnes the eye that doth behold his hast,

Yet in the Edie boundeth in his pride
Backe to the ſtraite that forced him ſo faſt,
In rage ſent out, recald in rage being paſt:
Euen ſo his ſighes, his ſorrowes make a ſaw,
To puſh greefe on, and back the ſame greefe draw.

W. Shakeſpeare.

--- The ſtorme ſo rumbled in her breaſt
As *Eolus* could neuer roare the like,
And ſhowres downe rained from her eyes ſo faſt
That all bedrent the place, till at the laſt
Well eaſed they the dolour of the minde,
As rage of raine doth ſwage the ſtormie wind.

M. Sackuile.

As in September when our yeere reſignes
The glorious ſunne vnto the watry ſignes, (ſcorne,
vvhich through the clowdes lookes on the earth in
The little bird yet to ſalute the morne
Vpon the naked branches ſets her foote,
The leaues now lying on the moſſie roote:
And there a ſilly chiriping doth keepe,
As though ſhe faine would ſing, yet faine would weepe,
Praying faire Sommer that too ſoone is gone,
Or mourning winter, too faſt comming on,
In this ſad plight I mourne for thy returne.

M. Drayton.

As when the fatall bird of augurie
Seeing a ſtormie diſmall clowde ariſe
vvithin the South, foretells with pittious cry
The weeping tempeſt that on ſuddaine hies,
So the poore ſoule, in view of his diſdaine,
Began to deſcant on her future paine.

D. Lodge.

All

All like as *Hecuba* fell raging mad,
vvith griefe of minde and ſorrow ſore oppreſſed,
To ſee her *Polydorus* little lad
By fraud of his kinſman vnkind diſtreſſed,
So rau'd *Olympia* fayre.

I. Harrington.

The raging pang remained ſtill within,
That would haue burſt out all at once ſo faſt,
Euen ſo we ſee the water tarry in
A bottle little mouth'd and big in waſt,
That though you topſie-turuie turne the brim,
The licour bides behind with too much haſt,
And with the ſtriuing oft is in ſuch taking,
As ſcant a man may yet it out with ſhaking.

Idem.

Sorrow.

As one that ſaw in Aprill or in May
A pleaſant garden full of fragrant flowers,
Then when the earth new clad in garments gay
Decks euery wood and groue with pleaſant bowers,
Comming againe on ſome Decembers day,
And ſees it mard with winters ſtormes and ſhowers,
So did the Court to *Bradamant* appeare,
When as ſhe ſaw *Rogero* was not there.

I. Harr.

As gorgious *Phœbus* in his firſt vpriſe,
Diſcouering now his ſcarlet-coloured head,
By troublous motions of the lowring skies,
His glorious beames with fogs are ouer-ſpred
So are his cheerfull browes ecclipſt with ſorrow,
which clowd the ſhine of his youths ſmiling morrow

M. Drayton.

Like as when *Phœbus* darting forth his rayes,
Glydeth along the ſwelling Ocean ſtreames,
And whilſt one billow with another playes
Reflecteth backe his bright tranſlucent beames:
Such was the conflict then betwixt our eyes,
Sending forth lookes as teares do fall and riſe.

Idem.

Like to a veſſell with a narrow vent,
Which is fild vp with licour to the top,
Although the mouth be after downeward bent,
Yet is it ſeene not to diſtill a drop;
Euen thus our breaſt brimful with penſiue care,
Stopping our tongues, with greefe we ſilent are.

Idem.

As the high Elme (when his deare Vine hath twind
Faſt in her hundred armes and holds imbraſt)
Beares downe to earth his ſpouſe and darling kind
If ſtorme or cruell ſteele the tree downe caſt,
And her full grapes to nought doth bruze and grind,
Spoyles his own leaues, faints, withers, dies at laſt,
And ſeemes to mourne and die, not for his owne,
But for the death of her that lyes orethrowne:
So fell he mourning, mourning for the dame
Whom life and death had made for euer his.

E. Fairefax.

As when a foggy miſt hath ouer-caſt
The face of heauen, and the cleere ayre ingroſt,
The world in darknes dwells, till that at laſt
The watry South-wind from the Sea-bord coaſt
Vp blowing doth diſperſe the vapours loſt,
And powres it ſelfe forth in a ſtormie ſhowre:

So the fayre *Britomart* hauing diſcloſt
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull ſtowre,
The midſt of greefe diſsolued into vengeance powre.
Edm. Spen.

--- As a ſtroke giuen on the righter eye
Offends the left, euen ſo by ſimpathy
Her husbands dolours made her hart vnglad,
And *Iudiths* ſorrowes made her husband ſad.
T. Hudſon.

Diſsimulation.

As when a wearie trauailer that ſtraies
By muddy ſhore of broad ſeauen-mouthed Nile,
Vnwitting of the perilous wandring wayes
Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,
vvhich in falſe greefe hiding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full ſore, and ſheddeth tender teares:
The fooliſh man that pitties all the while
His mournfull plight, is ſwallowed vp vnwares,
Forgetfull of his owne that minds anothers cares:
So wept *Dueſſa* vntill euentide.
Edm. Spencer.

As cunning ſingers ere they ſtraine on hie
In loude melodious tunes theyr gentle voyce,
Prepare the hearers eares to harmonie
With fainings ſweet, low notes, and warbles choyce:
So ſhe, not hauing yet forgot pardie
Her wonted ſhifts and ſleights in *Cupids* toyes,
A ſequence firſt of ſighes and ſobs forth caſt,
To breede compaſſion deere, then ſpake at laſt.
Ed. Fairefax.

As

As guilefull Goldſmith that by ſecret skill
With golden foyle doth finely ouer-ſpred
Some baſer mettle, which commend he will
Vnto the vulgar for good gold indeed,
He much more goodly gloſſe thereon doth ſhed
To hide his falſhood, then if it were true:
So hard this Idole was to be ared,
That *Florimell* her ſelfe in all mens view
Shee ſeemd to paſſe, ſo forged things do faireſt ſhew,

Edm. Spencer.

As when two ſunnes appeare in th'azure skie,
Mounted in *Phœbus* Chariot fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adornd with lamps of flaming light:
All that behold ſo ſtrange prodigious ſight,
Nor natures work them geſſe, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright,
So ſtoode Sir *Marinell* when he had ſeene
The ſemblance of this falſe by this faire beauties queene.

Idem.

Loue.

As men tormented with a burning feauer (thirſt,
Dreame that with drinke they ſwage their greeuous
But when they wake they feele theyr thirſt perſeuer,
And to be greater then it was at firſt:
So ſhee whoſe thoughts frō loue ſleepe could not ſeuer,
Dreamt of that thing for which ſhe wake did thirſt:
But waking, felt and found it as before,
Her hope ſtill leſſe, and her deſire ſtill more.

S. I. Harr.

The

The man that dwells farre North hath ſildome harme
With blaſt of winters winde or nypping froſt:
The Negro ſildome feeles himſelfe too warme,
If he abide within his natiue coaſt:
So loue in mee a ſecond nature is,
And cuſtome makes me thinke my woes are bliſſe.

Tho. Watſon.

The *Harpie* byrds that did in ſuch deſpight
Greeue and annoy old *Phineus* ſo ſore,
Were chaſde away by *Calais* in fight,
And by his brother *Zeth* for euermore:
vvho followed vntill they heard on hie,
A voyce that ſaid; ye twins no farther flie.
Phineus I am that ſo tormented was,
My *Laura* heere I may a Harpie name,
My thoughts and luſts be ſonnes to *Boreas*,
Which neuer ceaſt in following my dame,
Till heauenly grace ſayd vnto me at laſt,
Leaue fond delights, and ſay thy loue is paſt.

Idem.

All as the greedy fiſher layes his hookes
Alongſt the coaſt to catch ſome mighty fiſh,
More for his gaine, then wholſome for the diſh
Of him that buies: euen ſo theſe ſiſters braue,
Haue louers more then honeſt maydens haue.

Tho. Hudſon.

--- As when mightie *Macedon* had wonne
The Monarchie of earth, yet when he fainted,
Greeu'd that no greater action could be done,
And that there no more worlds was to ſubdue,
So loues defects, loues conquerour did rue.

Edm. Spencer.

Looke as the faire and fiery-poynted sunne
Rushing from forth a clowde bereaues our sight,
Euen so the curtaine drawne, his eyes begun
To winke, beeing blinded with a greater light.
W. Shakespeare.

Like as in furie of a dreadfull fight,
Theyr fellowes being slaine, or put to flight,
Poore souldiours stand with feare of death dead strooken,
So at her presence all surprizd and tooken,
Await the sentence of her scornefull eyes;
He whom she fauours liues, the other dies.
C. Marlow.

Feare.

Like as a Hinde forth singled from the heard
That hath escaped from a rauenous beast,
Yet flies away, of her owne feete afrayd,
And euery leafe that shaketh with the least
Murmure of windes, her terror hath increast,
So fled fayre *Florimell* from her vaine feare.
Edm. Spencer.

---He shakes aloft his Romaine blade,
Which like a Faulchon towring in the skies
Coucheth the foule below with his wings shade,
Whose crooked beake threats, if he mount, he dies:
So vnder his insulting Fauchion lyes
Harmelesse *Lucretia*, marking what he tells,
With trembling feare, as foule heares Faulchons bells.
W. Shakespeare.

As the poore frighted Deere that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to flie,

Or

Or one incompaſt with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily,
So with her ſelfe ſhe growes in mutinie
To liue or die which of the twaine were better,
When life is ſham'd, and deaths reproches better.

Idem.

Like as the Snayle, whoſe hornes being once hit,
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly caue with paine,
And there all ſmoothred vp in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled
Into the deepe darke cabbins of her head.

Idem.

As in the night each little fierie ſparke
May plainly be diſcerned with our eyne,
But when the day doth come we then ſhall marke
That all are dampt and doe no longer ſhine:
So kindles feare in minde which doubt made darke,
Vntill my ſunne in my Horizon ſhine.

S. I. Harr.

So great a terror in theyr minde was bred
That ſtraight as if with ſprites they had beene skard,
This way and that, confuſedly they fled,
And left the gates without defence or gard:
As tumults often are at ſtage-plaies bred,
When falſe reports of ſudden fits are heard:
Or when the ouer-loaden ſeates doe cracke,
One tumbling downe vpon anothers back.

Idem.

Like as in time of Spring the water's warme,
And crowding frogs like fiſhes there doe ſwarme,

ut with the ſmalleſt ſtone that you can caſt
o ſtirre the ſtreame, theyr crowding ſtaies as faſt:
o while Iudea was in ioyfull dayes,
he conſtancie of them was worthy praiſe,
or that in euery purpoſe ye ſhould heare
he praiſe of God reſounding euery where:
o that like burning candles they did ſhine,
mong theyr faithfull flock, like men diuine,
But looke how ſoone they heard of *Holoferne*,
Theyr courage quaild, and they began to derne.

T. Hudſon.

Of Flight.

ooke how a purple flower doth fade and die
hat painefull ploughman curteth vp with ſhare,
r as the Poppies head aſide doth lye
hen it the body can no longer beare:
did the noble *Dardanello* die,
nd with his death fild all his men with feare:
s waters runne abroade that breake theyr bay
fled his ſouldiours, breaking theyr aray.

S. I. Harr.

the ſwift *Vre* by *Volgaes* rolling flood
haſde through the plaine the maſtife curres to-forne,
es to the ſuccour of ſome neighbour wood,
d often turnes againe his dreadfull horne
gainſt the dogs, imbrude in ſweat and blood
at bite not till the beaſt to flight returne:
r as the Moores at theyr ſtrange tennis runne
fenſt, the flying balls vnhurt to ſhunne,
ranne *Clorinda*, ſo her foes purſude.

Ed. Fairefax.

Like as a Lyon whose imperiall power
A proude rebellious Vnicorne defies,
To auoyd the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
Of his fierce foe, him for a tree applies,
And when in running in full course he spies,
He slips aside, the whilst that furious beast
His precious horne sought of his enemies
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yeelds a bounteous feast,
With such fayre slight him *Guion* often foyld.

Edm. Spencer.

Errour.

As when old father *Nilus* gins to swell
With timely pride aboue th'Egyptian vale,
His fatty waues doe fertile shine out well,
And ouer-flow each plaine, and lowly dale,
But when his later ebbe gins to auaile,
Huge heapes of mud he leaues, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kinde of creatures, partly male,
And partly female, of his fruitfull seede,
Such vgly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man re

Ed. Spen. compard to Errors vomit.

Of Rage.

As sauage Bull whom two fierce mastiues bait,
When rancor doth with rage him once ingore,
Forgets with warie ward them to await
But with his dreadfull hornes them driues afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the floore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
That all the forrest quakes to heare him rore,

So ragde Prince *Arthur* twixt his foe-men twaine,
That neither could his mighty puiſſance ſuſtaine.

Edm. Spen.

Looke what a noyſe an heard of ſauage ſwine
Doe make, when as the Wolfe a pig doth take
That doth in all theyr hearings cry and whine,
Flocking about as nature hath them taught:
So doe theſe ſouldiours murmure and repine
To ſee theyr Captaine thus to miſchiefe brought:
And with great fury they doe ſet vpon him,
All with one voyce, ſtill crying on him, on him.

I. Harr.

As when within the ſoft and ſpungie ſoyle
The winde doth pierce the intrailes of the earth,
Where hurly bu ly with a reſtleſſe coyle,
Shakes all the centre, wanting iſſue forth,
Tell with the tumour townes & mountaines tremble,
Euen ſuch a meteor doth theyr rage reſemble.

M. Drayton.

As when a Comet farre and wide deſcride
A ſcorne of *Phœbus* midſt bright heauen doth ſhine,
And tydings ſad of death and miſchiefe brings,
So ſhond the Pagan in bright armour clad,
And rold his eyes.

Ed. Fairefax.

Like as a Bull when prickt with iealouſie,
He ſpies the riuall of his hote deſire,
Through all the fields doth bellow, rore, and cry,
And with his thundring voyce augments his ire:
And threatning battaile to the emptie skie,
Teares with his horne each plant, each buſh, each brier,

And with his foote caſt's vp his hand on hight,
Defying his ſtrong foe to deadly fight,
Such was the Pagans fury, ſuch his cry.

Idem.

Like as a Goſhauke that in foote doth beare
A trembling Culuer, hauing ſpyde on hight
An Eagle that with plumy wings doth ſheare
The ſubtile ayre, ſtooping with all his might
The quarry throwes to ground with fell deſpight,
And to the battaile doth herſelfe prepare:
So ranne the Gianteſſe vnto the fight;
Her fiery eyes with furious ſparks did ſtare,
And with blaſphemous bans, high God in peeces tar

Edm. Spencer.

As Lyons meete, or Bulls in paſtures greene
With teeth and hornes, and ſtaine with blood the field
Such eager fight theſe warriours was betweene,
And eythers ſpeare had peirſt the others ſhield.

I. Harr.

Like as with equall rage, and equall might
Two aduerſe windes combate with billowes proud,
And neyther yeeld, ſeas, skies maintaine like fight,
Waue againſt waue oppoſd, and clowde to clowde,
So warre both ſides with obſtinate deſpight,
With like reuenge, and neither partie bowd,
Fronting each other with confounding blowes,
No wound one ſword vnto the other owes.

Sam. Daniell.

With equall rage as when the Southerne-winde
Meeteth in battaile through the Northerne blaſt,
The ſea and ayre to weather is reſignde

But clowd gainſt clowd,& waue gainſt waue they paſt:
So from this skirmiſh neither part declind,
But fought it out, and keepes theyr footings faſt,
And oft with furious ſhock together ruſh, (cruſh.
And ſhield gainſt ſhield,& helme gainſt helme they

Ed. Fairefax. tranſl.

Such was theyr furie as when *Boreas* teares
The ſhattered crags from *Taurus* Northerne clift,
Vpon theyr helmes theyr Launces long they broke,
And vp to heauen flew ſplinters,ſparks, & ſmoake.

Idem.

As when two Tygers prickt with hungers rage
Haue by good fortune found ſome beaſts freſh ſpoile,
On which they weene theyr famine to aſſwage,
And gaine a feaſtfull guerdon of theyr toyle,
Both falling out, doe ſtirre vp ſtrifefull broyle,
And cruell battaile twixt themſelues doe make;
Whilſt neither lets the other touch the ſoile
But eyther ſdeignes with other to pertake,
So cruelly thoſe Knights ſtroue for that Ladies ſake.

Edm. Spencer.

From out his fearefull eyes two fierie beames
More ſharpe then poynts of needles did proceed,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming ſtreames
Full of ſad power that poyſonous baite did breed
To all that within lookt without good heede,
And ſecretly his enemies did ſlay:
Like as the Baſiliske of Serpents ſeede
From painfull eyes cloſe venome doth conuay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

Idem.

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met
In the wide champion of the Ocean plaine,
With cruell chafe theyr courages they whet,
The maisterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them doe darraine:
They snuffe, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore
That all the Sea disturbed with theyr traine
Doth frie with foame aboue the surges hore,
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome vprore.

Ed. Spencer.

As when the fierie mounted steedes which drew
The sunnes bright waine, to *Phaetons* decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpions view
With vgly crapples crawling in theyr way,
The sight thereof did them so sore affray,
That their well knowne courses they forewent:
And leading the euer-burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament:
Such was the furie of these head-strong steedes,
Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw.

Idem.

Like as the cursed sonne of *Theseus*,
That following his chace in dewie morne,
To flie his stepdames loue outragious,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne,
That for his sake *Diana* did lament,
And all the woodie Nimphs did waile and mourne:
So was the Soldane rapt and all to rent,
That of his shape appeard no little moniment.

Idem.

Lik

Like raging *Iuno*, when with knife in hand
Shee threw her husbands murthered infant out,
Or fell *Medea* when on Colchicke ſtrand
Her brothers bones ſhe ſcattered round about,
Or as that madding mother mongſt the rout
Of *Bacchus* prieſts, her owne deere fleſh did teare:
Yet neyther *Iuno* nor *Medea* ſtout,
Nor all the *Menades* ſo furious were,
As this bold woman when ſhe ſaw the damſell there.

Idem.

As the heate hidden in a watry clowde,
Striuing for iſſue with ſtrange murmures loud, (der,
Like gunnes aſſuns, with round-round-rumbling thun-
Filling the ayre with noyſe, the earth with wonder,
So the three ſiſters, the three hidious rages,
Raiſe thouſand ſtormes, leauing th'infernall ſtages.

I. Silueſter.

Pittie. Curteſie.

Shee pittious nurſe applyde her painfull thought
To ſerue and nouriſh them that her vp-brought;
Like to the gratefull Storke, that gathereth meate,
And brings it to her elders for to eate.
And on a Firre-tree high, with *Boreas* blowne
Giues life to thoſe of whom ſhe had her owne.

Th. Hudſon.

As the bright ſunne what time his fierie teame
Toward the Weſterne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnes of his beame,
And feruor of his flames ſomewhat adaw,
So did this mighty Lady when ſhe ſaw

Thoſe two ſtrange Knights ſuch homage to her make
Bate ſomewhat of her maieſtie and awe
That whilom wont to doe ſo many quake,
And with more milde aſpect thoſe two to entertake.

Edm. Spen.

As when the Southerne winde with luke-warme blaſt
Breathing on hills where winter long had dwelt
Diſſolues the rocks of Ice that hung ſo faſt,
And all the new made mounts of ſnow doth melt:
So with this gentle prayer, though ſpoke in haſt,
The damſell ſuch an inward motion felt
That ſuddainly her armed hart did ſoften,
As vnto women-kinde it chaunceth often.

S. I. Harr.

Like as the winde ſtopt by ſome wood or hill
Growes ſtrong & fierce, teares bowes & trees in twaine
But with mild blaſts more temperate gentle ſtill
Againſt the rocks as ſea-waues murmure ſhrill
But ſilent paſſe amid the open maine:
Rinaldo ſo when none his force with-ſtood,
Aſſwagde his furie, calmd his angry moode.

Idem.

Courage.

As when two Rammes ſtird with ambitious pride
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flock,
Theyr horned fronts ſo fierce on eyther ſide
Doe meete, that with the terror of the ſhock
Aſtonied, both ſtand ſenceleſſe as a block
Forgetfull of the hanging victorie:
So ſtoode theſe twaine vnmoued as a rock,

Both

Both ſtaring fierce, and holding ielely
The broken reliques of their former crueltie.

Edm. Spencer.

Aboue the waues as *Neptune* lift his eyes
To chyde the windes that Troyan ſhips oppreſt,
And with his countenaunce calmd ſeas, winds & skies,
So lookt *Rinaldo* when he ſhooke his creſt.

S. I. Harr.

When the ayre is calme and ſtill, as dead and deafe,
And vnder heauen quakes not an Aſpen leafe,
When ſeas are calme, and thouſand veſſels fleet
Vpon the ſleeping ſeas with paſſage ſweet,
And when the variant wind is ſtill and lowne
The cunning Pilot neuer can be knowne;
But when the cruell ſtorme doth threat the barke
To drowne in deeps of pits infernall darke,
While toſſing teares both ruther, maſt and ſaile,
While mounting, ſeemes the azure skies to ſcale,
While driues perforce vpon ſome deadly ſhore,
There is the Pilot knowne, and not before.

Th. Hudſon.

As a tall ſhippe toſſed in troubled ſeas,
Whom raging windes threatning to make theyr pray
Of the rough rocks doe diuerſly diſeaſe
Meets two contrary billowes by the way
That her on eyther ſide doth ſore aſſay,
And boaſt to ſwallow her in greedy graue;
Shee ſcorning both their ſpights, doth make wide way,
And with her breaſt breaking the foamie waue,
Doth ride on both their backs, and faire herſelfe doth
ſaue,
So boldly he him beares.

Ed. Spen.

As when a ſhyp that flies farre vnder ſayle
A hidden rocke eſcaped hath vnwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Mariner yet halfe amazed ſtares
At perrill paſt, and yet in doubt, ne dares
To ioy at his foole-hardie ouer-ſight:
So doubly is diſtreſt twixt ioy and feares
The dreadleſſe courage of this Elfin Knight.
Edm. Spen.

Maieſtie. Pompe.

Looke as great *Cinthia* in her ſiluer Carre
Rides in her progreſſe round about her ſphere,
Whoſe tendance is the faire eye-dazeling ſtarres
Trooping about her Chariot, that with cleere
And glorious ſhowes makes euery eye delight
To gaze vpon the beautie of the night,
Clad and attended with the worlds delight,
So is the Queene in maieſtie brought forth.
Chr. Middleton.

Like trident-maced *Neptune* in his pride,
Mounted vpon a Dolphin in a ſtorme,
Vpon the toſſing billowes forth doth ride,
About whoſe traine a thouſand Tritons ſwarme:
When *Phœbus* ſeemes to ſet the waues on fire,
To ſhew his glory, and the Gods deſire:
Or like vnto the fiery-faced ſunne,
Vpon his wagon prauncing in the Weſt,
Whoſe bluſhing cheekes with flames ſeeme ouer-runn
Whilſt ſweating thus he gallops to his reſt:
Such was the glory wherein now I ſtood,

Whic

Which makes the Barons sweat their deerest blood.

M. Drayton.

As stately Thames inricht with many a flood
And goodly riuers that haue made their graues
And buried both their names and all their good
Within his greatnes to augment his waues,
Glides on with pompe of waters vnwithstood
Vnto the Ocean, which his tribute craues,
And layes vp all his wealth within that powre,
Which in it selfe all greatnes doth deuoure:
So flockt the mightie with their following traine
Vnto the all-receauing *Bullenbrooke*.

S. Daniell.

When thou on thine imperiall Chariot set
Crownd with a rich imperled Coronet,
Whilst the Parisian dames as thy traine past
Their precious incense in aboundance cast:
As *Cynthia* from the waue-embateled shrowdes
Opening the west, comes streming through the clowds,
With shining troopes of siluer-tressed starres
Attending on her as her Torch-bearers,
And all the lesser lights about her throne,
With admiration stand as lookers on,
Whilst she alone in height of all her pride
The Queene of light along her spheare doth glide.

M. Drayton.

Ciuill warres.

Euen like to *Rheine* which in his birth oppresst
Strangled almost with rocks and mighty hills,
Workes out away to come to better rest,

Warres

Warres with the Mountaines, ſtriues againſt their wil
Brings forth his ſtreames in vnitie profeſt
Into the quiet bed he proudly fills,
Carrying the greatnes which he cannot keepe,
Vnto his death and buriall in the deepe:
So did the worlds proude Miſtres Rome at firſt
Striue with an hard beginning, ward with neede,
Forcing her ſtrong confiners to the worſt,
And in her blood her greatnes firſt did breede:
So Spaine at home with Moores ere forth it burſt,
Did practiſe long, and in it ſelfe did bleed:
So did our ſtate begin with her owne wounds
To try her ſtrength, ere it enlargd her bounds.

Sam. Daniell.

Like as an exhalation hote and dry
Amongſt the ayre-bred moiſtie vapours throwne
Spetteth his lightning forth couragiouſly,
Renting the thicke clowdes with a thunder-ſtone,
As though the huge all-couering heauen did grone,
Such is the garboyle of this conflict then,
Braue Engliſhmen encountring Engliſhmen.

M. Drayton.

Like as a clowde foule, darke and vgly black,
Threatning the earth with tempeſt euery howre,
Now broken with a fearefull thunder-crack, (ſhowr
Straight powreth downe his deepe earth-drenching
Thus for theyr wrongs now riſe they vp in armes,
Or to reuenge, or to amend theyr harmes.

Idem.

Dear

Death.

hen downe he tumbled like an aged tree,
igh growing on the top of rockie clift,
/hose hart-strings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
he mighty trunck halfe rent with ragged rift,
oth rolle adowne the rocks, & falls with fearfull drift.

Edm. Spencer.

r as a Castle reared high and round,
y subtile engins and malicious slight
vndermined from the lowest ground,
nd her foundations forst and feebled quite,
t last downe falls, and with her heaped hight
er hastie ruine doth more heauie make,
nd yeelds it selfe vnto the victors might,
uch was this Giants fall.

Idem.

s when two billowes in the Irish sounds
orcibly driuen with contrary tydes
oe meete together, each aback rebounds
/ith roring rage, and dashing on all sides
hat filleth all the sea with foame, deuides
he doubtfull current into diuers waues,
o fell these two in spight of both theyr prides. *Idem.*

Hope.

ke as through *Tagus* faire transparent streames
he wandring Marchant sees the sandy gold,
r like as *Cynthias* halfe obscured beames
silent night the Pilot doth behold
hrough mistie clowdes, and vapours manifold,
So through a mirror of my hop'd for gaine,

I ſaw the treaſure which I ſhould obtaine.

Th. Storer.

Like as the ſunne at one ſelfe time is felt
With heate to harden clay, and waxe doth melt,
So *Amrams* ſacred ſonne in theſe proiects,
Made one ſelfe cauſe haue two contrary effects;
For *Iſaack* humbly knew theyr Lord diuine,
But *Pharo* more and more did ſtill repine;
Like to the corpſlet old, the more tis bet
vvith hammer hard, more hardnes it doth get.

Th. Hudſon.

This ill preſage aduiſedly ſhe marketh,
Euen as the winde is huſht before it raineth,
Or as the Wolfe doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breakes before it ſtaineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gunne,
His meaning ſtrooke her ere his words begun.

W. Shakeſpeare.

Aſtonishment.

Like as the tiller of the fruitfull ground
vvith ſuddaine ſtorme and tempeſt is aſtoniſhed,
vvho ſees the flaſh, and heares the thunders ſound,
And for their maiſters ſake the cattell puniſhed:
Or when by hap a faire old Pine he found
By force of raging wind his leaues diminiſhed:
So ſtood amazd the Pagan in that place,
His Lady preſent at that wofull caſe.

I. Harrington.

Euen as a Wolfe by pinching famine led
That in the field a carrion beaſt doth finde,

On which before the doggs and Rauens haue fed,
And nothing left but bones and hornes behind,
Stands still and gazeth on the carkasse dead:
So at this sight the Pagan Prince repind,
And curseth oft, and cals himselfe a beast,
For comming tardy to so rich a feast.

Idem.

Like to a man who walking in the grasse
Vpon a Serpent suddenly doth tread,
Plucks backe his foote, and turnes away his face,
His colour fading pale, as he were dead:
Thus he the place, thus he the act doth shun,
Lothing to see what he before had done.

M. Drayton.

Looke how the God of wisedome marbled stands
Bestowing Laurell wreaths of dignitie
In *Delphos* Ile, at whose impartiall hands
Hang antique scrolles of gentle Herauldry,
And at his feete ensignes and trophies lie,
Such was my state, whom euery man did follow,
As liuing statue of the great *Apollo*.

Th. Storer.

All as the hungry winter-starued earth,
When she by nature labours towards her birth,
Till as the day vpon the darke world creepes
One blossome forth after another peepes,
Till the small flower whose roote is now vnbound,
Gets from the frostie prison of the ground,
Spreading the leaues vnto the powrefull noone
Deckt in fresh colours, smiles vpon the sunne.

Neuer

Neuer vnquiet care lodge in that breſt
Where but one thought of *Roſamond* did reſt.

M. Drayton.

Courage.

Like as a fire the which in hollow caue
Hath long beene vnder-kept and downe ſuppreſt,
With murmure as diſdaine doth inly raue,
And grudge in ſo ſtraite priſon to be preſt,
At laſt breakes forth with furious vnreſt,
And ſtriues to mount vnto his natiue ſeate:
All that did erſt it hinder and moleſt,
It now deuoures with flames and ſcorching heat,
And carries into ſmoke, with rage and horror great,
So mightily the *Brittaine* Prince him rouſd
Out of his hold.

Edm. Spencer.

As he that ſtriues to ſtop a ſudden flood
And in ſtrong bands his violence incloſe,
Forceth it ſwell aboue his wonted moode,
And largely ouer-flows the fruitfull plaine,
That all the country ſeemes to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes flote all quite fordone,
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine
To ſee his whole yeeres labour loſt ſo ſoone,
For which to God he made ſo many an idle boone,
So him he held, and did through might amate.

Idem.

Like as a Saphire hanging downe the breaſt
A farre more orient glittering doth make,
Then doth a Diamond of good requeſt

et in a bracelet, and more glory take,
Jot for the vertue but the places ſake.
o did a clowdy ſaphire dimme my light,
Jot with his worth, but with his places height.
Th. Storer.

Of Adam.

'hou ſeeſt no wheat *Helleborus* can bring,
lor barly from the madding Morrell ſpring,
lor bleating lambes braue lyons do not breed,
'hat leaprous parents raiſe a leaprous ſeed.
uen ſo our grandſyre liuing innocent
lad ſtockt the whole world with a ſaint deſcent.
ut ſuffering ſinne in *Eden* him inuade,
lis ſonnes the ſoones of ſinne and wrath he made.
I. Syluester.

s done the pots that long retaines the taſte
f licour, ſuch as firſt was in them plaſte:
r like the tree that bends his elder braunch
hat way where firſt the ſtroke had made his launch.
) ſee we wolfes and beares and harts full old,
)me tameneſſe from their daunted youth to hold.
Th. Hudſon.

----Loues fiery dart
)uld nere vnfreeze the froſt of her chaſte hart:
lt as the diamond bides the hammer ſtrong,
) ſhe reſiſted all her ſuters long.
Idem.

Drunkards.

The more he dranke, the more he did desire,
Like to the Ocean sea, though it receaues
All *Nilus* flouds, yet all fresh water craues
From East to West, yet growes he not a graine,
But still is ready for as much againe.

Idem.

* The staues like yce in shiuers small did flie,
The splints like byrds did mount vnto the skie.

M. Drayton.

Ill Companie.

Like as the perfect Pylot feares to runne
Vpon the rocks, with singling sheet doth shunne
Cydnaes straits or *Syrtes* sinking sands,
Or cruell *Capharois* with stormy strands.
So wisely she dishaunted the resort
Of such as were suspect of light report.
Well knowing that the qnaintance with the ill
Corrupts the good, and though they euer still

Th. Hudson. Fol. 452.

* Looke how the peacocke ruffes his flanting taile,
And strutts vnder his moued canapie:
And how he quiuers with his mooned saile,
Yet when his lead pale legs he haps to see,
With shame abates his painted iollitie.
The King as proud as peacocke in his loue,
Yet droupes again when words nor teares will mou

M. Drayton.

Night.

ke how a bright ſtarre ſhooteth from the skie,
lides he in the night from *Venus* eye,
ich after him ſhe darts as on a ſhore,
ing vpon a late embarqued frend,
the wild waues will haue them ſee no more,
oſe ridges with the meeting cloudes contend.
o did the mercileſſe and pitchy night
old in the obiect that did feed her ſight.

W. Sha.

King.

n as the Sun forſakes his chriſtall ſpheare,
darke and vgly is the gloomy skie?
in his place ther's nothing well appeare,
loudes that in his glorious circuit flie.
when a King forſakes his royall place,
ere ſtill ſucceed oblique and darke diſgrace.

Ch. Middleton

e how the day hater *Mineruaes* bird,
eſt priuiledged with darknes and the night:
liue ſecure himſelfe of others feard,
by chaunce diſcouered in the light,
w each little foule with enuy ſtird,
him to iuſtice, vrges him with ſpight,
ons the feathered flocks of all the wood,
me to ſcorne the tyrants of their blood,
s the King laid open to diſgrace.

S. *Daniell.*

And forth hee's brought vnto the accompliſhmen
Deckt with the crowne and princely robes that day
Like as the dead in other lands are ſent
Vnto their graues in all their beſt aray.
And euen like good did him this ornament.
For what he brought he muſt not beare away,
But buries there his glory and his name,
Intomb'd for euermore in others blame.

Idem.

Companie.

Remaine vpright, yet ſome will quarrell pike,
And common brute will deeme them all alike.
For looke how your companions you elect
For good or ill, ſo ſhall you be ſuſpect.

Th. Hudſon.

Of Victorie.

Like as whilome that ſtrong *Tyranthian* ſwaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell
Againſt his will faſt bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly did him compell
To ſee the hatefull ſun, that he might tell
To griſly *Pluto* what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghoaſts which dwell
For aye in darkneſſe, which day-light doth ſhunn
So led he forth this captiue, and like conqueſt wo

Ed. Spencer.

Like as in ſommers day when raging heate
Doth burne the earth and boyled riuers drie:
That all brute beaſts forſte to refraine from mea

o hunt for ſhade where ſhrowded they may lie.
nd miſſing it, faine from themſelues to flie
ll trauailers tormented are with paine:
mightie cloud doth ouercaſt the skie,
nd powreth forth a ſuddaine ſhowre of raine,
hat all the wretched world recomforteth againe.
did the warlike *Britomart* reſtore
he prize of knights of mayden-head that day.

Idem.

; when a troupe of harueſt thrifty ſwaines
ith cutting ſythes earth ripened riches mowes,
hole ſheaues of corne lye ſtrowen vpon the plaines.
fall the Scots before the conquering foes.

D. Lodge.

Death.

n *Appenine* like as a ſturdy tree
gainſt the windes that makes reſiſtance ſtout:
vith a ſtorme it ouerturned bee,
les downe and breakes the trees and plants about:
Latine fell, and with him felled hee,
nd ſlew the neareſt of the Pagan rout.

Ed. Fairfax.

ke as the ſacred oxe that careleſſe ſtands
ith gilden hornes and flowry girlonds crownd:
ud of his dying honour and deare bands,
hileſt Theaters fume with frankenſence around,
l ſuddenly with mortall ſtroke aſtoind,
th grouelling fall, and with his ſteaming gore
ſtaines the pillers and the holy ground.

And the faire flowers that decked him afore,
So fell proud *Marinell* vpon the precious shore.

Ed. Spencer.

Like as a shippe whom cruell tempest driues
Vpon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribbes in thousand peeces riues,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make her selfe misfortunes piteous pray.
So downe the cliffe the wretched giant tombled.

Idem.

Like an autumall starre which ruddy doth foreshewe
Some death, some pestilence, some bloudy ouerthrow
He buskles with his foe, the assailant he assaults,
And resolute he markes his arrowes weake defaults.
Then entring in betweene his brest plate and his base
He seeks his sinful soule, there finds, & thence it chase

I. Syl.

Fight.

Like as two mastiffe dogs with hungry iawes,
Mou'd first to hate, from hate to raging ire:
Approach with grinning teeth and grisly iawes,
With staring eyes as red as flaming fire.
At last they bite and scratch with teeth and clawes,
Tearing themselues, and trembling in the mire.
So after biting and reproachfull words,
Sarcapant and *Rinaldo* drew their swords.

Ed. Spencer.

Like as an exhalation hot and drie,
Amongst the aire bred moisty vapours throwne

Spille

pilleth his lightening forth couragiously,
enting the thick clouds with a thunder-stone,
s though the huge all couering heauen did grone.
uch is the garboyle of this conflict then,
raue English men encountring English men.

M. Drayton.

ike as ye see the wallowing sea to striue
lood after flood, and waue with waue to driue:
hē waues with waues, thē floods with floods to chace,
nd eft returnes vnto their former place.
r like the crops of corne in midst of May,
lowne vp with westerne wind) aside do sway,
oth too and fro as force doth them constraine,
nd yet their tops redresseth vp againe.
o whiles the *Sirians* are by *Medes* displaced,
nd whiles the *Medes* by *Syrians* are rechaced.

Th. Hudson.

ke as a puttock hauing spied in sight
gentle faulchon sitting on a hill,
hose other wing now made vnmeet for flight,
as lately broken by some fortune ill.
he foolish kite led with licentious will,
oth beat vpon the gentle byrd in vaine,
ith many idle stoopes her troubling still.
en so did *Radagond* with bootlesse paine,
nnoy this noble knight, and sorely him constraine.

Ed. Spencer.

ien as an Eagle that espies from hie,
mong the hearbes a partie coloured snake:
r on a banke sunning her selfe to lie,
asting the elder skin, anew to make

Lies houering warily till she may spie
Aduantage sure the venomd worme to take:
Then takes him by the backe and beats her wings,
Maugre the poyson of his forked stings,
So doth *Rogero* both with sword and speare,
The cruell monster warily assaile.

S. I. Harr.

Like as a mountaine or a cape of land,
Assaild with stormes, and sailes on euery side
Doth vnremoued stedfast still withstand,
Storme, thunder, lightning, tempest, wind and tide.
The *Souldan* so withstood *Latinus* band.

Ed. Fairfax.

So thicke flew flouds and darts that no man sees
The azurde heauens, the sunne his brightnes lost:
The cloudes of weapons like to swarmes of bees
Met in the aire, and there each other crost.
And looke how falling leaues drop downe from trees
When the moyst sappe is mixt with liuely frost,
Or apples in strong windes from braunches fall,
The *Sarazens* so tumbled from the wall.

Idem.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hie,
That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
The cloudes as things afraid before him flie,
But all so soone as his outragious power
Is laid, they fairly then begin to showre,
And as in storme of his spent stormy spight,
Now all at once their malice forth do powre.
So did Sir *Guion* beare himselfe in fight,
And suffered rash *Pirrocles* want his idle might.

Ed. Spencer.

As Eagle freſh out of the Ocean waue,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himſelfe with feathers youthly gay,
Like *Eyas* hauke vpmounting to the skies,
His newly budded pinions to aſſay,
And maruells at himſelfe ſtill as he flies,
So new, this newborne knight to battle did ariſe.

Idem.

As gentle ſhepheard in ſweete euen-tide,
When ruddy *Phœbus* gins to walke in weſt,
He on an hill his flocke to viewen wide,
Markes which do bite his heartie ſupper beſt.
A cloud of combrous gnats do him moleſt,
All ſtriuing to infixe their feeble ſtings,
That from their noyance, he no where can reſt,
But with his clowniſh hands their tender wings
He bruſheth off, and oft doth marre their murmurings.

Ed. Sp.

---They him eſpying, both with greedie force
At once vpon him ranne, and him beſet
With ſtroakes of mortall ſteele, without remorſe,
And on his ſhield like Iron ſledges bet,
As when a Beare and Tigre being met,
In cruell fight on Libicke Ocean wide,
Eſpide a traueller with feet ſurbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to deuide,
They ſtint their ſtrife, and him aſſaile on euery ſide.

Ed. Spencer.

Of noiſe. Clamour.

As great a noiſe as when in Cymbrian plaine,
An heard of bulls, whom kindly rage doth ſting, Do

Do for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbor woods around with hollow murmuring.

Ed. Sp.

As when the shapelesse huge *Leuiathan*
Hath thrust himselfe vpon the sandie shore,
Where (monsterlike) affrighting euery man,
He belloweth out a fearefull deadly rore.
Euen such a Clamour through the aire doth thunder,
The dolefull presage of some fearefull wonder.

M. Drayton.

Ioy.

Much like as when the beaten marriner
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Oft sow'st in swelling *Tethis* saltish teare,
And Long time hauing tande his tawnie hide,
With blustering breath of heauen that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound,
Soone as the port from far he hath espide,
His chearefull whistle merily doth sound, (around,
And *Nereus* crownes with cups, his mates him pledge
Such Ioy made *Una* when her knight she found.

Ed. Spencer.

Looke how a troupe of winter prisoned dames,
Pent in the inclosure of the walled townes,
Welcomes the spring vsher to sommers flames,
Making their pastimes on the flowry downes,
Whose beautious Arras wrought in natures frames,
Through eies admire, the heart with wonder crownes.

So

So theſe wood-walled citizens at ſea,
Welcome be both ſpring and ſommer in a day.

I. Markham.

Like as a ſhip with dreadfull ſtorme long toſt,
Hauing ſpent all her maſts and her ground hold,
Now farre from harbour, like to be loſt,
At laſt ſome fiſher barke doth neare betold,
That giueth comfort to her courage cold:
Such was the ſtate of this moſt knight.

Ed. Spencer.

Pollicie.

As when to purge exceſſiue moiſt deſcending,
From *Saturns* ſpheare, or elſe ſuperfluous heate,
Ioue ſtird vp by *Mars* (common good entending)
Sends lightning flaſh to lay their angry threate.
So wiſer heads that knew the ſcourge of warre,
Sought ſooth-faſt meanes to mitigate the iarre.

D. Lodge.

As when a skilfull marriner doth read
A ſtorme approaching that doth perill threate,
He will not bide the danger of ſuch dread,
Bur ſtrikes his ſailes and vereth his mainſhear,
And lends vnto it leaue the emptie aire to beate:
So did the faiery knight himſelfe abeare.

Ed. Spencer.

As Pilot well expert in perillous waue,
That to a ſteadfaſt ſtarre his courſe hath bent,
When foggy miſts or cloudie tempeſts haue,
The faithfull light of that faire lamp yblent,

And

And couered heauen with hidious dreriment,
Vpon his card and compaſſe formes his eie,
The maiſters of his long experiment.
And to them does the ſteddie helme applie,
Bidding his winged veſſell fairely forward flie.
So *Guion.*

Ed. Spencer.

Labour.

Like as ye ſee ſometimes the honey bees,
Exerce themſelues on buds of ſweeteſt tree,
Where they ſometime aſſault the buzzing waſpe,
That come too neare, their flames away to claſpe.
Or when they honey draw from ſmelling time,
Or from the palme or roſes of the prime,
And how they draw their waxe with wondrous art,
Obſeruing ioynture iuſt in euery part:
Both vp and downe, they build ten thouſand ſhops,
With equall ſpace fulfild vp to the tops.
Or where the maiſter Bee of thouſand bands,
Conducts the reſt in legions through the lands,
Who daily keepes within their Citie wall,
Their houſe, their worke, their lawes, and maners all.
So thus the ſonnes of *Iacob* plide their paine,
With whole deſire their quarell to ſuſtaine.

Th. Hudſon.

As do thoſe Emmets that in ſommer tide
Come out in ſwarmes their houſes to prouide,
In harueſt time (their toile may beſt be ſeene,
In pathes where they their carriage bring betweene,

The

The ſicke and old at home do keepe the ſcore,
And ouer grainell great they take the charge,
Oft turning corne within a chamber large,
(When it is dight) leaſt it do ſprout or ſeed,
Or come againe, or weeulls in it breed.
While the Armorers with armour hard and great,
On ſtudies ſtrong the ſturdie ſteele do beate,
And makes thereof, a corpſlet or a Iacke,
Sometime a helme, ſometime a mace doth make,
Whiles ſhepheards they enarme vnvſde to danger,
Whiles ſimple heards, & whiles the wandring ſtranger
The tilling culter then a ſpeare was made,
The crooked Sithe became an euened blade:
The people foode forgets, no eaſe they take,
Some on an horſe, ſome on his proper backe,
Some on a cart, ſome on a camell beares
Corne, wine, and fleſh, to ſerue for many yeares.

Th. Hudſon.

VVarre.

Like to a riuer that is ſtopt his courſe,
Doth violate his bankes, breakes his owne head,
Deſtróyes his bounds, and ouerruns by force
The neighbour fieldes, inregularly ſpread.
Euenſo this ſudden ſtop of Warre doth nurſe
Home toiles within it ſelfe from others lead,
So daungerous the chaunge thereof is tried,
Ere mindes come ſoft, or otherwiſe imploide.

S. Daniell.

Aſtoniſh

Astonishment

As when the mast of some well timbred hulke,
Is with the blast of some outragious storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne,
Whil'st still she stands astonisht and forlorne:
So was he stound with stroake of her huge taile.

Ed. Spencer.

---- Lying still a while both did forget,
The perillous present stownd wherein their liues were set,
As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
With murdrous weapons armd in cruell fight,
Do meete together on the watrie Lea.
They stem each other with so fell despight,
That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse might,
Their woodden ribs are shaken right asunder.
They which from shore behold the dreadfull sight
Of flashing fier, and here the Ordinance thunder,
So greatly stand amaz'd of such vnwonted wonder.

Ed. Spencer.

Care of children.

All as the painefull ploughman plies his toile,
With share and culter shearing through the soile
That costs him deare, and ditches it about,
Or crops his hedge to make it vndersprout,
And neuer staies to ward it from the weede,
But most respects to sowe therein good seede:

To

To th'end when sommer decks the medowes plaine,
He may haue recompence of costs and paine.
Or like the maide, who carefull is to keepe
The budding flowre, that first begins to peepe
Out of the knop, and waters it full oft,
To make it seemely shew the head aloft,
That it may (when she drawes it from the stocks)
Adorne her gorget white, and golden locks.
So wise *Merari* all his studie stild,
To fashion well the maners of his child.

Th. Hudson.

Libertie.

Like to a Lion that escapes his bownds,
Hauing bene long restraind his vse to stray,
Raunges the restlesse woods, staies on no ground,
Riots with bloudshed, wantons with his pray,
Seekes not for need, but in his pride to wound,
Glorying to see his strength, and what he may.
So this vnbridled King, freed of his feares,
In libertie himselfe vnwildly beares.

S. Daniell.

* Like as the hauke which soareth in the skie,
And climes aloft for solace of her wing,
The greater gate she getteth vp on hie,
The truer stoope she makes to any thing:
So shall you see my muse by wandring,
Find out at last the right and ready way,
And keepe it sure, though erst it went astray.

G. Gascoigne.

Like

* Like as the ſhip that through the Ocean wide
Directs her courſe, vnto one certaine coaſt,
Is met with many a counterwind and tide,
With which her winged ſpeed is let and croſt,
And ſhe her ſelfe in ſtormie ſurges loſt.
Yet making many a boord and many a bay,
Still winneth way, and hath her compaſt loſt.
Right ſo it fares with me in this long way,
Whoſe courſe is often ſtaid, yet neuer is aſtray.

Ed. Spencer.

* --- As ſhe was looking in a glaſſe,
She ſawe therein a mans face looking on her:
Whereat ſhe ſtarted from the frighted glaſſe,
As if ſome monſtrous ſerpent had bene ſhewen her:
Riſing as when the ſunne in *Leo* ſigne,
Auriga with the heauenly goale vpon her,
Shewes her hornd head, with her kids diuine.
Whoſe riſe kils vines, heauens face with ſtormes diſ-
No man is ſafe at ſea, the Hædy riſing. (guiſing,
So ſtraight wrapt ſhe her body in a cloude,
And threatned tempeſt for her high diſgrace,
Shame from a bowre of Roſes did vnſhrowde,
And ſpread her crimſon wings vpon her face.

G. Chapman.

Multitude.

Like when ſome maſtiffe whelpe diſpoſd to play,
A whole confuſed heard of beeſts doth chaſe,
Which with one vile conſent rnnne all away,
If any hardier then the reſt in place.

But

But turne the head that idle feare to ſtay,
Backe ſtrait the daunted chacer turnes his face:
And all the reſt with bold example led,
As faſt runne on him as before they fled.
So with this bold oppoſer ruſhes on
This many headed monſter multitude.

S. *Daniell.*

As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire
Hath in a watry cloud diſplaied wide
Her goodly bowe which paints the liquid aire,
That all men wonder at her colours pride:
All ſuddenly ere one can looke aſide,
The glorious picture vaniſheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide.
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

Ed. Spencer.

Beautie.

Like as a tender Roſe in open plaine,
That with vntimely drought nigh withered was
And hung the head; ſoone as fewe drops of raine
Thereon diſtill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to looke vp, and with freſh counted grace
Diſpreds the glory of her leaues gaye,
Such was *Iranas* countenance, ſuch her grace.

Idem.

Like as the wind and tide when they do meet,
With enuious oppoſitions do affright
The leſſer ſtreames running for to regreet

The Ocean Empire, ſo do theſe two fight,
One labours to bring all things to his will,
The other cares for to preuent that ill.

Ch. Middleton.

Deſcriptions of Pallaces, Caſtles, &c.

A ſtately Pallace built of ſquared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whoſe walles were high, but nothing ſtrong nor thick,
And golden foyle all ouer them diſplaid.
That pureſt skie with brightneſſe they diſmaid,
High lifted vp were many lofty towres,
And goodly galleries farre ouerlaid:
Full of fayre windowes and delightfull bowres,
And on the top a dyall told the timely howres.

Ed. Sp.

The ſoueraigne Caſtels of the rocky yle,
Wherein *Penelope* the Princes lay:
Shone with a thouſand lampes, which did exile
The dimme darke ſhades, and turnd the night to day.
Not *Ioues* blew tent what time the ſunny ray
Behind the bulwarke of the earth retires,
Is ſeene to ſparkle with more ſprinkling fires.

I. Danies.

Logiſtillaes Caſtle.

----Such a Caſtle that in ſtately ſhowe
And coſtly ſubſtance others all ſurmounted:
The valew of the walles cannot man knowe,
Except he firſt vpon the ſame had mounted. Me

Men haue not Iewels of ſuch price belowe,
Diamonds are to theſe but droſſe accounted,
Pearles are but pelfe, and Rubies all are rotten
Where ſtones of ſuch rare vertue can be gotten.
Theſe walles are built of ſtones of ſo great price,
All other vnto theſe come far behinde,
In theſe men ſee the vertue and the vice
That cleaueth to the inward ſoule and minde,
As neither flattering praiſes ſhall him blinde
With tickling words nor vndeſerued blame,
With forged faults ſhal worke him any ſhame:
From hence doth come the euerlaſting light,
That may with *Phœbus* beames ſo cleare compare,
That when the Sunne is downe there is no night
With thoſe that with thoſe Iewels ſtored are.
Theſe gems do teach vs to diſcerne aright.
Theſe gems are wrought with workemanſhip ſo rare,
That hard it were to make true eſtimation
Which is more hard the ſubſtance or the faſhion.
On arches raiſd of *Porphorie* paſſing hie,
Were gardens faire, and pleaſant to the eie.
So hie, that to aſcend them ſeemd a paine,
Fewe found ſo rare below vpon a plaine.
Sweet ſmelling trees in order ſtanding bee,
With Fountaines watering them in ſtead of raine,
Which doth the ſame ſo naturally nouriſh,
As all the yeare both flowers and fruites do flouriſh.
No weeds or fruitleſſe trees are in this place,
But hearbes whoſe vertues are of chiefeſt price,
As ſoueraigne ſage, and thrift, and hearbes of grace,
And Tyme, which well beſtowed maketh wiſe:

And lowly patience proud thoughts to abaſe,
And harts eaſe that can neuer grow with vice.
These are the hearbes that in this garden grew,
Whoſe vertues to their beauties ſtill renew.

S. I. H.

----She then led vp to the caſtle wall
That was ſo hie as foe might not it clime:
And all ſo faire and ſenſible withall,
Not built of bricke, ne yet of ſtone and lime,
But of thing like to that Egyptian ſlime.
Whereof King *Nine* whilom built *Babell* towne,
The frame thereof ſeemd party circuler,
And part tryangulare, ô worke diuine,
Thoſe two the firſt and laſt proportions are,
The one imperfect mortall feminine,
The other immortall, perfect maſculine.
And twixt them both, a quadrate was the baſe,
Proportioned equally by ſeuen and nine:
Nine was the circle ſet in heauens place,
All which compacted, made a goodly *Diapaze*.

Ed. Spencer.

Vp to a ſtately Turret ſhe them led,
Aſcending by ten ſteps of Alablaſter wrought.
That Turrets frame moſt admirable was,
Like higheſt heauen compaſſed around:
And lifted hie aboue this earthly maſſe,
Which it ſuruewd as hills do lower ground,
But on ground, mote not like to this be found,
Not that which Antique *Camus* whilom built
In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound.
Nor that proud towne of *Troy* though richly guilt,

From

From which young *Herods* blood by cruel Greeks was (ſpilt,
The roofe thereof was arched ouer head:
And deckt with flowres and arbors daintily,
Two goodly beacons, ſet in watches ſtead,
Therein gaue light and flam'd continually:
For they of liuing fier moſt ſubtilly
Were made and ſet in ſiluer ſocketts bright:
Couered with lids deuizde of ſubſtance,
That readily they ſhut and open might,
O who can tell the praiſes of this makers might?

Idem.

Faire roome the preſence of ſweet Beauties pride,
The place the ſunne vpon the earth did hold:
When *Phaethon* his chariot did miſguide,
The towne where *Ioue* raind downe himſelfe in gold,
O if *Elizium* be aboue the ground,
Then here it is where nought but ioy is found.

Th. Naſhe.

Loe *Colin* here the place whoſe pleaſant ſight
From other ſhades hath weand my wandring minde:
Tell me what wanteth here to worke delight?
The ſimple aire, the gentle warbling winde,
So calme, ſo coole, as no where els I finde:
The graſſie ground with daintie daizies dight,
The bramble buſh where byrds of euery kinde,
To the waters fall, their tunes attemper right.

Ed. Spencer.

In little time theſe Ladies found
A groue with euery pleaſure crownd:
At whoſe ſweet entry did reſound
A ford, that flowred that holy ground,

From thence the sweet breath'd windes conuay
Odours from euery mirtle spray,
And other flowers: to whose aray
A hundred Harpes and Timbrels play.
All pleasures study can inuent,
The Dames eares instantly present:
Voyces in all sorts different,
The foure parts and the *Diapent*.

G. Chapman.

----On the other side a pleasant groue
Was shot vp hie, full of the stately tree,
That dedicated is to *Olympicke Ioue*:
And to his sonne *Alcides*, when as he
Gaind in *Nemea* goodly victorie:
Therein the merry byrds of euery sort
Chaunted aloud their chearfull harmonie.
And made amongst themselues a sweet consent,
That quickened the dull sprites with musicall consent.

Ed. Spencer.

Vpon this mount there stood a stately groue,
Whose reaching armes to clip the welkin stroue,
Of tufted Cedars and the braunching Pine,
Whose bushy tops themselues do so intwine,
As seemd when nature first this worke begunne,
She then conspirde against the piercing Sunne.
Vnder whose couert (thus diuinely made)
Phebus greene lawrell flourisht in the shade.
Faire *Venus* mirtle, *Mars* his warlike firrhe,
Mineruaes Oliue, and the weeping mirrhe.
The patient Palme which striues in spight of hate,
The Poplar to *Alcides* consecrate.

Which

Which, nature in such order had disposed,
And therewithall their goodly workes encloscd:
As seru'd for hangings and rich tapestry,
To bewtifie this stately gallery.

M. Drayton.

So faire a church as this had *Venus* none,
The walles were of discoulered Iasper stone:
Wherein was *Proteus* caru'd, and ouer hed
A liuely vine of green-sea-aggat spred:
Where by one hand light-headed *Bacchus* hung,
And with the other wine from grapes out-wrung
Of christal shining faire the pauement was,
The Towne of *Sestos* call'd it *Venus* glasse.
There might you see the Gods in sundry shapes,
Committing bedy ryots, incests, rapes.
For vnderneath this radiant flower
Was *Danaes* statue in a brazen Tower.
Ioue slily stealing from his sisters bed,
To dally with *Idalian Ganymede*.
And for his loue *Europa* bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the Rain-bow in a cloud.
Blood-quaffing *Mars* hauing the yron net,
With limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* set.
Loue kindling fier to burne such fiers as *Troy*,
Syluanus weeping for the louely boy,
That now is turned into a Cypresse tree,
Vnder whose shade the wood-gods loue to bee.

Ch. Marlowe.

Not that *Colossus* reared vp in *Rhodes*,
Nor hanging gardens houering in the skie:
Nor all the wonderous mansions and abodes

In *Egypt*, *Lemnos*, or in *Italy*.
Either for riches, cunning, or expence,
Might match this Labyrinth for excellence.

D. Lodge.

----Art striuing to compare
With nature, did an arbor greene dispred:
Framed of wanton yuie, flowring faire,
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
His pricking armes entraild with Roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw,
And all within with flowers was garnished:
That when mild *Zephirus* amongst them blew,
Did breath out bountious smelles and painted colour (shew.

Ed. Sp.

The Tower of Beautie whence alone did flowe
More heauenly streames then former age had seene.
Taking their current from that learned hill,
Where lodge the brothers of admire and skil.
Amongst the sommer blossomes of their bowes,
A thousand seuerall coloured byrds was set:
Who mou'd (as seem'd) by charitable vowes
Of excellent compassion, euer wet
With honourable teares (for Fates allowes
That sensible from senceless still shall set
Modells of pitie) learne there with melodie
To cheare mens minde foredone with miserie.

I. Markham.

----He leads him to the highest mount,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry foot through them yode

D.velt

Dwelt fortie dayes vpon; where writ in ſtone
With bloudy letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doombe of death and balefull mone
He did receiue whiles flaſhing fire about him ſhonne.
Or like that ſacred hill whoſe head full hie
Adornd with fruitfull Oliues all around,
Is, as it were for endleſſe memorie
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was found,
For euer with a flowring garlond crownd.
Or like that pleaſant mount that is for aye,
Through famous Poets verſe each where renownd:
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play,
Their heauenly notes, and make full many a louely lay.

Ed. Spencer.

Right in the middeſt of the paradize
There ſtood a ſtately mount, on whoſe round top
A gloomy groue of mirtle trees did riſe:
Whoſe ſhady boughes ſharpe ſteele did neuer lop,
Nor wicked beaſts their tender buds did crop.
But like a girlond compaſſed the height,
And from their fruitfull ſides ſweet gumme did drop:
That all the ground with pretious deaw bedight,
Threw forth moſt dainty Odors & moſt ſweet delight.
And in the thickeſt couert of that ſhade,
There was a pleaſant arbor, not by art,
But of the trees owne inclination made.
Which knitting their ranke braunches part to part:
With wand in yuie twine intraild a thwart,
And Eglantine and Caprifoile among:
Faſhion'd aboue within their inmoſt part,
That neither *Phœbus* beams could through them throg,

Nor

Nor *Aeolus* sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

Idem.

It was an hill plac't in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse height, that seemd th'earth disdaine:
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter, as in sommer bud,
Spreading pauilions for the birds to bowre,
Within their lower braunches sung aloud,
And in the tops, the soaring haukes did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in maiestie and power,
And at the foote thereof, a gentle floud
His siluer waues did softly tumble downe,
Vnmard with ragged mosse of filthy mud.
Ne mote wild beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne,
But Nymphes and Fairies by the bankes did sit
In the woods shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noisome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.
And on the toppe thereof a spacious plaine,
Did spread it selfe to serue to all delight,
Either to daunce when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light.
Ne ought there wanted which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale,
So pleasantly the hill with equall height,
Did seeme to ouerlooke the lowly vale.
Therefore it rightly cleped was, Mount *Acidale*.
They say that *Venus* when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasance, vled to resort

Vnto

Vnto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the graces there to play and sport.

Ed. Spencer.

It was a chosen plot of fertile land
Amongst the wild waues set like a litle nest,
As if it had by natures cunning hand
Bene choicely picked out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best.
No daintie flower nor hearbe that growes on ground,
No arboret with painted blossomes drest,
And smelling sweete, but there it might be found
To bud out faire, & her sweet smels throw all around.
No tree whose braunches did not brauely spring,
No braunch wherein a fine bird did not sit,
No bird but did her shrill notes euer sing,
No song but did containe a louely dit.
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs were framed fit,
For to allure fraile minds to careless ease.

Idem.

Groaue.

A sandy Groaue not farre away they spide,
That promisd aid the tempest to withstand,
Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride,
Did spread so broade, that heauens light did hide.
Not pierceable with power of any starre,
And all within were pathes and allies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre.

Ed. Spencer.

The porch was all of Porphyrie and Tutch,
In which the sumptuous building raised was:
With Images that seem'd to moue, see, touch.
Some hewd in stone, some caru'd in round cut brasse.
Also within the beauty was as much,
Vnder a stately arch they strait did passe
Vnto a court that good proportion bare,
And was each way one hundred cubits square.
Each of these sides a porch had passing faire,
That with an arch is into colours placed:
Of equall size they seemed euery paire,
Yet sundry workes with them they better graced.
At each of these a wide large easie staire,
Without the which all buildings are defaced.
And those same staires so lately mounting, led
Each to a chamber richly furnished.
The colours hie, the chaplets gilt with gold,
The cornishes inricht with things of cost:
The marbles fet from farre, and dearly sold,
By cunning workemen carued and embost
With Images and Antiques new and old.
Though now the night thereof concealed most,
Shew that that worke so rich beyond all measure,
Could scant be builded with a Princes treasure.
But nothing did so much the sight inrich,
As did the plenteous fountaine that did stand
Iust placed in the middle, vnder which
The Pages spred a Table out of hand,
And brought forth napery rich, and plate more rich:
And meats the choysest of the sea or land.
For though the house had stately roomes full many,

Yet in the sommer this was best of any,
This fountaine was by curious workemen brought
To answere to the rest with double square,
Eight female statues of white marble wrought,
With their left hands an azure skie vpbare,
With raining still expelled heate and drought
From all that vnder it or neare it are.
In these right hands was *Amaltheas* horne,
By euery one of those eight statures borne.
Each of those statues rested both their feete,
Vpon two Images of men belowe,
That seemd delighted with the noise so sweete,
That from the water came that there did flowe,
Also they seemd the Ladies lowly greete,
As though they did their names and vertues knowe.
In all their hands they held long scrowles of writings,
Of their owne pennings, and their owne endightings:
And in faire golden letters were their names,
Both of the women wrought and of the men.
The women were eight chaste and sober dames
That now do liue, but were vnborne as then,
The men were Poets, that their worthy fames
In time to come, should praise with learned pen.
These Images bare vp a brazen tressell,
On which there stood a large white marble vessell:
This tooke the water from that Azure skie,
From whence with turning of some cocke or vice,
Great store of water would mount vpon hie,
And wet all that same court euen in a trice.

S. I. Harrington.

--- When

--- When many a weary ſtep
Had brought vs to the top of yonder mount,
Milde *Zephirus* embrac'd vs in his armes,
And in a cloude of ſweete and rich perfumes,
Caſt vs into the lap of that greene meade,
Whoſe boſome ſtucke with purple Violets,
Halfe budded Lillies, and yoong Musk-roſe trees,
About whoſe waſte the amorous woodbine twines,
Whilſt they ſeeme maidens in a louers armes,
There on the curled forehead of a banke,
That ſweld with camomill, ouer whoſe bewtie
A wanton Hyacinth held downe his head,
And by the winds helpe oft ſtole may abide,
He ſate vs downe, and thus we did ariue.

Th. Dekkar.

Deſcription of Seas, VVaters, Riuers, &c.

The fertile *Nile* which creatures new doth foame,
Long *Rhodanus* whoſe courſe ſprings from the skie,
Faire *Iſter* flowing from the mountaines hie,
Diuine *Scamander* purpled yet with blood
Of Greekes and Troians which therein did lie:
Pactolus gliſtering with his golden flood,
And *Tigris* fierce, whoſe ſtreames of none may be
(withſtood

Ed. Spencer.

Great *Ganges* and immortall *Euphrates*,
Deepe *Indus*, and *Meander* intricate,
Slowe *Peneus* and tempeſtuous *Phaſides*,
Swift *Rhene*, and *Alpheus* ſtill immaculate,
Oraxes feared for great *Cyrus* fate,
Tibris renowned for the Romains name. *Idem.*

The

The *Cydnus* ſtreame (who for his ſiluer flood,
Eſteemd a King) ran now with humane blood.

Th. Hudſon.

---Beſide their trickled ſoftly downe
A gentle ſtreame, whoſe murmuring waue did play
Amongſt the pumy ſtones and made a ſound
To lull himſelfe a ſleepe that by it lay.
The wearie traueller wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirſtie heate,
And then by it his wearie limmes diſplay,
Whiles creeping ſlumber made him to forget
His former paine, and wipe away his toylſome ſweate.

Ed. Spencer.

Faire *Danubie* is praiſd for being wide,
Nylus commended for his ſeuenfold head,
Euphrates for the ſwiftneſſe of the tide,
And for the garden whence his courſe is lead,
The bankes of *Rhene* with wines are ouerſpread.
Take *Loyre* and *Po*, yet all may not compare
With Engliſh *Thameſis* for building rare.

Th. Storer.

Great *Nylus* land where raine doth neuer fall.

Th. Hudſon.

Anon he ſtalketh with an eaſie ſtride,
By ſome cleare Riuers lillie paued ſide,
Whoſe ſands pure gold, whoſe pibbles precious gems,
And liquid ſiluer all the curling ſtreams:
Whoſe chiding murmure mazing in and out,
With Chriſtall ceſterns, moates a meade about.
And th'artleſſe bridges ouerthwart this torrent,
Are Rocks ſelfe-arched by the eating current.

Or louing palmes, whose lustie females willing,
Their marrow-boiling loues to be fulfilling,
And reach their husband trees on th'other bankes,
Bow their stiffe necks, and serue for passing plankes.

I. Sylvester.

Description of Seas, Waters, Riuers, &c.

I walkt along a streame for pureness rare,
Brighter then sun-shine, for it did acquaint
The dullest sight with all the glorious pray,
That in the pibble paued chanell lay.
No molten Christall, but a Richer mine,
Euen natures rarest alchumie ran there,
Diamonds resolud, and substance more diuine,
Through whose bright gliding current might appeare
A thousand naked Nymphes, whose yuorie shine,
Enameling the bankes, made them more deare
Then euer was that glorious *Pallas* gate,
Where the day-shining sunne in triumph sate.
Vpon this brim the Eglantine and Rose,
The Tamariscke, Oliue, and the Almond tree,
As kind companions in one vnion growes,
Folding their twindring armes as oft we see,
Turtle-taught louers either other close,
Lending to dulnesse, feeling Sympathie.
And as a costly vallance ore a bed,
So did their garland tops the brooke orespred:
Their leaues that differed both in shape and showe,
(Though all were greene) yet difference such in green

Lik

Like to the checkered bent of *Iris* bowe,
Prided the running maine as it had beene.

Ch. Marlowe.

----In that meade proud making grasse,
A Riuer like to liquid glasse,
Did with such soundfull murmure passe,
That with the same it wanton was.
Hard by this brooke a Pine had seat,
With goodly furniture compleat:
To make the place in state more great,
And lessning the the inflaming heat,
Which was with leaues so bewtified,
And spred his brest so thicke and wide,
That all the Sunnes estraunged pride,
Sustaind repulse on euery side.

G. Chapman.

The well of life, to life can dead restore,
And gilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away:
Those that with sicknes were infected sore,
It could recure, and ages long decay
Renew, as it were borne that very day.
Both *Silo* this and *Iordan* did excell,
And the English Bath, and eke the Germaine *Spanie*,
Ne can *Cephise* nor *Hebrus* match this well.

Ed. Spencer.

Rich *Oranochie* though but knowne of late,
And that huge Riuer which doth beare his name
Of warlike *Amazons*, which do possesse the same.

Idem.

---With the murmuring cadence of the waue,
Which made a prettie wrangling as it went:

Chiding the bankes which no more limit gaue,
There ioynd their wel-rund throats with such consent,
That euen mad griefe at sight thereof grew graue,
And as inchanted, staid from languishment.
Prouing, then their delight was neuer greater,
And griefe how much the more, so much the better.

I. Markham.

---Laid at ease a cubit from the ground,
Vpon a Iasper fringd with Iuie round.
Purfled with waues, thick thrumbd with mossie rushes,
He falls a sleep fast by a silent riuer, (rushing,
Whose captiue streames through crooked pipes still
Make sweeter musicke with their gentle gushing.
Then now at *Tiuoli*, th' *Hydrantike* brawle,
Of rich *Ferraras* stately Cardinall,
Or *Ctesibes* rare engines, framed there
Whereas they made of *Ibis*, *Iupiter*.

I. Syluester.

Proper Epithites and Adiuncts to diuers things.

Of Trees, and Hearbes.

The saying Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The Vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer drie,
The builder Oake, sole king of Forrests all,
The Aspine good for staues, the Cypresse funerall.
The Lawrell meed of mighty conquerours,
And Poets sage, the Firrhe that weepeth stil,
The Willow worne of forlorne paramours.
The Eughe obedient to the benders wil,
The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mil.

Th

The Mirrhe ſweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Aſh for nothing il.
The fruitfull Oliue, and the Platane round,
The carued Holme, the Maple ſeldom inward ſound.

Ed. Spencer.

Downe came the ſacred Palmes, the Aſhes wilde,
The funerall Cypreſſe, Holly euer greene:
The weeping Firre, thick Beech, and ſayling Pine,
The maried Elme fell with his fruitful Vine.
The ſhooter Eughe, the broad leau'd Sycamore,
The barraine Plataine, and the Walnut ſound,
The Mirrhe that her fowle ſin doth ſtil deplore:
The Alder owner of all watriſh ground,
Sweet Iuniper whoſe ſhadow hurteth ſore,
Proud Cedar, Oake, the king of Forreſts crownd.

Ed. Fairfax. Tranſl.

Behold fond Boy this Rozen weeping Pine,
This mournful Larix, dropping Turpentine.
This mounting Teda, thus with tempeſts torne,
With Inkie teares continually to mourne.

M. Drayton.

Alcides ſpeckled Poplar tree,
The Palmes that Monarchs do obtaine,
With loue-iuice ſtaind the Mulbery,
The fruite that deawes the Poets braine.
And Phillis Philbert there away,
Comparde with Mirtle and the Bay.
The tree that Coffins doth adorne,
With ſtately height threatning the ſkie,
And for the bed of loue forlorne.

The black and dolful Ebonie.
All in a circle compact are,
Like to an Amphitheater.

Math. Roydon.

The *Spartane* Mirtle whence sweet gums do flow,
The purple Hyacinth and fresh Costmary,
And Saffron sought, for in *Cicilian* soile,
Lawrel, the ornament of *Phœbus* toile.
Fresh *Rododaphne* and the *Sabine* flowre,
Matching the wealth of the auncient Frankensence:
And pallid Ivie building his owne bowre,
And Boxe yet mindfull of his old offence:
Red *Amaranthus* luckless paramour:
Oxeye still greene and bitter patience.
Ne wants there pale *Narcisse*, that in a well
Seeing his beautie, in loue with it fell.

Ed. Spencer.

Mirtle's due to Venus, greene Lawrell due to Apollo,
Corn to the lady Ceres, ripe grapes to the yõg mery Bacchus
Poplar to Alcides, and Oliues vnto Minerua.
Gentle Amarãthus thou faireſt floure of a thouſand, (ding
Shalt be loues floure hẽceforth, thogh thou cam'ſt frõ a blee
Yet blood ſhalt thou ſtanch, this gift will I giue thee for euer

Abr. Fraunce.

Dead-sleeping Poppy and black Hellebore,
Cold Coloquintida, and Tetra mad,
Mortall Samnites and Cicuta bad,
With which th'vniust Athenians made to die,
Wise *Socrates* who thereof quaffing glad,
Powr'd out his life and last Philosophie.

To the faire *Critias* his deareſt *Belamye*.

Ed. Spencer.

The wholeſome Sage, and Lauender ſtill gray,
Ranke-ſmelling Rue, and Comin good for eies:
The Roſes raigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe Iſope good for greene wounds remedies.
Faire Marygolds and Bees alluring Thime,
Sweet Marioram and Daizies decking prime.
Coole Violets and Orpin growing ſtill,
Embathed Balme, and chearfull Galingale,
Freſh Coſtmary, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull Poppey, and drinke-quickning Setnale,
Veine-healing Veruin, and head-purging Dill,
Sound Sauory, and Bazill harty hale.
Fat Colworts, and comforting Perſeline,
Cold Lettuce, and refreſhing Roſmarine.

Idem.

A ſoft enflowred banke imbrac'd the ſount
Of *Chloris* enſignes, an abſtracted field:
Where grew Melanthy, great in Bees account,
Amareus that precious balme doth yeeld.
Enameld Panſies, vſde at nuptialls ſtill,
Dianaes arrow, *Cupids* crimſon ſheeld:
Ope-morne, Night-ſhade, and *Venus* Nauill.
Sollem Violets hanging heads as ſhamed,
And Verdant Calaminth for Odour famed.
Sacred Nepenthe purgatiue of care,
And ſoueraigne Ruberb that doth rancor kill.
Sia and Hyacinth that Furies weare,
White and red Ieſſamines, merry Melliphill,
Faire crowne, imperiall emperour of flowres,

Immortall *Amaranth*, white Aphrodil,
And cuplike twill pants ſtrewd in *Bacchus* bowres.
G. Chapman.

The Marigold *Phœbus* beloued friend,
The *Moly* which from ſorcery doth defend.
M. Dray.

Of Beaſts.

The ſpotted Panther, and the tusked Boare,
The Pardale ſwift, and the Tygre cruell,
The Antelope and Woolfe, both fierce and fell.
Ed. Spencer.

There might you ſee the burly Beare,
The Lyon king, the Elephant:
The mayden Vnicorne was there,
So was *Acteons* horned plant.
M. Roydon.

Riuers.

The fertile *Nile*, which creatures new doth frame,
Long *Rhodams*, whoſe ſourſe ſprings from the skie,
Faire *Iſter*, flowing from the mountaines hie.
Diuine *Scamander*, purpled yet with bloud
Of Greeks and Troians, which therein did lie,
Pactolus gliſtering with his golden floud,
And *Tigris* fierce, whoſe ſtreams of none may be with-
Ed. Spencer. (ſtood.

Great *Ganges*, and immortal *Euphrates*,
Deepe *Indus*, and *Meander* intricate:

Slowe

Slowe *Peneus*, and tempestuous *Phasides*,
Swift *Rhene*, and *Alpheus* stil immaculate,
Oraxes feared for great *Cyrus* fate,
Tibris renowmed for the Romane fame.

Idem.

Fishes.

Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and sea-shouldring Whales,
Great Whirpooles which all Fishes make to flie:
Bright *Scholopendraes*, arm'd with siluer scales,
Mightie *Monoceros*, with immeasured tailes:
The dreadfull Fish that doth deserue the name
Of death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hue,
The grisly wasserman that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursue.
The horrible sea-*Satyre*, that doth shewe
His fearful face in time of greatest storme
Huge *Ziffius* whom mariners do eschewe,
No lesse then rockes (as trauailers informe)
And greedy Rosmarines with visages deforme.

Ed. Sp.

Is the braue Normans courage now forgot?
Or the bold Britons lost the vse of shot?
The big bon'd Almains and stout Brabanters?
Or do the Piccards let the Crosbowes lie?
Once like the *Centaurs* of old *Thessaly*.

M. Dray.

Of Birdes.

The skie-bred Eagle royall bird,
Percht there vpon an Oake aboue:

The Turtle by him neuer ſtird,
Example of immortall loue.
The Swan that ſings, about to die,
Leauing *Meander* ſtood thereby.

M. Roydon.

The ill fac'te Owle deaths dreadfull meſſenger,
The hoarſe night-Rauen, trompe of dolful dreere,
The lether winged Bat, dayes enemie,
The ruful Strich ſtil wayting on the beere,
The Whiſtler ſhril, that who ſo heares doth die,
The helliſh Harpies prophets of ſad deſtenie.

Ed. Spencer.

The red-ſhankt Orcads toucht with no remorſe,
The light-foote Iriſh which with darts make warre.
Th'rancke ridin'd Scot his ſwift running horſe,
The Engliſh Archer of a Lyons force.
The valiant Norman all his troopes among,
In bloody conqueſt tryed in armes traind long.

M. Drayton.

Of Hounds.

---Grimme *Melampus* with the *Ethiops* feete,
White *Leucon*, and all-eating *Pamphagos*,
Sharp-ſighted *Dorceus*, wild *Oribaſus*,
Storme-breathing *Lelaps*, and the ſauage *Theron*,
Wing-footed *Pteretas*, and hind-like *Ladon*.
Greedy *Harpia*, and the painted *Styctе*,
Fierce *Tygris*, and the thicket ſearcher *Agre*,
The blacke *Melaneus*, and the briſled *Lachne*,
Leane-luſtfull *Cyprius*, and big cheſted *Aloe*.

G. Chapman.

---Repen

--- Repentance ſad,
Praier ſweete charming, faſting, hairy clad.

I. Syl.

--- In one conſort there ſate
Cruell reuenge, and rancorous deſpight,
Diſſoyall treaſon, and heart-burning hate,
But gnawing Iealouzie out of their ſight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite,
And trembling feare ſtill too and fro did flie,
And found no place where ſafe he ſhrowd him might.
Lamenting ſorrowe did in darkeneſſe lie,
And ſhame his vgly face did hide from liuing eie.

Ed. Sp.

Freſh *Hyacinthus Phœbus* paramoure,
Fooliſh *Narciſſe* that likes the watrie ſhore,
Sad *Amaranthus* made a flowre of late.

Idem.

Nimphs.

The wooddy Nymphs faire Hamadryades
And all the troupes of lightfoot Naides.

Ed. Sp.

Satires.

The Fawnes and Satires from the tuſted brakes
Their briſly armes wreathd all about with ſnakes,
Their horned heads with woodbine chaplets crownd
With Cypreſſe Iauelings, and about their thies,
The flaggy haire diſordered looſely flies.

M. Drayton.

Freſh ſhadowes fit to ſhrowd from ſunny ray,
Faire fawnes to take the ſunne in ſeaſon due,

Sweete

Sweet ſprings in which a thouſand bubbles play.
Soft rombling brookes, that gentle ſlomber drew.
High reared mounts, the lands about to vew.
Low looking dales, disioynd from common game,
Delightful bowres, to ſolace louers true.
False Labyrinths, fond runners eyes to daze,
All which by nature made, did natures ſelfe amaze.

Ed. Spencer.

* Behind *Cupid* were reproach, repentance, ſhame,
Reproach the firſt, ſhame next, repent behinde:
Repentance feeble, ſorrowfull and lame.
Reproach deſpightfull, careleſſe and vnkinde,
Shame moſt il-fauoured, beſtiall and blinde,
Shame lowrd, repentance ſighed, reproach did ſcold:
Reproach ſharpe, repentance whips entwinde,
Shame burning Taper in her hand did hold,
All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

Idem.

* ....Stearne ſtrife and anger ſtout,
Vnquiet care, and ſad vnthriftie head:
Lewd loſſe of time, and ſorrow being dead,
Inconſtant change, and falſe diſloyaltie,
Conſuming riotize and guiltie dread
Of heauenly vengeance, faint Infirmitie,
Vile pouertie, and laſtly death with Infamie.

Idem.

* His angry ſteed did chide his frowning bitte.

Idem.

Rich

Rich *Oranochye*, though but knowne of late,
And that huge Riuer which doth beare his name
Of warlike *Amazons*, which do poſſeſſe the ſame.

Ed. Spencer.

Hearbes.

The ſable *Henbane*, *Morrell* making mad,
Cold poyſoning Poppey, itching, drowſie, ſad.
The ſtifning *Carpeſe*, th'eyes-foe Hemlock ſtinking,
Limb-numming, belching: and the ſinew ſhrinking.
Dead-laughing *Apium*, weeping *Aconite*.
(Which in our vulgar deadly Wolfes Bane hight)
The dropſie-breeding, ſorrow-bringing *Pſyllie*,
(Here called Fleawurt) *Colchis* banefull Lillie.
(With vs wild-Saffran) bliſtering, biting fell,
Hot *Napell*, making lips and toong to ſwell.
Blood-boyling Yew, and coſtiue Miſſeltoe,
With yce-cold Mandrake.

I. Sylueſter.

* ---Through crooked woods he wandreth,
Round-winding rings, and intricate *Meaanders*,
Falſe guiding pathes, doubtful beguiling ſtraies.
And right ſtrong errors of an endleſſe maze.

Idem.

* There ſprings the ſhrub tree foote aboue the graſſe,
Which feares the keene edge of the Curtelace:

What

Whereof the rich Egiptian so endeares,
Roote, barke, and fruite, and yet much more the teares.
There liues the sea-oake in a litle shell;
There growes vntild the ruddy *Cochenell*,
And there the *Chermez*, which on each side armes
With pointed prickles all his precious armes,
Rich trees and fruitfull in these wormes of price,
Which pressed, yeeld a crimson coloured iuice,
When thousand lambs are died so deepe in graine,
That their owne mothers know them not againe,
There mounts the *Melt* which serues in *Mexico*,
For weapon, wood, needle and thred to sowe,
Bricke, honey, sugar, sucket, balme, and wine,
Parchment, perfume, apparell, cord, and line,
His wood for fier, his harder leaues are fit,
For thousand vses of inuentiue wit.

I. Sylvester.

The pedant minister, and seruing clarke,
The tenpound base, frize ierkin hireling,
The farmers chaplaine, with his quarter warke,
The twentie-noble Curate and the thing
Call'd *Elder*, all these needs will bring
All reuerend titles into deadly hate
Their godly calling, and their hie estate.

Th. Storer.

Of Trees.

The shady Groaues of noble palme-tree spraies,
Of amorous mirtles and immortall baies.

Neuer

Neuer vnlearn'd, but euermore there new,
Selfe-arching armes in thousand arbours grew.
I. Sylvester.

Riuers.

Swift *Guylon, Phyton* and rich *Tigris* tide,
And that faire streame whose siluer waues do kis,
The Monarch towers of proud *Semyranis.*
Euphrates. *Idem.*

Of Homer.

Sweete numbred *Homer.*
I. Syl.

Heartstealing *Homer*, marrow of the Muses,
Chiefe grace of *Greece*, best pearle of Poetrie,
Drowner of soules, with arts orewhelming sluces,
Embellished with *Phœbes* lunarie,
Deckt with the graces rich imbroderie.
Sweete honey-suckle, whence all Poets sprights,
Sucke the sweete honey of diuine delights.
C. Fitz-Ieffrey.

Of S. P. S.

Nectar tongu'd *Sydney*, Englands Mars and Muse.
Idem.

VVindes.

---- O heauens fresh fannes quoth hee,
Earths sweeping broomes, of forrests enemie:

O you

O you my Heraulds and my messengers,
My nimble posts and speedy messengers,
My armes, my sinewes, and my Eagles swift,
That through the aire my rolling chariot lift.

I. Sylvester.

The *Aeolian* crowde.

Idem.

* O sacred Oliue, firstling of the fruites,
Health-boading braunch.

Idem.

* The proud horse, the rough-skind Elephant,
The lustie bull, the Camell water want.

Idem.

* --- Let the pearly morne
The radiant Moone, and rhumie euening see
Thy necke still yoaked with captiuitie.

Idem.

* There natures story, till th'heauen shaker dread,
In his iust wrath, the flaming sword had set,
The passage into Paradice to let.

I. Sylvester.

Of the infernall floud.

--- He summond vp
With thundring call the damned crew, that sup
Of sulphurie *Stix*, and fiery *Phlegeton*,
Bloudie *Cocytus*, muddy *Acheron*.

I. Sylvester.

* The sunne the seasons stinter.

Idem.

Of language before confusion.

--- Ah that language sweete
Sure bond of Cities friendships masticke sweete,
Strong curbe of anger yerst vnited, now
In thousand drie brookes straies, I wot not how:
That rare rich gold, that charme griefe, fancie mouer,
That calm-rage, harts theefe, quel-pride coniure-louer,
That purest coine then currant in each coast
Now mingled, hath sound, waight, and colour lost.
Tis counterfeit, and ouer euery shoare,
The confusd fall of *Babell* yet doth roare.

Idem.

--- Then all spake the speech
Of God himselfe, th'old sacred *Idiome* rich,
Right perfect language, wher's no point nor signe,
But hides some rare deepe misterie behind.

Idem.

Of Scaliger.

--- *Scaliger* our ages wonder,
The learned's sunne, who eloquently can
Speake Hebrew, Greeke, French, Latine, Nubian,
Dutch, Tuscan, Spanish, English, Arabicke,
The Sirian, Persian, and the Caldaike.
O rich quicke spirit; O wits Chamelion,
Which any authors colour can put on.
Great *Iulius* fame, and *Siluius* worthy brother,
Th'immortall grace of *Gascony*, their mother,

Idem.

Wing-

Wing-footed *Hermes*, purſeuant of *Ioue*.

Idem.

Of the Hebrew tongue.

---- All haile thou ſempiternall ſpring
Of ſpirituall pictures, ſpeech of heauens hie King,
Mother and miſtreſſe of all the tongues the prime,
Which pure haſt paſt ſuch vaſt deepe gulphs of time,
Which haſt no word but waies, whoſe elements
Flowe with hid ſenſe, thy points with ſacraments.
O ſacred Dialect, in thee the names
Of men, townes, countries, regiſter their fames
In briefe abridgements: and the names of birds,
Of water gueſts, and forreſt haunting heards,
Are open brookes, where euery man might read.

Miſcellanea.

Of the Graces. ✶ *Acidale.*

---- The Graces daughters of delight,
Handmaides of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
✶ Vpon this hill, and daunce there day and night,
Thoſe three to men all gifts of graces graunt,
And all that *Venus* in her ſelfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them.

Ed. Sp.

They are the daughters of skie-ruling *Ioue*,
By him begot of faire *Eurynome*,
The Oceans daughter in this pleaſant Groue,
As he this way comming from feaſtfull glee

Of *Thetis* wedding with *Aeacidee*,
In sommers shade himselfe here rested weary.
The first of them hight mild *Euphrosyne*,
Next faire *Aglaia*, last *Thalia* merry,
Sweet goddesses al three, which men in mirth do cherry
Therfore they alwaies smoothly seemd to smile,
That we likewise should mild and gentle bee,
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,
Simple and true, from couert malice free:
And eke themselues so in their daunce they bore,
That two of them stil forward seemd to bee.
But one stil forwards shou'd her selfe afore,
That good should from vs go, then come in greater (store.

Idem.

Simoniake and vnlearned Ministers.

Such men are like our curtaines at their best,
To make vs sleepe, or hinder vs from light:
Troublers of nature, children of the West,
Haters offence, adopted sonnes of night,
In whom the wise both sorrow and delight.
Yet were there not such *Vegetalls* the while,
What had the wiser sort whereat to smile?

Th. Storer.

Renowmed *Picus* of *Mirandula*,
Hated the substance of a Clergy man
That was vnlettered, and made a lawe,
An ignorant which neuer had began

To seeke, or after seeking neuer scan.
Some part of somewhat that might wisedome bring,
Should be accounted but a liuing thing.
Idem.

The noble *Tichobraghe* for whose deare sake
All *Denmarke* is in admirations loue:
In deepe regard such difference doth make
Betweene those men whose spirits soare aboue,
And those base eslents which only moue.
That in his Iles *Horizon* he admits
No cloudy Meteors of such foggy wits.
Idem.

Of Beasts.

The multitude to *Ioue* a sute imparts,
With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,
Roring and howling, for to haue a king.
A king in language theirs they said they would,
(For then their language was a perfect speech)
The Byrds likewise which chirpes and puing could,
Cackling and chatrering, that of *Ioue* beseech,
Only the Owle still warnd them not to seech.
So hastily, that, which they would repent,
But saw they would, and he to desarts went.
Ioue wisely said (for wisedome wisely saies)
O Beasts take heed what you of me desire,
Rulers will thinke all things made them to please,
And soone forget the swinke due to their hire,

But

But since you will part of my heauenly fire,
I will you lend, the rest your selues must giue,
That it both seene and felt may with you liue.
Full glad they were, and tooke the naked sprite
Which strait the earth ycloathed in his clay:
The Lyon hart; the Ownce gaue actiue might.
The Horse good shape; the Sparrow lust to play,
Nightingale voyce, entising songs to say.
Elephant gaue a perfect memory,
And Parrot ready toong that to apply.
The Foxe gaue craft; the Dogge gaue flattery,
Asse patience; the Mole a working thought:
Eagle high thought, Wolfe secret crueltie,
Monky sweet breath; the Cow her faire eyes brought.
The Ermion whitest skin, spotted with nought.
The Sheepe mild seeming face, climing the Beare,
The Stag did giue the harme-eschuing feare.
The Hare her sleights, the Cat his melancholy,
Ant industry, and Conny skill to build:
Cranes order; Storkes to be appearing holy.
Camelion ease to chaunge, Ducke ease to yeeld,
Crocodile teares, which might be falsly spild.
Ape greeting gaue, though he did mowing stand,
The instrument of instruments the hand.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Preparations for defence.

Some built the breaches of their broken towne,
That heauen and *Panimire* had broken downe.
Some other found a Cautell gainst the Ramme,

To saue the wall vnbroken where it came.
Thus *Iacobs* townes on all sides had their flankes
With *Gabions* strong, with bulwarkes and with bankes.
Some others busie went and came in routs,
To Terrace Towers, some vnder baskets louts.
Some others also wanting time and might
To strength their Townes, yet vsed all kind of slight
To dig vp ditches deepe for Cesternes good,
To draw to them the best and neareſt flood.

Th. Hudson.

* ---The hidden loue that now adayes doth hold,
The steele and load-stone, *Hydrargire* and gold.
The Amber and straw; that lodgeth in one shell,
Pearle-fish and Sharpling: and vnites so well
Sargons and Goates, the Sperage and the Rose,
Th'Elme and the Vine, th'Oliue and Mirtle bush
Is but a sparke or shadow of that loue,
Which at the first in euery thing did moue.
When as the earths Muses with harmonious sound,
To heauens sweet musicke humbly did resound.
But *Adam* being chiefe of all the strings
Of this large Lute, ore-retched, quickly brings
All out of tune: and now for melody
Of warbling charmes, it yells so hideously
That it affrights fell *Enynon*, who turmoiles
To raise againe th'old *Chaos* anticke broiles.

I. Syl.

* ----Holy *Nectar* that in heauenly bowers
Eternally selfe-powring *Hebe* powers.
Or blest *Ambrosia*, Gods immortal fare.

Idem.

O who

* O who shall show the countenance and gestures
Of mercy and iustice? which faire sacred sisters
With equal poize do euer ballance euen,
Th'vnchanging proiects of the king of heauen.
Th'one sterne of looke, the other mild aspecting,
Th'one pleasd with teares, th'other blood affecting.
Th'one beares the sword of vengeance vnrelenting,
Th'other kings pardon, for the true repenting.
The one earths *Eden*, *Adam* did dismisse,
Th'other hath raisde him to a higher blisse.

Idem.

* Day hath his golden Sun, her Moone the night,
Her fixt and wandring starres, the azure skie:
So framed all by their Creators might,
That stil they liue and shine, and nere shall die.
Till in a moment with the last dayes brand
They burne, and with them, burne earth, sea and land.

Ed. Fairfax.

----The Wolfe the trembling sheepe pursues,
The crowing Cocke the Lyon stout eschues.
The Pullaine hide them from the Puttocks flight,
The Masties mute at the *Hyænas* sight.
Yea, who would thinke of this fel enmities?
Rage in the senceleſſe trunks of plants and trees.
The Vine, the Cole, the Colewort Sow bread dreeds,
The Fearne abhorres the hollow wauing Reeds.
The Oliue and the Oake participate,
Euen to their earth, signes of their auncient hate.
Which suffers not (ô date lesse discord) th'one
Liue in that ground, where th'other first hath growne.

I. Syl.

So at the ſound of Wolfe-drums ratling thunder,
Th'affrighted ſheep-skin drum doth rent in ſunder,
So that fell monſters twiſted entraile cuts
By ſecret power the poore Lambes twined guts,
Which after death in ſtead of bleating mute,
Are taught to ſpeake vpon an Iuory Lute.
And ſo the princely Eagles rauening plumes,
The feathers of all other fowle conſumes.

Idem.

* ----There the tree from of whoſe trembling top,
Both ſwimming Shoales and flying troupes do drop.
I meane the tree now in *Iuturna* growing,
Whoſe leaues diſpearſt by *Zephyrs* wanton blowing,
Are metamorphos'd both in forme and matter,
On land to fowles, to fiſhes on the water.

Idem.

* ----The Partrich new hatched beares
On her weake backe, her parents houſe, and weares
In ſtead of wings, a beuer rupple downe
Followes her damme, through furrows vp and downe.

Idem.

* ----We ſee the new falne ſilly Lambe
Yet ſtaind with blood of his diſtreſſed damme,
Knowes well the Wolfe, at whoſe fell ſight he ſhakes,
And right the teate of th'vnknowne Ewe he takes.

Idem.

Furies.

Alecto, ſad *Megera*, and *Theſiphon*,
The nights blacke ſaunghters grim-fac'd Furies ſad,

Sterne

terne *Plutoes* posts.

I. Sylvester.

Nepenthe.

Nepenthe is a drinke of soueraigne grace,
Deuised of the Gods for to assage
Hearts griefe, and bitter gall away to chase,
Which stirre vp anguish and contentious rage,
In stead thereof, sweete peace and quiet age,
It doth establish in the troubled minde
Ewe men but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinke thereof assignde,
But such as drinke, eternall happinesse do finde.

Ed. Sp.

--- *Nepenthe* enemie to sadnesse,
Repelling sorrowes, and repeating gladnesse.
Elyxer that excells,
Saue men or angells, euery creature ells.

I. Syl.

Of Eccho.

Th'aires daughter *Eccho* haunting woods among,
A blab that will not (cannot keepe her tongue)
Who neuer askes, but euer answeres all,
Who lets not any her in vaine to call.

Idem.

Of the Marigold.

The Marigold so likes the louely Sunne,
That when he sets, the other hides his face:

And when he gins his morning course to runne,
She spreads abroad, and shewes her greatest grace.
T. Watson.

Of the Eagle.

No bird but *Ioues* can looke against the sunne.
Idem.

---- Enuies bird must say when all is donne,
No bird but one is sacred to the sunne.
Idem.

Hercules Labours.

Beast, Snake, Bore, Stag, Birds, Belt, Plankes, Bull,
Theefe, Fruite, Dog *Diomede*,
Choakt, scard, pauncht, cought, pierst, prizd,
Washt, throwen, slaine, puld, chaind, horsed.
W. Warner.

Nylus.

Great *Nilus* land, where raine doth neuer fall.
T. Hudson.

There quakes the plant, which in *Pudefetan*
Is call'd the shamefac't, for asham'd of man,
If toward it one do approach too much,
It shrinkes the boughes, to shun our hatefull touch.
As if it had a soule, a sense, and sight,
Subiect to shame, feare, sorow and despight.
I. Sylvester.

Of Acheron.

Rude *Acheron*, a loathsome lake to hell,
That boiles and bubs vp swelth as blacke as hell.

Wher

Where grisly *Charon* at their fixed tide
Still ferries ghosts vnto the farther side.

M. Sackuile.

Echidna.

Echidna is a monster direfull dread,
Whom Gods do hate and heauens abhorre to see:
So hidious is her shape, so huge her head,
That euen the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flie.
Yet did her faire and former parts professe,
A faire young maiden, full of comely glee:
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse,
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull vglinesse.

Ed. Spencer.

4. *Cardinall vertues.*

Andronica that wisely sees before,
And *Phronesis* the Iudge, and chaste *Drucilla*,
And she that boldly fights for vertues lore,
Descending from the Romine race *Camilla*.

S. I. Harrington.

Of the Eagle.

The Cedar-building Eagle beares the winde,
And not the Falchon, though both Haukes by kinde.
That Kingly-bird doth from the clouds command
The fearefull fowle that moues but nere the land.

M. Dray. *Phœnix.*

Phœnix.

----The bird of fame
That ſtill renewes it ſelfe and neuer dies,
And onely one in all the world there flies.
S. I. Harrington.

* Of all chaſt birds the Phœnix doth excell,
Of all ſtrong beaſts the Lyon beares the bell:
Of all ſweete flowers, the Roſe doth ſweeteſt ſmell.
Of all pure mettalls gold is onely pureſt,
Of all the trees the Pine hath higheſt creſt,
Of all proud birds the Eagle pleaſeth *Ioue*,
Of pretie fowles kind *Venus* likes the Doue,
Of trees *Minerua* doth the Oliue moue.
T. Lodge.

* Who holdeth league with *Neptune* and the winde?
S. Dan.

The Phœnix gazeth on the ſunnes bright beames,
The Ech[illegible]næus ſwims againſt the ſtreames.
R. Greene.

Impoſsibilities.

He that the number of the leaues could caſt,
That in Nouember falles by winters blaſt:
He that could tell the dreps of raine and ſleete,
That *Hyad*, *Orion*, or *Pleyiades* weete.
Sheds on the ground that man might onely tell,
What teares from *Iudiths* eies inceſtant fell.
Th. Hudſon.

----Like

--- Like *Coruine* who forgate
is Proper name; or like *George Trapezunce*,
earned in youth, and in his age a dunce. *I. Syl.*
he firmament ſhall retrograde his courſe,
wift *Euphrates* go hide him in his ſourſe:
irme mountains skip like lambes beneath the deepe,
agles ſhall diue, whales in the aire ſhall keepe.
re I preſume with fingers end to touch,
luch leſſe with lippes the fruite forbid too much.

I. Sylueſter.

lie from thy channell, Thames forſake thy ſtreames,
eaue the Adamant Iron, *Phœbus* lay thy beames.
eaſe heauenly ſpheres, at laſt your watrie warke
etray your charge, returne to *Chaos* darke.
t leaſt ſome ruthleſſe *Tigre* hang her whelpe,
Ay *Catisbye* ſo with ſome excuſe to helpe. *M. M.*

Ceſton.

hat girdle gaue the vertue of chaſt loue,
nd wiuehood true to all that did it beare:
ut whoſoeuer contrary doth proue,
ight not the ſame about her middle weare,
ut it would looſe or elſe aſunder teare,
hilom it was (as Faieries wont report)
ame *Venus* girdle by her eſteemd deare
hat time ſhe vſde to liue in wiuely ſort,
ut laid aſide when ſo ſhe vſde her ſport.
er husband *Vulcan* whilome for her ſake,
hen firſt he loued her with heart intire,
his precious ornament they ſay did make.
nd wrought in *Lemnos* with vnquenched fire,
nd afterward did for her firſt loues hire, Giue

Giue it to her for euer to remaine,
Therewith to bind lasciuious desire,
And loose affections straightly to restraine,
Which vertue it for euer did retaine.
This goodly Belt, was *Cestos* call'd by name.

Ed. Spencer.

* The noble Lyon neuer slaies the least,
But alwaies praies vpon some worthy beast.
The thunder throwes his sulphured shafts adowne,
On *Atlas* high, or cold *Ripheus* crowne.
The tempest fell more feruently doth fall
On houses high, then on the homely hall.

Th. Hudson.

*Saturn *taught men vntaught before, to eare the lusty land*
And how to pierce the pathlesse aire with shafts from bow
mans hand.
God Dis *did quaile to see his gold so fast conuaid from hell.*
And fishes quakt, when men in ships amidst their flouds did
dwell.

VV. VVarner.

Twelue foule faults.

A wise man liuing like a drone, an old man not deuout,
Youth disobedient, rich men that are charitie without:
A shameles womā, vicious Lords, a poore man proudly stout.
Cōtentious Christiās, Pastors, that their functiōs do neglect,
A wicked King, no discipline, no lawes men to direct,
Are twelue the foulest faults that most all common-wealth
W. Warner. (*infect*

Engine.

Engines of warre.

---The Inginers haue the *Trepan* dreſt,
And reared vp the Ramme for battery beſt.
Here bends the *Briccoll* while the Cable crackes,
There Crosbowes were vprent with yron Rackes.
Here crooked Coruies fleing Bridges tall,
Their ſcathfull Scorpions that ruines the wall,
On euery ſide they raiſe with ioynture meete,
The timber Towres for to commaund the ſtreete.
The painfull Pioners wrought againſt their will,
With fleakes and Faggots, ditches vp to fill.

Th. Hudſon.

* ----The happie *Arabs* thoſe that builds
In thatched Wagons wandring through the fields.
The ſubtil *Tirians* they who firſt were Clarkes,
That ſtaid the wandring words in leaues and barkes.

Idem.

* *At Babell firſt confuſed toongs of euery language grew.*

W. Warner.

----Idolatry did growe
* *From Ninus firſt, he firſt a Monarchy did frame.*

Idem.

* *Lord Dane the ſame was called thē, to thē a pleaſing name,*
Now odiouſly Lordan ſay we, when idle mates we blame.

Idem.

* The Turtle that is true and chaſte in loue,
Shewes by her mate ſomething the ſpirit doth moue.
The *Arabian* byrd that neuer is but one,
Is only chaſte becauſe ſhe is alone.

But

. had our mother Nature made them two,
They would haue done as Doues and Sparrowes do.
But therefore made a Martyr in desire,
And doth her pennance lastly in the fire.

M. Drayton.

Ieast not with fooles, suffer Saints, let mighty fooles be mad,
Note, Seneca by newes done for precepts, pennance had.

VV. Warner.

* The Romane widow dide when she beheld
Her sonne, whom erst she counted slaine in feeld.

G. Gascoigne.

Riuers.

Faire *Danubie* is praisde for being wide,
Nilus commended for the seuen-fold head:
Euphrates for the swiftnesse of the tide,
And for the garden whence his course is led,
The bankes of *Rhine* with Vines are ouerspred.
Take *Loyre* and *Po*, yet all may not compare
With English *Thamesis* for buildings rare.

Th. Storer.

FINIS.

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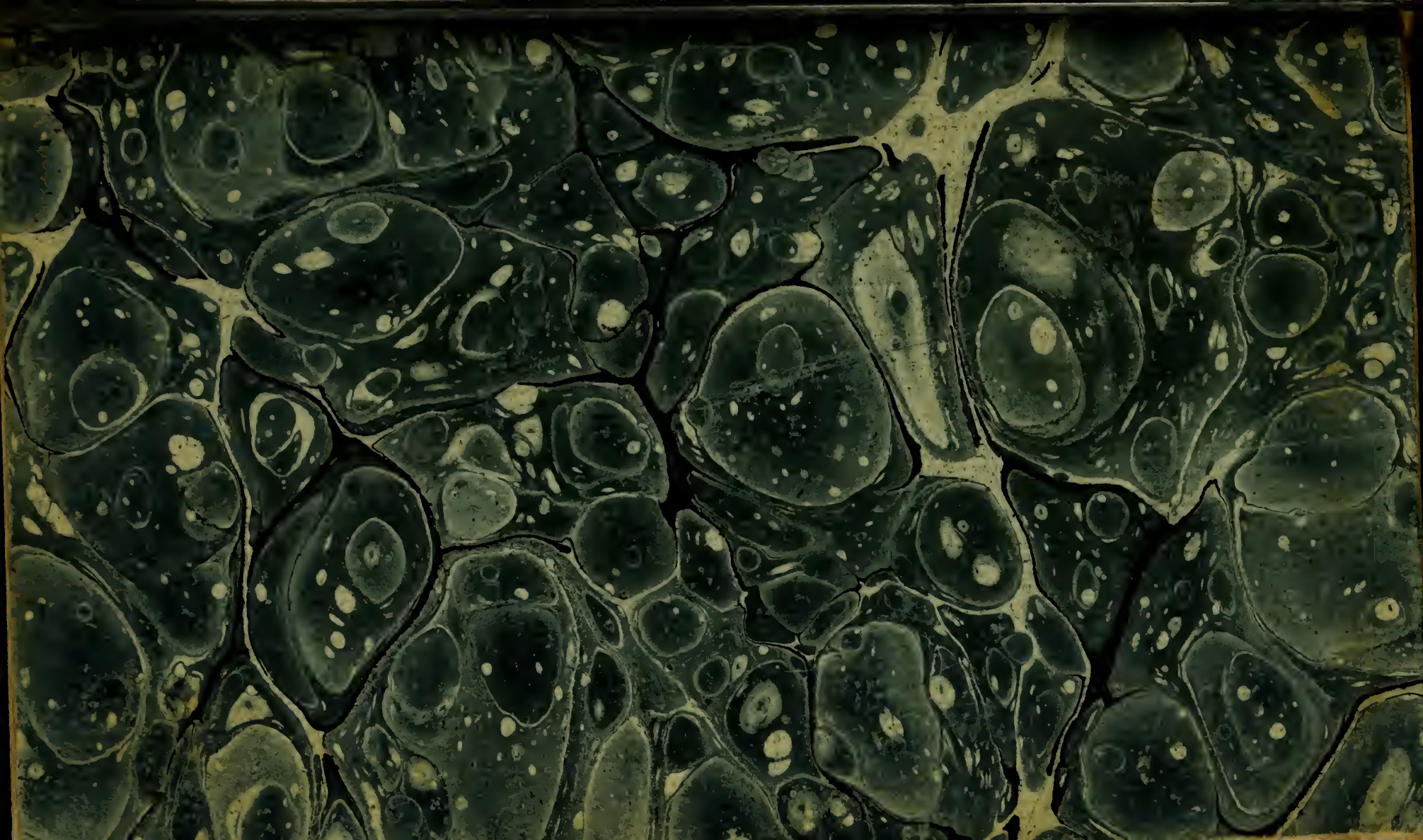

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